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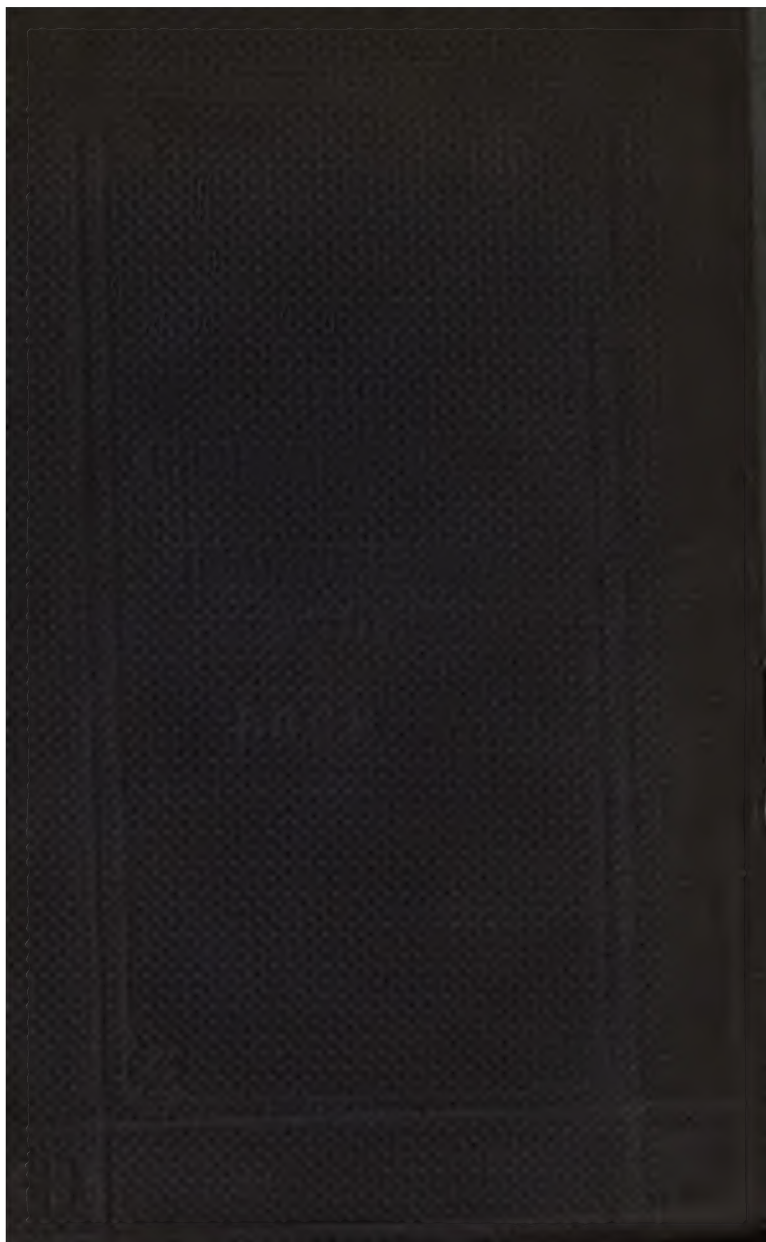
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Graduated Series of English Reading-Books.

words and constructions. A sentence which may be uttered and grammatically analysed with great facility, may present a very hard problem to the intellect. This is a consideration of the utmost consequence. In graduating the lessons of the present series, the Editor has had reference, not only to their verbal and grammatical peculiarities, but also to the general calibre of mind requisite to understand and appreciate the ideas which they express. As to the subject-matter he has been guided by no arbitrary standard, but by a wish to present to juvenile readers that kind of intellectual food which experience has declared to be suitable for the various stages of growth to which the volumes separately address themselves.

Most of the present reading-lessons either consist of plain compendious outlines of some of the departments of art and the branches of natural science, or they abound in abstract essays and rhetorical or poetical common-places. With reference to the former, the distinction between general information and special instruction in matters of fact, which is of a purely didactic nature, has no hitherto been steadily kept in view. It has been too often forgotten that the communication of this sort of knowledge, however useful it may be, is secondary in importance to the cultivation of a taste for reading, and to the training of the power and the habit of independent thinking and observation. But it is beginning to be recognised, that one of the most infallible ways of creating a distaste for inquiry into the construction and phenomena of the material universe, is to burden the mind with a mass of technical facts; that such facts are not necessarily wholesome food merely because they bear upon subjects which are familiar to every one; and that the question whether they are available in an educational point of view, must always depend on the form and style in which they are presented to the intellect, and on the relation in which they stand to antecedent knowledge. Again, the range of thought to which abstract and rhetorical extracts appeal is generally wider and deeper than a youth can compass. It is obvious that the pupil should be made to read of things which awaken his sympathy, not of things which lie beyond the sphere of his sympathy. In short, the joint elements of intelligibility and attractiveness are indispensable in every reading-lesson.

The charge of encouraging desultory and immethodical thinking is frequently and with justice preferred against the employment of books of miscellaneous extracts for educational purposes. A strenuous endeavour has been made by the Editor of the *Graduated Series* to obviate this charge. He has by no means attempted to exhaust subjects systematically; but he has striven so to select and arrange, that each lesson will either prepare the way for something which follows, or throw additional light on something which goes before. In other words he has throughout aimed at a certain continuity in the treatment of topics. Beginning with sketches, which rouse rather than gratify the appetite, he has endeavoured to lead the pupil, by gradations as imperceptible as possible, to a somewhat deliberate and special survey of the great departments of human knowledge, and to an approximate estimate of their relations and proportions.

While most of the selections have been carefully abridged, and otherwise adapted for the present series, the peculiarities of thought and expression of the originals have been retained; and, for obvious reasons, any effort to originate directions for emphasis, modulation, &c. has been considered superfluous. In this stage of advancement, such directions at once discourage individual effort on the part of the reader, and deprive the teacher of a valuable test for measuring the comparative capacities of his pupils: they are therefore diametrically opposed to the aim and object of reading.

A full account of the Five Reading Books composing this Series will be found at the end of the present volume. A more detailed analysis of the Editor's plan, in connexion with the Contents of each of the Five Books, accompanied by some observations on the method of teaching the art of reading in use in English Schools, is given in the Explanatory Prospectus of the *Graduated Series of Reading-Lesson Books*, which may be had gratis of all Booksellers and free of postage on application to Messrs. LONGMAN and Co. 39 Paternoster Row, London.

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THE  
GRADUATED SERIES  
OF  
READING-LESSON BOOKS

FOR ALL CLASSES OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

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BOOK THE FIFTH.

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LONDON:  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.  
1861.

*Even those who set themselves to instruct youth, too often forget that their aim should be to unfold and discipline and strengthen the minds of their pupils, to inspire them with a love of knowledge, and to improve their faculties for acquiring it—not merely to load and stuff with a certain ready-made quantity of knowledge; for "knowledge is power" only when it is living, firmly grounded, reproductive, and expansive. I fear there is a moment of broken lights in the intellectual day of civilised countries, when, amid the manifold refractions of knowledge, wisdom is almost lost sight of.*

GOETHE.



LONDON

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.

NEW-STREET SQUARE

## INTRODUCTION.

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IN all schools in which a zealous endeavour is made to infuse life and spirit into the routine of elementary instruction, the possession of a good set of reading-books, adapted to the various stages of progress of the several classes, has for some time been felt to be a point of capital importance. Not only is it difficult or impossible, without well-selected lessons, to teach the art of reading and inspire a taste for it, but the reading-books used by a teacher necessarily take such a prominent place in what may be termed his educational apparatus, as to have a decisive influence, for good or for evil, on the general tone and character of his school. The reading lesson and the lessons which are naturally and properly associated with it, constitute the main work of the day in all the elementary stages of instruction; and if the book from which these lessons are taught is dull or unsuitable — if it is in itself flat and uninteresting, or if it is not adapted to the mental condition of the pupil, — the very aspect of it begins inevitably, in the course of a little time, to generate a feeling of listlessness or aversion. This feeling is a powerfully contagious one, and, when it becomes

apparent, the teacher knows that he must do his utmost to counteract it. It will be much if he succeed: if he do not, the rest of his labor, on that occasion, will simply go for nothing; but whether he is or is not successful, it is certain that the toil of resisting the influence of a bad reading-book costs him such an expenditure of energy in a merely negative direction, as cannot but abstract largely from his power of positive usefulness. Waste of this kind is deplorable, and yet is of every day occurrence; and it is from a strong conviction that a remedy may be supplied for it, that the present series of reading-books takes its origin.

Every one who is competent to form an opinion on the subject will admit that the reading-books in current use are at least fundamentally defective when they are not something still worse. Taken altogether, their contents are found to run with singular evenness and regularity in two well-worn tracks. Either they consist of what are regarded as fine pieces of rhetoric or edifying and elegant compositions on questions of abstract morality; or, on the other hand, they bristle all over with hard facts bearing upon the most practical and material departments of life. The former of these two kinds of books is the more old-fashioned, and its marked tendency towards the abstract and ideal produced, as a natural reaction, the uncompromising realism of the latter. Experience, however, has proved that neither the one class nor the other meets, even in a moderately respectable degree, the requirements of schools.

With regard to the former of the two classes specified, it is hardly possible to condemn too strongly the total misapprehension of the method of education which it tends to

foster. The compass of thought and feeling to which highly finished pieces of rhetoric appeal, is considerably beyond the range of the young pupil, and the sweeping generalisations with which they abound far outrun his experience. But, it is sometimes alleged, the style, at least, of the pieces is itself a work of consummate art, and in order that the learner's own style may be harmoniously "formed," it is necessary to put before him the most approved and elegant models. Just as if we should teach a boy drawing by setting him to copy a Claude or a Turner. No one will deny that the pomp and brilliance of the rhetorical extracts of which we speak are frequently very beautiful in their way; but their beauty is precisely of that kind which a youth can hardly appreciate, which he will seldom spontaneously admire, and which unquestionably he should never be taught to imitate. The truth is, that he cannot without injury to himself be asked to consider the style at all as separate from the subject-matter, and he should not be expected to admire a piece of literary composition for any other reason than because it conveys to him a clear comprehension or a vivid picture of the things of which it treats. If his reading-lesson does this, he will be likely to read well; but if his mind is not occupied with the sense of what he reads, or moved by the feelings which it should call forth, no amount of elocutionary drilling will avail to give his speech the tone and cadence of nature. This objection is fatal to what we have called the rhetorical class of reading exercises. They are not understood or appreciated, they inspire no living interest, and therefore they are, and must be, invariably ill read.

For the other and more modern class of reading-books—those which aim at combining practice in reading with the acquisition of a large fund of useful information on practical subjects—there is more to be said. But the idea from which they originated has been carried to extreme and wholly intolerable lengths. Their compilers, ignoring the importance of securing the greatest breadth of culture possible under the circumstances, have restricted themselves to one department of knowledge—namely, to what it has of late years been customary to describe as “Common Things;” that is, facts connected with agriculture, the manufactures, commerce, the elements of the physical sciences, &c. Having set up in their own minds a standard by which they determine certain facts to be such as (to use phrases they are fond of) it is “essential for every one to know,” and “a disgrace to be ignorant of,” they contrive with little difficulty and without trespassing beyond the limits they have marked out for themselves, to bring together a mass of encyclopædiac information which is literally appalling. Their pages are so thickly studded with facts that there is no room for anything else. How is it possible that such books can be interesting to the young? They are little more than bald and meagre catalogues; serviceable, indeed, as text-books for special subjects or as works of reference, but for that reason unsuitable as reading-books.

Those who understand that the grand aim of education should be to develop the power and the habit of independent observation and thinking, will at once concede that at certain stages of progress no better material than



"common things," or rather no material half so good, can be made use of by the teacher. The idea of the "Object Lessons," which are becoming so general throughout the schools of England, is an eminently valuable one. But the best teachers are well aware that it is impossible, even by means of them, to impress upon the pupil's mind more than a very limited number of facts; and not even that, except by the exercise of considerable skill. The mind must be prepared for a fact before it can receive it, or know what, to do with it. The educator who has grasped this truth will not only turn with aversion from the coarse and vulgar expedient of loading the memory with minute details of technical information, but he will be extremely cautious in communicating facts at all. He knows that if they lie as a dead burden on the memory, this faculty is apt to display an extraordinary power of getting rid of them.

The editor of the present series has gone upon the principle that a good deal of practical knowledge may be imparted in reading lessons incidentally; but he has endeavoured to make the communication of such knowledge subordinate to the development of mental activity in the widest sense. He has given a prominence altogether unusual to what naturally amuses and attracts the young. He has allowed due scope and ample range not merely for the perceptive and intellectual faculties, but also for the healthy play of those imaginative and emotional powers which are strong at the age for which the lessons are designed; and if the series now introduced possesses any merit at all, it will mainly be from the zeal with which

the idea of combining these various objects has been carried out.

As the title imports, a distinctive feature of "The Graduated Series" is the graduation of the difficulty of the lessons. It is true that this feature characterises, in a greater or less degree, all school reading-books which have any pretensions to the name. But the novelty of the present undertaking is, that it seeks to base the principle of graduation on a more philosophical foundation than existing works of the same kind have attempted to do. It has hitherto been the practice to graduate reading-lessons, almost exclusively, either according to the complexity of the grammatical constructions, or according to the difficulty of the words which occur in them. This practice has resulted from a too limited view of what the term "reading" should imply. A lesson cannot be said to be properly *read* unless it is fully *comprehended*; and it by no means follows that a lesson is easy of comprehension because it exhibits a scarcity of unusual words and constructions: for what can be uttered and grammatically analysed with great facility may present a very hard problem to the intellect. In graduating the lessons of the present series, the editor has had reference, not only to their verbal and grammatical peculiarities, but also to the general calibre of mind required to understand the ideas which they express.

This method of graduation has harmonised well with an aim which has been steadily kept in view throughout the series, for the purpose of obviating the charge of encouraging desultory and immethodical thinking which is frequently, and with justice, preferred against the employment of books

of miscellaneous extracts in schools. The editor has in no case attempted to exhaust a subject systematically, but he has striven so to select and arrange, that each lesson shall either prepare the way for something which follows, or throw additional light on something which goes before. In other words, he has throughout aimed at a certain continuity in the treatment of topics. Beginning with rapid sketches which rouse rather than gratify the appetite, he has endeavoured to lead the pupil by gradations, as nearly imperceptible as possible, to a somewhat deliberate and special survey of the great departments of human knowledge, and to an approximate estimate of their relations and proportions.

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## PREFACE.

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IN respect to the plan of its arrangement, the Fifth Book corresponds to the Fourth precisely as the Fourth Book corresponds to the Third. That is, the reader is again introduced to the subjects concerning which, from the previous volume, he learnt just enough to be curious to learn more; and he finds those subjects treated in a more comprehensive manner and from a higher point of view.\*

The Miscellaneous section still preserves much of its lightness and variety, but shows a tendency to diverge, as it proceeds, into a more serious current. Questions bearing upon the formation of character and upon the laws of thought are enlarged upon in language which will require severer efforts of reflection than anything which the pupil has yet met with in the series.

In Books III. and IV. the "Descriptive Travel" followed a line drawn from the North to the South Pole. In the present volume it makes a circuit round the globe. As the Descriptive Travel of this section takes a pretty wide range, it has been found convenient to blend with them such lessons on Animals as, in the earlier books, would have been placed in a separate section.

\* An Advanced Text Book is under contemplation.

In the division on "History," the reader is made to retrace his steps on the same principle as that stated in the Preface to Book IV.\*; and that period has now been reached at which it is necessary to view the causes and effects of colonisation and conquest.

The Natural Science section deals pretty largely with the results of microscopical research. It contains also some chapters which are supplementary to the Physical Geography of Book IV.

\* *I. e.* that of the 4th edition.



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## Miscellaneous.



*That place that does contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers ;  
And sometimes for variety I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,  
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy  
Deface their ill-placed statues.* BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

*O blessed letters ! that combine in one  
All ages past, and make one live with all :  
By you we do confer with who are gone,  
And the dead-living unto council call !  
By you the unborn shall have communion  
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.*

DANIEL.

*Dead men open living men's eyes.*

PROVERB.

---

*A reader should sit down to a book — especially one of the miscellaneous kind — as a well-behaved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests ; but if, after all his care and pains, there should still be something or other put on the table that does not please this or that person's taste, the guests quietly pass it over ; and, not to distress their kind host or damp his spirits, they commend other dishes.*

ERASMUS.

*Believe me, it requires no little confidence to promise help to the struggling, counsel to the doubtful, light to the blind, hope to the despondent, refreshment to the weary. These are indeed great things, if they be accomplished ; trifles, if they exist but in a promise. I, however, aim not so much to prescribe a law for others, as to set forth the law of my own mind ; which let the man, who shall have approved of it, abide by ; and let him, to whom it shall appear not reasonable, reject it.*

PETRARCH.

*Salmatius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more ; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, the other a pedant, puffed up with useless erudition.*

GIBBON.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### MY DEAD FRIENDS.

My days among the dead are past :  
    Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
    The mighty minds of old :  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.  
  
With them I take delight in weal,  
    And seek relief in woe ;  
And, while I understand and feel  
    How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.  
  
My thoughts are with the dead ; with them  
    I live in long-passed years ;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
    Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with a humble mind.  
  
My hopes are with the dead ; anon  
    My place with them will be ;  
And I with them shall travel on  
    Through all futurity.  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

*Southey.*

## THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

WELL and happily has that man conducted his understanding, who has learnt to derive from the exercise of it, regular occupation, and rational delight; who, after having overcome the first pain of application, and acquired a habit of looking inwardly upon his own mind, perceives that every day is multiplying the revelations, confirming the accuracy, and augmenting the number of his ideas; who feels that he is rising in the scale of intellectual beings, gathering new strength with every difficulty which he subdues, and enjoying to-day as his pleasure, that which yesterday he labored at as his toil. There are many consolations in the mind of such a man, which no common life can ever afford; and many enjoyments which it has not to give. It is not the mere cry of moralists, and the flourish of rhetoricians; but it is NOBLE to seek truth, and it is BEAUTIFUL to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart — that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and *sacredly true*. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own, that the quickness of light, travelling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry and grow warm again, with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world; to go up with great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting; — it is worth while in the days of our



youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it, to give up to it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times. I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered: his faculties have done that which they were created to do, — not languidly occupied upon trifles — not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength.

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? with whose happiness does he interfere? whom does his ambition destroy? and whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure, which carries with it no reproach: and there is one security that he will never love *that* pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart — his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent; and, as far as any human beings can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives — ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.

*Sydney Smith.*



## THE PROVINCE OF GENIUS.

TASTE, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship \*, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments, they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration.

Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In all ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of those glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown.

Such is our hypothesis † of the case. But how stands it with the facts? Are the fineness and truth of sense manifested by the artist found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer or finer than Claude Lorraine's? And was not he a poor color-grinder; outwardly, the meanest of menials?

\* *Connoisseurship*, familiarity with works of art — often used, as here, in a contemptuous sense.

† *Hypothesis*, supposition, something *assumed* for the sake of argument.

Where, again, we might ask, lay Shakspeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the Universe; teaching him, that this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune little better; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton \* allowed him equal patronage with the zanies †, jugglers, and bearwards ‡ of the time? Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's, — compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his contemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and, in great part, false and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay, triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant link-boy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield § might wish blotted from the first, are there not, in the others, whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night? This, too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities — by supposition, the grand and peculiar result of high breeding! Surely, in such instances, even that humble supposition is ill borne out.

The truth of the matter seems to be, that, with the culture of a genuine poet, thinker, or other aspirant to fame, the influence of rank has no exclusive, or even special, concern. For men of action, for senators, public speakers, political writers, the case may be different; but

\* *Southampton*, i.e. the Earl.

† *Zanies*, merry-andrews, buffoons.

‡ *Bearwards*, leaders of dancing-bears.

§ *Chesterfield*, who laid great stress on formal manners.

of such we speak not at present. Neither do we speak of imitators, and the crowd of mediocre men, to whom fashionable life sometimes gives an external inoffensiveness, often compensated by a frigid malignity of character.

We speak of men who, from amid the perplexed and conflicting elements of their every-day existence, are to form themselves into harmony and wisdom, and show forth the same wisdom to others that exist along with them. To such a man, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life certainly, but nothing more. He will study to deal with it as he deals with all forms of mortal being; to do it justice, and to draw instruction from it, but the light will come from a loftier region, or he wanders for ever in darkness.

Is he poor? So also were Homer and Socrates; so was Samuel Johnson; so was John Milton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and infer that, because he is poor, he must likewise be worthless? God forbid that the time should ever come, when he, too, shall esteem riches the synonym of good! The spirit of Mammon has a wide empire; but it cannot, and must not, be worshipped in the Holy of Holies.

Nay, does not the heart of every genuine disciple of literature, however mean his sphere, instinctively deny this principle, as applicable either to himself or another? Is it not rather true, as D'Alembert has said, that for every man of letters, who deserves that name, the motto and the watch-word will be FREEDOM, TRUTH, and even this same POVERTY? and that, if he fear the last, the two first can never be made sure to him?

*Carlyle.*



## YOUTH AND AGE.

It has been observed, by long experience, that late springs produce the greatest plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the most part liberally recompensed by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts, and nocturnal frosts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, preying upon the first smiles of vernal beauty, destroying the feeble principles of vegetable life, intercepting the fruit in the germ, and beating down the flowers unopened to the ground.

I am afraid there is little hope of persuading the young and sprightly part of my readers, upon whom the spring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great process of nature the difference between diligence and hurry, between speed and precipitation; to prosecute their designs with calmness, to watch the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprise and hope: having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favor, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of plodding industry, and fancy that, by increasing the fire, we can at pleasure accelerate the projection.\*

\* *Projection*, i.e. the consummation of our wishes.

At our entrance into the world, when health and vigor give us fair promises of time sufficient for the regular ripening of our schemes, and a long enjoyment of our requisitions\*, we are eager to seize the present moment; we pluck every gratification within our reach, without suffering it to ripen into perfection, and crowd all the varieties of delight in a narrow compass. But age seldom fails to change our conduct; we grow negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of some fortuitous occurrence.

The torment of expectation is, indeed, not easily to be borne at a time when every idea of gratification fires the blood, and flashes on the fancy; when the heart is open to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing what we seek must always be proportionable to the happiness expected from possessing it, the passions, even in this tempestuous state, might be somewhat moderated by frequent inculcations of the mischief of temerity, and the hazard of losing that which we endeavour to seize before our time.

He that too early aspires to honors must resolve to encounter not only the opposition of interest, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures and uncertain projects; and he that hastens too speedily to reputation often raises his character by artifices and fallacies, decking himself in colors which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may shake off or competition pluck away.

*Samuel Johnson.*

\* *Requisitions*, demands (granted by anticipation as it were).

---

## YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, as breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding like a bee;  
 Both were mine! Life went a-Maying,  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young!

When I was young? Ah, woful then!  
 Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then,  
 This breathing house not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
 How lightly then it flashed along:  
 Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sailor oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
 Nought cared this body for wind and weather,  
 When youth and I lived in 't together.  
 Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
 Oh! the joys that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,  
 Which tells me Youth's no longer here!  
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known that thou and he were one;  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit —  
 It cannot be that thou art gone!  
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled,  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
 What strange disguise is now put on,  
 To make believe that thou art gone!  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this altered size;



But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
Life is but thought, so think I will  
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve !  
Where no hope is, life's a warning,  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old :  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
With oft and tedious taking leave ;  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismissed,  
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

*Coleridge.*

## LIFE'S DECAY.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold  
 When yellow leaves or none or few do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold  
 Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away—  
 Death's second self that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glaring of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourished by.  
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

*Shakspeare.*

## ONLY A WEED.

It was a bright summer's day, and I sat upon a garden seat, in a sheltered nook towards the south, having come out of my study to enjoy the warmth, like a fly who has left some snug crevice to stretch his legs on the unwontedly sunny pane in December. My little daughter came running up to my knees, holding up a straggling but pretty weed. Then with great earnestness, and as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed—

"Is this a weed, Papa? is this a weed?"

"Yes; a weed:" I replied.

With a look of disappointment she moved off to the one she loved best amongst us, and asking the same question, received the same answer.

"But it has flowers!" the child replied.

"That does not signify; it is a weed," was the inexorable answer.

Presently, after a moment's consideration, the child ran off again, and meeting the gardener just near my nook, though out of sight from where I sat, she coaxingly addressed him:

"Nicholas, dear, is this a weed?"

"Yes, Miss; they call it Shepherd's Purse."

A pause ensued: I thought the child was now fairly silenced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again:

"Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas dear? Do plant it in my garden!"

There was no resisting the anxious entreaty of the child, and man and child moved off together to one of those plots of ground which the children walk about upon a good deal, and put branches of trees in and grown-up flowers, and then examine the roots (a system as encouraging as other systems of education I could name), and which they call their gardens.

Helps.



## TO THE DAISY.

A HUNDRED times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain crouch'd an hour,  
Have I derived from thee, sweet flower,  
Some apprehension.

Some shady love, some brief delight,  
Some memory that had taken flight,  
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of a humbler urn,

A lowlier pleasure : —  
The homely sympathy that heeds,  
The common life our nature breeds,  
A wisdom fitted to the needs,  
Of hearts at leisure.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing.

An instinct call it, — a blind sense, —  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming, one knows not how, nor whence,  
Nor whither going.

Child of the year that round dost run  
Thy pleasant course, — when day's begun,  
As ready to salute the sun,  
As lark or leveret —

Thy long lost praise thou shalt regain,  
Nor be less dear to future men  
Than in old time ; — thou not in vain  
Art nature's favorite.

*Burns.*

---

## INDEPENDENCE.

Among the many who have enforced the duty of giving I am surprised there are none to calculate the ignominy of receiving; to show that by every favor we accept we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

When men are taught to despise the receiving of obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope nor sullen from disappointment. Every favor a man receives in some measure sinks him below his dignity, and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude: the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising, till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

Yes! my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue; it is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame; serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labor; misery, repentance, and disrespect that of succeeding by extorted benevolence: *the man who can thank himself alone*

for the happiness he enjoys is truly blessed ; and lovelier, far more lovely, is the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

*Goldsmith.*

---

A MAN.

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his master are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Wotton.*

---

## YOUTHFUL PRESUMPTION.

WHEN Glaukon, the son of Ariston, not yet twenty years old, was obstinately bent on making a speech to the people of Athens, and could not be stopped by his other friends and relations, even though he was dragged from the speaker's bema\* by main force and well laughed at, Socrates did what they could not do, and by talking with him, checked this ambitious attempt. "So, Glaukon," said he, "it appears that you intend to take a leading part in the affairs of the State."—"I do, Socrates," he replied.—"And certainly," said Socrates, "if there be any brilliant position among men, *that* is one. For if you attain this object, you may do what you like, serve your friends, raise your family, exalt your country's power, become famous in Athens, in Greece, and perhaps even among the barbarians†, so that when they see you they will look at you as a wonder, as was the case with Themistocles."

This kind of talk took Glaukon's fancy, and he stayed to listen. Socrates then went on: "Of course, in order that the city may thus honor you, you must promote the benefit of the city."—"Of course," Glaukon said.—"And now," says Socrates, "do not be a niggard of your confidence, but tell me, of all love, what is the first point in which you will promote the city's benefit." And when Glaukon hesitated at this, as having to consider in what point he should begin his performances, Socrates said: "Of course, if you were to have to benefit the family of a friend, the first thing you would think of would be to make him richer; and in like manner perhaps you would try to make the city richer."—"Just so," said he.—"Then, of course, you would increase the revenues of the city."—"Probably," said he.—"Good. Tell me, now, what *are* the revenues of

\* *Bema*, rostrum, orator's platform, hustings.

† *Barbarians*, i. e. foreigners.

the city, and what they arise from? Of course you have considered these points with a view of making the resources which are scanty become copious, and of finding some substitute for those which fail."—"In fact," said Glaukon, "those are points which I have not considered."—"Well, if that be the case," said Socrates, "tell me at least what are the expenses of the city, for of course your plan is to retrench anything that is superfluous in these."—"But, indeed," said he, "I have not given my attention to this matter."—"Well, then," said Socrates, "we will put off for the present this undertaking of making the city richer; for how can a person undertake such a matter without knowing the income and the outgoings?"

Glaukon of course must by this time have had some misgivings, at having his fitness for a prime minister tested by such questioning as this. However, he does not yield at once. "But, Socrates," he says, "there is a way of making the city richer by taking wealth from our enemies."—"Doubtless there is," said Socrates, "if you are stronger than they; but if that is not so, you may by attacking them lose even the wealth you have."—"Of course that is so," says Glaukon.—"Well then," says Socrates, "in order to avoid this mistake, you must know the strength of the city and of its rivals. Tell us first the amount of our infantry, and of our naval force, and then that of our opponents."—"O, I cannot tell you that off-hand and without reference."—"Well, but if you have made memoranda on these subjects, fetch them. I should like to hear."—"No; in fact," he said, "I have no written memoranda on this subject."—"So. Then we must at any rate not begin with war: and indeed it is not unlikely that you have deferred this as too weighty a matter for the very beginning of your statesmanship. Tell us then about our frontier fortresses, and our garrisons there, that we may introduce improvement and economy by suppressing the *superfluous* ones."—Here Glaukon *has* an opinion, pro-

bably the popular one of the day. "I would," he says, "suppress them all. I know that they keep guard so ill there, that the produce of the country is stolen."—Socrates suggests that the abolition of guards altogether would not remedy this, and asks Glaukon whether he knows by personal examination that they keep guard ill.—"No," he says, "but I guess it."—Socrates then suggests that it will be best to defer this point also, and to act when we do not *guess*, but *know*.—Glaukon assents that this may be the better way.—Socrates then proceeds to propound to Glaukon, in the same manner, the revenue which Athens derived from the silver mines, and the causes of its decrease—the supply of corn, of which there was a large import into Attica—and Glaukon is obliged to allow that these are affairs of formidable magnitude.—But yet Socrates urges, "No one can manage even one household without knowing and attending to such matters. Now as it must be more difficult to provide for ten thousand houses than for one," he remarks that "it may be best for him to begin with one;" and suggests, "as a proper case to make the experiment upon, the household of Glaukon's uncle, Charmides, for he really needs help."—"Yes," says Glaukon, "and I would manage my uncle's household, but he will not let me." And then Socrates comes in with an overwhelming retort: "And so," he says, "though you cannot persuade your uncle to allow you to manage for *him*, you still think you can persuade the whole body of the Athenians, your uncle among the rest, to allow you to manage for *them*." And he then adds the moral of the conversation: What a dangerous thing it is to meddle, either in word or in act, with what one does not know.

*Plato: Whewell.*





## HUMILITY.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Henceforth be warn'd, and know that pride,  
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing has faculties  
Which he has never used ; that thought, with him,  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
The least of Nature's works, — one who might move  
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful ever. Oh, be wiser, thou !  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ;  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect and still revere himself  
In lowliness of heart.

*Wordsworth.*



## CONTENTMENT.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the post-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could ; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on. He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor horse lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of *the chaise* in good earnest ; and, seeing a house about a

quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to-do I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house and of everything about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farmhouse, surrounded by about twenty acres of vineyard, nearly as much corn, and close to the house on one side was a potagerie\* of an acre and a half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French peasant's house, and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house, so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could, and as to mine I walked directly into the house. The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons, and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table, and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast: 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table. My heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I took my place like a son of the family; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty slice; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this? or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious that the flavor remains upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock on the

\* *Potagerie* (pron. *pot-azh-cree*), kitchen-garden.

table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots\*; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had in his earlier years been no mean performer upon the guitar; and old as he was then, he touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little of the tune, now leaving off, and then joining her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movements wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is always misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice, believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. "Or a learned prelate either," said I.

*Sterne.*

\* *Sabots* (*t* silent), peasants' wooden shoes.

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## CONTENT.

PEACE, mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep  
 Within the walls of your own breast.

Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,  
 Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest \* and call  
 Of an untrained hope or passion.  
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall,  
 Is wantonnesse in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,  
 Content and warm t' itself alone :  
 But when it would appeare to other's eye,  
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure  
 Complies and suits with all estates ;  
 Which can let loose a crown, and yet with pleasure  
 Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content  
 From either pole into the centre :  
 Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent  
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes' wonder :  
 And after death the fumes † that spring  
 From private bodies make as big a thunder  
 As those which rise from a huge king.

Then cease discoursing, soul ! till thine own ground ;  
 Do not thyself or friends importune.  
 He that by seeking hath himself once found,  
 Hath ever found a happie fortune. *Herbert.*

\* *Quest*, search or act of seeking.

† *Fumes*, vapors.

## HAPPINESS OF SOLITUDE.

I CAN hardly tell you, Sir, how concerned I have been to see that you consider me the most miserable of men. The world, no doubt, thinks as you do, and that also distresses me. Oh ! why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to the whole universe ! every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot, peace would reign upon the earth, man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what then did I enjoy when I was alone ? Myself ; the entire universe ; all that is ; all that can be ; all that is beautiful in the world of sense ; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart ; my desires were the limit of my pleasures. No, never have the most voluptuous known such enjoyments : and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from realities.

When my sufferings make me measure sadly the length of the night, and the agitation of fever prevents me from enjoying a single instant of sleep, I often divert my mind from my present state in thinking of the various events of my life, and repentance, sweet recollections, regrets, emotions, help to make me for some moments forget my sufferings. What period do you think, Sir, I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams ? Not the pleasures of my youth, they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks, of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all Nature and her inconceivable Author. In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden, when a beautiful day was commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits

might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties that I fulfilled with pleasure, because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and ensure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun, with my "faithful Achates," \* hastening my steps in the fear that some one would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt I was safe, and I said: Here now am I my own master for the rest of the day! I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power — some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying interloper could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever new magnificence.

The gold of the broom, and the purple of the heath, struck my sight with a splendor that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and of admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humor, and often made me repeat to myself, "No! even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart, and dismissing opinion, prejudice, and all fac-

\* *Achates*, in allusion to the author's dog. [A. was the friend of *Æneas*, and, from his fidelity, "*fidus Achates*" became a proverb.]

titious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a golden age according to my fancy, and filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity — pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men! Oh, if in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author-vanity disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I instantly drove them away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. Yet, in the midst of all this, I confess the nothingness of my chimeras would sometimes appear, and sadden me in a moment. If all my dreams had turned to reality they would not have sufficed; I should still have imagined, dreamed, desired. I discovered in myself an inexplicable void that nothing could have filled, a certain yearning of my heart towards another kind of happiness, of which I had no definite idea, but of which I felt the want. Ah, Sir, this even was an enjoyment, for I was filled with a lively sense of what it was, and with a delightful sadness of which I should not have wished to be deprived.

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the universal system of things, to the incomprehensible Being who created all. Then, as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophise, I felt with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space; my heart, confined within the limits of the mortal found not room; I was stifled in the universe; I would have sprung into the infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of nature, my sensations would have been

less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy, to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, "Oh, Great Being! oh, Great Being!" without being able to say or think more.

Thus glided on in a continued rapture the most charming days that ever human creature passed; and when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day; I fancied I might have enjoyed it more; and, to regain the lost time, I said, I will come back to-morrow.

I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on my return, abandoning myself to the impressions of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. I found the cloth laid upon the terrace; I supped with a good appetite amidst my little household. No feeling of servitude or dependence disturbed the good will that united us all. My dog himself was my friend, not my slave. We had always the same wish: he never *obeyed* me. My gaiety during the whole evening testified to my having been alone the whole day. I was very different when I had seen company. Then I was rarely contented with others, and never with myself. In the evening I was cross and taciturn. Lastly, after having again taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung an air to my guitar, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself.

*Rousseau.*

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## AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness of the core ;  
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
Or by a cider-press with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;  
Then with a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn \* ;  
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter through the skies.

\* *Bourn*, limit.

*Keats.*



## THE BALANCING OF THE CLOUDS.

THAT mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation — why is it so heavy? and why does it lie so low, and yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, are outlines as of rocks, with strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks, — why are they so light? — their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again on the earth like a shroud? Or that ghost of a cloud which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them and yet — and yet slowly; now falling in a fair-waved line like a woman's veil, now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there.

What has it to do with that clump of pines that it broods by them, and waves itself among their branches to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast with those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill, that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest, — how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow? — poised as a white bird hovering over its nest?

*Ruskin.*



## WINTER.

THERE is a melancholy music in autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolation waving capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound, that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher, though the early autumn months are mostly still, they are swept on with a cheerful rustle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contest, yet, in the chill of the even, or when any sickness of the mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire, and the voices of my many sisters, might scarce remove it.

Then for the music of *winter*. I love to listen to the falling of snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood, by its low murmur. It is that kind of music, that only obtrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it, if your mind is not idle. It realises my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the *frost* too has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you would listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of Nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen, in mute wonder, to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is a too fine knowledge for us.

We shall comprehend it, when we know how the morning stars sang together.

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But, before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels, between the filaments of the cedar tassels, and in the feathery edges of the dark-green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by the heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well-set gems. The next morning, the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the warm dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and they will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly, as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo; and the woodsman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the *enticement* of the sweet summer. Its music

and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols, in whose worship we are forgetting the high and more spiritual altars.

*N. P. Willis.*



### VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

[THE writer represents himself as riding on the outside of an English mail-coach, in the uncertain light of early morning. The driver has fallen asleep, and the horses are flying over the road at a furious rate.]

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and, by his side a young lady. The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step: the second was for the young man: the third was for God. Sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. What a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful crisis on

the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some mountainous wave, from which, accordingly, as he chooses his course, he descries two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "This way lies hope; take the other way, and mourn for ever!"

Yet, even then, amidst the raving of the seas and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation — is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek all his counsel from *Him*. For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for wisdom to guide him toward the better choice.

Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and, by a sudden strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken toward the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the twenty seconds may still be unexhausted; and one bound forward may avail to clear the ground.

Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry! Oh hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. Fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove, to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to his command. One blow, one impulse given with voice

and hand by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight.

But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig.

*That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and, perhaps, in his heart he was whispering: "Father, which art above, do thou finish in heaven what I on earth have attempted." We ran past them faster than ever mill-race in our inexorable flight.

Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! With the swingle-bar we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever. The horse was planted *immovably* with his forefeet upon the paved crest of the

central road. He, of the whole party, was alone untouched by the passion of death.

The little caney carriage — partly, perhaps, from the dreadful torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it — as if it sympathised with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man sat like a rock. He stirred not at all. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done.

But the lady! Oh! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing! Figure to yourself the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your minds the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night — from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight — suddenly as from the woods and fields — suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation — suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death, the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

*De Quincey.*



## EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.

A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably, of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life, and hunting, and labor, give equal vigor to the *human* eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood by beams of kindness it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind, which the eye does not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michael Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision — that of health and beauty, or in strained vision — that of art and labor.

Eyes are bold as lions — roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction: they are not conventional; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them. The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a room between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. *We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another*

self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest itself in a new form of its own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips. One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than berries. Others are liquid and deep wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded streets, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling

eyes, and eyes full of fate — some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mind at the bottom of our eye.

*Emerson.*

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### SINCERITY.

OF a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me a primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.

Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah! no, that is a very poor matter indeed; a shallow, braggart, conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of insincerity; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a Great Man.

*Carlyle.*

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## STILLNESS OF AUTUMN.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees  
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,  
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.  
The grey barns, looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.  
All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued ;  
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low :  
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.  
On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight ;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;  
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.  
The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew —  
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before, —  
Silent, till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.  
Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,  
The busy swallows, circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous year ;  
Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,  
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,  
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.  
Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom ;  
Alone the pheasant drumming in the vale  
Made echo to the distant cottage loom. Read.

## METHOD.

WHAT need have we to dilate on this fertile topic? For it is not solely in the formation of the human understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature, that the employment of Method is indispensably necessary; but its importance is equally felt, and equally acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth, or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, that he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits does more; he realises its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organises the hours, and gives them a soul: and to that, the very essence of which is to fleet, and *to have been*, he communicates an imperishable and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodised, it is less truly affirmed, that he lives in Time, than that Time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as she stops and punctually marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when Time itself shall be no more.

Let us carry our views a step higher. What is it that

first strikes us, and strikes us at once in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind? Not always the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor always the interest of the facts which he communicates; for the subject of conversation may chance to be trivial, and its duration to be short. Still less can any just admiration arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for every man of practical good sense will follow, as far as the matters under consideration will permit him, that golden rule of Cæsar: *Avoid an unusual word as you would a precipice*.\* The true cause of the impression made on us is, that his mind is *methodical*. We perceive this in the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, flowing spontaneously and necessarily from the clearness of the leading idea; from which distinctness of mental vision, when men are fully accustomed to it, they obtain a habit of foreseeing at the beginning of every instance how it is to end, and how all its parts may be brought out in the best and most orderly succession. However irregular and desultory the conversation may happen to be, there is *Method* in the fragments.

Let us once more take an example which must come "home to every man's business and bosom." Is there not a *Method* in the discharge of all our relative duties? And is not he the truly virtuous and truly happy man, who seizing first and laying hold most firmly of the great first truth, is guided by that divine light through all the meandering and stormy courses of his existence? To him every relation of life affords a prolific *idea* of duty; by pursuing which into all its practical consequences, he becomes a good servant or a good master, a good subject or a good sovereign, a good son or a good father; a good friend, a good patriot, a good Christian, a good man.

Then observe, the importance of speculative meditation (which never will be fruitful unless it be methodical) even

\* *Insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evita.*

to the *worldly* interests of mankind. We can recall no incident of human history that impresses the imagination more deeply than the moment when Columbus, on an unknown ocean, first perceived that startling fact, the change of the magnetic needle! How many such instances occur in history, where the *ideas* of Nature (presented to chosen minds by a Higher Power than Nature herself) suddenly unfold, as it were, in prophetic succession, systematic views destined to produce the most important revolutions in the state of man! The clear spirit of Columbus was doubtless eminently *methodical*. He saw distinctly that great leading idea, which authorised the poor pilot to become "a promiser of kingdoms:" and he pursued the progressive development of the mighty truth with an unyielding firmness, which taught him to rejoice in lofty labors.

We would not rest our argument on the general utility or importance of Method. Every science and every art attests the value of the particular principles on which we have above insisted. In mathematics they will, doubtless, be readily admitted; and certainly there are many marked differences between mathematical and physical studies; but in both, a previous act and conception of the mind, or what may be called an *initiative*, is indispensably necessary, even to the mere semblance of Method. In mathematics the definition makes the object, and pre-establishes the terms, which alone can occur in the after-reasoning. If an existing circle, or what is supposed to be such, be found not to have the radii from the centre to the circumference perfectly equal, it will in no manner affect the mathematician's reasoning on the properties of circles; it will only prove that the figure in question is not a circle according to the previous definition. A mathematical idea, therefore, may be perfect. But the place of a perfect idea cannot be exactly supplied, in the sciences of experiment and observation, by any theory built on generalisation. For what shall determine the mind to one point rather than another? within

what limits, and from what number of individuals, shall the generalisation be made? The theory must still require a prior theory for its own legitimate construction. The physical definition follows and does not precede the reasoning. It is representative, not constitutive, and is indeed little more than an abbreviature of the preceding observation, and the deductions therefrom. But as the observation, though aided by experiment, is necessarily limited and imperfect, the definition must be equally so. The history of theories, and the frequency of their subversion by the discovery of a single new fact, supply the best illustrations of this truth.

The uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks all mental relations, and consequently precludes all Method that is not purely accidental. Hence, the nearer the things and incidents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in the narrator's own mind. On the contrary, where the habit of Method is present and effective, as in *Hamlet*, for example, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance, are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected.

*Coleridge.*

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#### INDIVIDUALITY.

As individuality is the same thing with development, and as it is only the cultivation of individuality which can produce perfectly developed human beings, what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs, than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? Or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good, than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show,



that these developed human beings are of some use to the undeveloped—to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner rewarded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance. In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice.

But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already existed. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilisation should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of

genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an atmosphere of freedom. Persons of genius are essentially more individual than any other people, less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compressions, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own characters. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to common place, to point at with solemn warning as "wild," "erratic," and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality.

The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening *their eyes*, which being once fully done,

they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are the more in need of originality, the less they are conscious of the want. *Mill.*

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### INFLUENCE.

THE French consider Mirabeau as their Hercules, and they are quite right. But they forget that the Colossus, too, consists of single parts; the Hercules of antiquity is a collective being—a grand type of his own deeds and of the deeds of others.

Properly speaking, we are all of us collective beings. There is no denying the fact, however disagreeable it may be. For how little are we by ourselves, and how little can we call our own! We must all accept and learn from those that went before us. Even the greatest genius would make but little way, if he were to create and construct everything out of his own mind. A great many persons will not understand this; they would be thorough originals, and are consequently thoroughly benighted. I know of certain artists, who boast that they never were guided by a master, and that they are indebted to their own genius alone.

The fools! To think that these things would do! Does not the world assail and influence them at every step? and does it not, in spite of their own stupidity, influence themselves for good? I protest if such an artist were merely to pass through my rooms, or if he were only to cast a strong look or so at the sketches of the great artists which orna-

ment them, he would, if indeed there were any genius in him, leave the house a better and wiser man. And what good is there in us, except there is a power and the will to attract the powers of the world around us, and to make them subservient to our higher purposes! I may here speak of myself, and humbly say how I feel. I have, indeed, in the course of my long life, done many things on which I have some reason to pride myself. But to be quite honest, what had I of my own, except the power and the will to see and to hear, to distinguish and to select, and afterwards to inspire the things I saw and heard with some wit, and to reproduce them with some cleverness? My work springs not from my own wisdom alone, but from hundreds of things and persons that gave the matter for them. There were fools and sages, long-headed men and narrow-minded men, children, and young and old men and women, that told me how they felt and what they thought, how they lived and how they labored, and what was the amount, and what was the result of their experience. I had but to hold out my hand, and reap a harvest which others had sown for me.

It is very absurd to ask whether a man's knowledge comes from himself or from others, or whether he acts alone, or by and through other men. The important thing is to have a great aim, and to possess aptitude and the perseverance to attain it. All other considerations are insignificant compared to this one. Mirabeau was therefore perfectly justified in making all the use he could of the outward world and its capacities. His was the gift to discern talents, and talent was attracted by the *spirit* of his mighty nature and his social intercourse. Thus did talent become his servant, and thus did it happen that he was surrounded by a crowd of distinguished men, whom he had inspired, and who worked out his ends. And in this working with others and by others lay his genius, his originality, and his greatness. Goethe.

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## IMITATION.

THE rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole mind, lean on and follow the past and the distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done, and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as any; and if the English or American artist studies with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the days, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have instructed Shakespeare? Where is the master that could have taught Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If any-

body will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias\*, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Milton or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent with a thousand cloven† tongues, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice, for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell upon them in the simple and noble regions of thy life; obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the foreworld again.

*Emerson.*

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#### FORCE OF CHARACTER.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted that our understanding should be our own; but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise, or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being, as beliefs and restraints; and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced, when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to co-exist with them, remain weak and inactive.

\* *Phidias*, renowned Greek sculptor.

† *Cloven*, poetically used to signify multiplied utterances.

It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses, but more good may always be made of an energetic nature than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from which are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these that society both does its duty and protects its interests: not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them.

A person whose desires and impulses are his own, are the expression of his own nature, as it has been developed and modified by his own culture, is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own has no character — no more than a steam-engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself, must maintain that society has no need of strong natures, is not the better for containing many persons who have much character, and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

*Mill.*



## DECISION OF CHARACTER.

WHEN the object of a ruling passion is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great happiness ; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active, ardent constancy, which I describe as a leading feature of the decisive character. The subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favorite cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities. This spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly as certain that such a man will persist in his course as that in the morning the sun will rise.

A persisting untamable efficacy of the soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny ! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are



tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this has not been experienced by each reader of "Paradise Lost," relative to the leader of the infernal spirits; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious error has been committed by the greatest poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit, which reached the true sublime, in the reply of Pompey to his friends who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion: "It is necessary for me to go, it is not necessary for me to live."

In this respect no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard:—

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy—it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive

after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on

his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labor and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred everything he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent : and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence. *Foster.*

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#### GROUPS OF OPINION.

If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by any one than on the things which concern him so much that it is considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions. Whatever people believe on subjects on which it is of importance to believe rightly, they ought to be able to defend against at least the common objections. But, some one may say, Let them be taught the grounds of their opinions. It does not follow that opinions must be merely parroted, because they are never heard controverted. Persons who learn geometry do not simply commit the theorems to memory, but understand and learn likewise the demonstrations; and it would be absurd to say that they remain ignorant of the grounds of geometrical truths because they never hear any one deny and attempt to disprove them. Undoubtedly : and such teaching suffices on a subject like mathematics, where

there is nothing at all to be said on the wrong side of the question. The peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths is, that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections, and no answers to objections. But on every subject on which difference of opinion is possible the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy there is always some other explanation possible of the same facts, and it has to be shown why that other theory cannot be the true one; and until this is shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion. But when we turn to subjects infinitely complicated, to morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life, three-fourths of the arguments for every disputed opinion consist in dispelling the appearances which favor some opinion different from it.

The greatest orator, save one, of antiquity has left it on record that he always studied his adversary's case with as great, if not with still greater, intensity than even his own. What Cicero practised as the means of forensic \* success requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at the truth. He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is

\* *Forensic*, relating to the courts of justice, or to eloquence; oratorical.

not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them, who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form, he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of, else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty.

*Mill.*

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### FALLIBILITY OF OPINION.

WERE an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner, if to be restricted in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race, posterity as well as the existing generation, those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it.

If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impressions of truth, produced from its collision with error.

It is necessary to consider separately these two hypotheses, each of which has a distinct branch of the argument corresponding to it. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion, and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

First: The opinion which it is attempted to suppress by authority may possibly be true. Those who desire to suppress it of course deny its truth; but they are not infallible. They have no authority to decide the question *for all mankind*, and exclude every other person from the

means of judging. To refuse a hearing to an opinion because they are sure it is false, is to assume that *their* certainty is the same thing as *absolute* certainty. All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, not the worse for being common. Unfortunately for the good sense of mankind, the fact of their fallibility is far from carrying the weight in their practical government which is always allowed to it in theory, for while every one well knows himself to be fallible, few think it necessary to take any precautions against their own fallibility or admit the supposition that any opinion, of which they feel very certain, may be one of the examples of the error to which they acknowledge themselves to be liable. Absolute princes, or others who are accustomed to unlimited deference, usually feel this complete confidence in their own opinions on nearly all subjects. People more fortunately situated, who sometimes hear their opinion disputed, and are not wholly unused to be set right when they are wrong, place the same unbounded reliance only on such of their opinions as are shared by all who surround them, or to whom they habitually defer; for in proportion to a man's want in his own solitary judgment does he usually repose, with implicit trust, on the infallibility of the world in general, or, in other words, the age or the society in which he lives.

Yet it is as evident in itself as any amount of argument can make it, that ages are no more infallible than individuals, every age having held many opinions which subsequent ages have deemed not only false, but absurd; and it is as certain that many opinions, now general, will be rejected by future ages, as it is that many, once general, are rejected by the present.

There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true, because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it *has not* been refuted, and assuming it

truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies in assuming its truth for purposes of action, and on no other terms can a creature with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right.

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#### ADVANTAGES OF DISCUSSION.

MAN is capable of rectifying his mistakes by discussion and experience. Not by experience alone. There must be discussion to show how experience is to be interpreted. Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and arguments ; but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story without comments to bring out their meaning. The strength and value, then, of human judgment depending on the one property, that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand. In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so ? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that has been said against him, to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon other occasions to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this, nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of collecting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those

of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for, being cognisant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers, knowing that he has sought for objection and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter, he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process. *Mill.*



### WORK.

THERE is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest truth in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in work;" as man perfects himself by writing. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets



himself to work ! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man ; but as he bends himself with free valor against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor in him ; is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and out of the sour smoke of which there is made bright blessed flame ?

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever deepening river there, it runs and flows ; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small ! Labor is life ; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge ! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working ; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge : a thing to be argued of in philosophy a thing floating in the clouds, till we try it and fix it. Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light ; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time ? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, in ordering of thy fel-

lows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn.

Yes, all manner of work, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind localities and town and country parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature: work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's:" a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world." *Carlyle.*

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## EXCELLENCE ATTAINABLE BY LABOR ALONE.

NATURAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long duration, arrives slowly at maturity. Thus the firmest timber is of tardy growth. The same observation may be extended to the growth of offshoots of the mind. Hasty compositions, however they please at first by flowery luxuriance, and spread in the sunshine of temporary favor, can seldom endure the change of seasons, but perish at the first blast of criticism or frost of neglect. When Apelles was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that he painted for perpetuity.

No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation than that which boasts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims such superiority to the rest of his species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary sallies, and that posterity will reposit his casual effusions among the *treasures* of ancient wisdom !

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendant abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labor and study can enable meaner intellects to compose ; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labor, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia.

Dr. Johnson.

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## LABOR AND GENIUS.

THE prevailing idea with young people has been, the incompatibility of labor and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do, was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians — men of the most brilliant and imposing talents — have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Bacon. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years; and

in that short space carried fine art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

There are instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility — overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men — thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them, that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. And then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

Then do the multitude cry out "A miracle of genius!" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

But, while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask: "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care; and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last! I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as prefer-

able to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains; it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain, that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud?

Therefore, if any young man have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him; and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations, and in all the offices of life.

## COMPOSITION.

I HAVE a few things to tell you respecting that dangerous nobleness of consummate art, — COMPOSITION. For you ought to know what it means, and to look for and enjoy it.

Composition means, literally and simply, putting several things together, so as to make *one* thing out of them ; the nature and goodness of which they all have a share in producing. Thus, a musician composes an air by putting notes together in certain relations ; a poet composes a poem by putting thoughts and words together in pleasant order ; and a painter a picture, by putting thoughts, forms, and colors in pleasant order.

In all these cases, observe, an intended unity must be the result of composition. A pavior cannot be said to compose the heap of stones which he empties from his cart, nor the sower the handful of seed which he scatters from his hand. It is the essence of composition that everything should be in a determined place, perform an intended part, and act, in that part, advantageously for everything that is connected with it.

Composition, understood in this pure sense, is the type, in the arts of mankind, of the Providential government of the world. It is an exhibition, in the order given to notes, or colors, or forms, of the advantage of perfect fellowship, discipline, and contentment. In a well-composed air, no note, however short or low, can be spared, but the least is as necessary as the greatest ; no note, however prolonged, is tedious, but the others prepare for, and are benefited by, its duration : no note, however high, is tyrannous, the others prepare for and are benefited by its exaltation : no note, however low, is overpowered, the others prepare for, and sympathise with, its humility ; and the result is, that each and every note has a value in the position assigned to it, which, by itself, it never possessed, and of which, by separation from the others, it would instantly be deprived.

Similarly, in a good poem, each word and thought enhances the value of those which precede and follow it; and every syllable has a loveliness which depends not so much on its abstract sound as on its position. Look at the same word in a dictionary, and you will hardly recognise it.

Much more in a great picture, every line and color is so arranged as to advantage the rest. None are inessential, however slight; and none are independent, however forcible. It is not enough that they truly represent natural objects, but they must fit into certain places, and gather into certain harmonious groups; so that, for instance, the red chimney of a cottage is not merely set in its place as a chimney, but that it may effect, in a certain way pleasurable to the eye, the pieces of green or blue in other parts of the picture; and we ought to see that the work is masterly, merely by the positions and quantities of these patches of green, red, and blue, even at a distance which renders it perfectly impossible to determine what the colors represent; or to see whether the red is a chimney, or an old woman's cloak; and whether the blue is smoke, sky, or water.

It follows from these general truths, that it is impossible to give rules which will enable you to compose. You might much more easily receive rules to enable you to be witty. If it were possible to be witty by rule, wit would cease to be either admirable or amusing: if it were possible to compose melody by rule, Mozart and Cimarosa need not have been born: if it were possible to compose pictures by rule, Titian and Veronese would be ordinary men. The essence of composition lies precisely in the fact of its being unteachable, in its being the operation of an individual mind of range and power exalted above others.

*Ruskin.*



## IMAGINATION.

IF we were to be asked, abruptly, and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble artists, we should answer, I suppose, first, their sensibility and tenderness; secondly, their imagination; and thirdly, their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a great man who was so; and, during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application,—as the fact and law that they are all great workers: nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment than the quantity they have accomplished in the given length of their life; and when I hear a young man spoken of, as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always — Does he work?

But though this quality of industry is essential to an artist, it does not in any wise make an artist; many people are busy, whose doings are little worth. Neither does sensibility make an artist; since, as I hope, many can feel both strongly and nobly who yet care nothing about art. But the gifts which distinctively mark the artist — without which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death — with which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal-lights in heaven — are those of sympathy and imagination. I will not occupy your time, nor incur the risk of your dissent, by endeavouring to give any close definition of this last word. We all have a general and sufficient idea of imagination, and of its work with our

hands and in our hearts: we understand it, I suppose, as the imaging or picturing of new things in our thoughts; and we always show an involuntary respect for this power, whenever we can recognise it, acknowledging it to be a greater power than manipulation, or calculation, or observation, or any other human faculty. If we see an old woman spinning at the fire side, and distributing her thread dexterously from the distaff, we respect her for her manipulation, — if we ask her how much she expects to make in a year, and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation, — if she is watching at the same time that none of her grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation, — yet for all this she may still be a commonplace old woman enough. But if she is all the time telling her grandchildren a fairy tale out of her head, we praise her for her imagination, and say, she must be a rather remarkable old woman.

Precisely in like manner, if an architect does his working-drawing well, we praise him for his manipulation, — if he keeps closely within his contract, we praise him for his honest arithmetic, — if he looks well to the laying of his beams, so that nobody shall drop through the floor, we praise him for his observation. But he must, somehow, tell us a fairy tale out of his head beside all this, else we cannot praise him for his imagination, nor speak of him as we did of the old woman, as being in any wise out of the common way, a rather remarkable architect. *Ruskin.*

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#### STYLE.

GENERALLY speaking an author's style is a faithful copy of his mind. If you would write a lucid style, let there first be light in your own mind; and if you would write a grand style, you ought to have a grand character.

*Goethe.*

## SYMPATHY WITH MERIT.

LASTLY, and chiefly, you must love the creatures to whom you minister, your fellow-men; for, if you do not love them, not only will you be little interested in the passing events of life, but in all your gazing at humanity, you will be apt to be struck only by outside form, and not by expression. It is only kindness and tenderness which will ever enable you to see what beauty there is in the dark eyes that are sunk with weeping, and in the paleness of those fixed faces which the earth's adversity has compassed about, till they shine in their patience like dying watchfires through twilight. But it is not this only which makes it needful for you, if you would be great, to be also kind; there is a most important and all-essential reason in the very nature of your own art. So soon as you desire to build largely, and with addition of noble sculpture, you will find that your work must be associative. You cannot carve a whole cathedral yourself — you can carve but few and simple parts of it. Either your own work must be disgraced in the mass of the collateral inferiority, or you must raise your fellow-designers to correspondence of power. If you have genius, you yourself take the lead in the building you design; you will carve its porch and direct its disposition. But for all subsequent advancement of its detail, you must trust to the agency and the invention of others; and it rests with you either to repress what faculties your workmen have, into cunning subordination to your own, or to rejoice in discovering even the powers that may rival you, and leading forth mind after mind into fellowship with your fancy and association with your fame.

I need not tell you that if you do the first — if you endeavour to depress or disguise the talents of your subordinates — you are lost; for nothing could imply more ~~markedly~~ and decisively than this, that your art and your

work were not beloved by you; that it was your own prosperity that you were seeking, and your own skill only that you cared to contemplate. I do not say that you must not be jealous at all; it is rarely in human nature to be wholly without jealousy; and you may be forgiven for going some day sadly home, when you find some youth, unpractised and unapproved, giving the life-stroke to his work, which you, after years of training, perhaps, cannot reach: but your jealousy must not conquer—your love of your building must conquer, helped by your kindness of heart.

See! I set no high or difficult standard before you. I do not say that you are to surrender your pre-eminence in *mere* unselfish generosity. But I do say that you must surrender your pre-eminence in your love of your building helped by your kindness; and that whomsoever you find better able to do what will adorn it than you,—that person you are to give place to; and to console yourself for the humiliation, first, by your joy in seeing the edifice grow more beautiful under his chisel, and secondly, by your sense of having done kindly and justly. But if you are morally strong enough to make the kindness and justice the first motive, it will be better;—best of all, if you do not consider it as kindness at all, but bare and stern justice; for, truly, such help as we can give each other in this world is a *debt* to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.

*Ruskin.*

## SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,  
Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong  
And silent sees, that speech could not amend :  
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,  
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,  
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;  
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,  
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish ;  
There is a time even for the worms to creep,  
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,  
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;  
The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.  
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,  
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

*Southwell.*



Descriptive Travel,

&c.

*Nature speaks to herself and to us through a thousand phenomena,  
and to the attentive observer she is nowhere dead or dumb.*

**GÖTHE.**

*The reader of an intelligent book of travels follows the researches  
of a man whose eyes, ears, and mind are armed by all the science,  
arts, and implements which mankind have anywhere accumulated,  
and who is using those to add to the stock.*

**EMERSON.**

## DESCRIPTIVE TRAVEL.

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### SAIL UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.

WITH fair wind and crowding sail we entered the waters of the St. Lawrence. From the point of Gaspè to the Labrador coast the distance is 120 miles; and, through this ample channel half the fresh water of the world has its outlet to the sea, spreading back its blue winding path for more than 2000 miles, along still reach, foaming rapid, ocean lakes, and mighty cataracts, to the trackless desert of the West.

We are near the left bank; there is no trace of man's hand; such as God made it, there it is — from the pebbly shore to the craggy mountain top, east and west, and countless miles away to the frozen north, where everlasting winter congeals the sap of life, there extends one dark forest, lone and silent from all past time.

For two days more there is nothing to attract our attention but the shoals of white porpoises: we are welcomed by several; they roll and frolick round the ship, rushing along very fast, stopping to look at us, ever and anon passing and repassing, and then going off to pay their compliments to some other strangers.

By degrees the great river narrows to twenty miles, and we can see the shore on both sides, with rows of white specks of houses along the water's edge, which at length seem to close into a continuous street. Every here and there is a church, with clusters of dwellings round it, and little silver streams, wandering through narrow strips of "clearing" behind them.



We got near the shore once; there was but little wind; we fancied it bore to us the smell of new-mown hay, and thought we heard church-bells; but the ripple of the water, gentle as it was, treated the mellow tones too roughly to allow of our positively distinguishing them.

Several ships were in sight; some travelling in our direction, wayworn and weary; others standing boldly out to meet the waves and storms we had just passed through. Rows of little many-colored flags ran up to their mizen tops, fluttered out what they had to say, and came down again when they had got their answer.

The nights were very cold; but, even had they been far more so, we would have lingered on deck to see the Northern Lights.\* They had it all to themselves — not a cloud to stop their running wild over the sky. Starting from behind the mountains, they raced up through the blue fields of heaven, and vanished: again they reappeared, where we least expected them; spreading over all space one moment, shrinking into a quivering streak the next, quicker than the tardy eye could trace.

There is a dark shade for many miles below where the Saguenay pours its gloomy flood into the pure waters of the St. Lawrence. Two degrees to the westward lies a circular sheet of water called Lake St. John, forty miles wide, fed by numerous small rivers. This is the birth-place of the great tributary; its separate existence ends at Tadousac. Its course lies from west to east, half-way through a rich country, with a comparatively mild climate, where only a few wandering Indians hunt and fish, exchanging their furs with English traders at Chicoutimi: here this rude commerce has grouped together a number of houses, round a church built by the Jesuits two centuries ago. — Great Bay is twelve miles lower down; thence to the river's mouth the cliffs rise straight out of the water, sometimes to fifteen

\* *Northern lights, aurora borealis.*

hundred feet in height, in some places two or three miles long. There is a great depth between, far greater than that of the St. Lawrence at the confluence, and large ships can pass thus far. — About three thousand white people are employed about these districts; they have saw-mills, and ply a laborious industry in the bush, felling the tall pine-

At the entrance to the gloomy Saguenay, lies Red Isle. The shore is rocky and perilous; as we passed, the bright sun shone brightly upon it and the still waters; when the November mists hang around, and the north-wind sweeps up the river, many a brave ship ends her career here. To the south-east is seen a gentler sister, the Grosse Isle.

It would be wearisome to tell of all the woody solitudes that deck the bosom of the St. Lawrence, or of the white, fruitful settlements along its banks, some of them growing into towns as we advance, their background swelling into mountains. It is a scene of wonderful beauty, often heightened by one of the strangest, loveliest freaks of lavish nature. The mirage\* lifts up little rocky tufted islands into the air, and ships, with their taper masts turned downwards, pass them; the tops of high and distant hills sink down to the water's edge, and long streets of trim, demure-looking houses, rest their foundations in the sky.

We are now at Grosse Isle; and, in the distance, we see the fair and fertile island of Orleans. Bold Cape Touraine is at length past; it has wearied our sight for two days, like a long straight road. It grows very dark, and the evening air is keen; we must go below.

About midnight I awoke. There was the splash, and the rattling sound of the falling anchor; the ship swung round with the tide, and was still; we had reached BEC.

G. Warburton.

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*Mirage*, a meteorological phenomenon caused by refraction.

## WILDS OF NORTH AMERICA : ELK LAKE.

ELK or Itasca Lake is the fountain head of the Mississippi. It is thought to be almost three thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and two thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic. It is a small sheet of water, about five miles long, one to two miles wide, and contains only one island, which lies directly in the centre. On the south side is a ridge of woodcrowned hills, which give birth to tiny streams, that eventually empty their waters into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The whole region on the north is woody, low, and marshy. The water is clear, deep, and full of fish, the bottom gravelly; and the entire shore covered with reeds and rushes. The trees which abound here are the pine, oak, elm, maple, birch, and poplar; and the fish are principally the trout, pike, and black bass. The Mississippi when it leaves this lake is only about twenty feet wide, but after passing through a great number of lakes it spreads itself to the width of one hundred and fifty feet, and falls into Red Cedar Lake. This portion of the Great River might well be likened to the infant Hercules, for it is the master of everything around it, and rambles onward as if conscious of its dawning power.

On the summits of those hills I spent a number of days, pondering upon the strange wild scenery which surrounded me. On one occasion I revelled over a morning landscape. The sun had just risen above an ocean of forests, and the air was echoing with a thousand strains of melody. Earth was awake, and clothed in her fresh green garment. The mists had left the long, low valleys, and revealed to the open sky winding rivers and lakes of surpassing loveliness. Every thing was laughing with joy under the glorious influence of the summer sun. The elk and the deer were cropping their morning repast, with the dew-showers trickling from their

glossy sides. Gracefully did the smoke curl upward from an Indian village. The hunters were preparing for the chase. I saw them enter their canoes, silently glide down a river, and finally lose themselves among the islands of a vast swamp. None were left in the village but women and children. While the former busied themselves in their rude occupations, the latter were sporting in the sunshine, some shooting at a target, some leaping, some swimming, and others dancing. A rushing sound now fell upon my ear from a neighbouring thicket. It was a wounded moose, that had sought refuge from a hunter. The arrow had pierced his heart, and, like an exiled monarch, he had come here to die. He writhed and bounded in agony. One effort more, and all was still. The noisy raven was now to feed upon those delicately formed limbs, and pluck from their sockets those eyes, which were of late so brilliant and full of fire.

At another time I gazed upon a noontide panorama. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the atmosphere was hot and sultry. The leaves and the green waves of the distant prairie were motionless. The birds were tired of singing and had sought the shadowy recesses of the wood. The deer was quenching his thirst in some nameless stream, or panting with heat in some secluded dell. On an old dry tree, whose giant arms stretched upward as if to grasp the clouds, a solitary eagle had perched himself. It was too hot even for him to enjoy a bath in the upper air; but presently, as if smitten with a new thought, he spread out his broad pinions, and slowly ascended to the zenith,—whence I fancied that the glance of his keen eyes could almost rest upon the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The butterfly and wild bee were resting on the full-blown flowers, and silence reigned in the Indian village. The children, exhausted with heat and play, had gone to lie down, some in their cabins, and some in the cool shadow of the trees. Earth and air were so tranquil, that it seemed as if nature was offering up a prayer. Winding far away

to the south was the Mississippi, fading away to the bending sky.

Towards evening a cloud obscured the sky. The wind arose, and was followed by a roaring sound,—and now a storm was spending its fury upon forest and prairie. Loud thunder echoed through the firmament, and the fiercest lightnings flashed forth their fire. The forests were bending as if every tree would break. An old oak, which stood in its grandeur upon the plain, now lay prostrate. The parched soil was deluged with rain. But finally the storm spent its fury, and the clouds, like a routed army, were passing away in dire confusion. A rainbow then arched the heavens, and a fresh but gentle breeze was pleasantly fanning my cheek.

I also looked upon this wilderness landscape at a late hour. As the sun descended, the clouds came out to meet him, decked in their most gorgeous hues, while the evening star smiled at his approach. He had left the valleys in twilight, and I knew that his last beams were gilding with gold the Rocky Mountains. The moon ascended to her throne, and the whip-poor-will commenced her evening hymn. On heavy wings a swan flew past me; she was going perhaps to her home on the margin of Hudson's Bay.

A stir was in the Indian village, for they had returned with their canoes loaded with game. The customary festival had commenced, and most strangely did their wild music sound, as it broke on the surrounding solitude.

It was now midnight, and I stood in the centre of an apparently boundless wilderness of forests and prairies; while far away to the north-west reposed a range of hills. The moon had compassed the heavens, and was near her setting. A thousand stars were by her side. She flooded with her silver beams the leaves, the waves, and distant hills. Every voice within the Indian village was hushed. The warrior asleep upon his mat, was dreaming of a new hunting ground; the youth, of the dark-eyed maiden whom he

loved; and the child of the toys of yesterday. The pale face had not yet trespassed upon their rights; and, as they were at peace with the Great Spirit, they were contented and happy.

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#### SCENE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE: THE SIOUX.

GAINING a mound on the upland prairie, I had a charming view of the Lac qui Parle\* and its whole neighbourhood. The valley, about two miles wide, lay before me to the south. To the west was the lake, about eight miles long, all the lowlands adjacent to it being very well wooded, with the upland prairie in the distance. In front of the height where I stood was the alluvial land with the fort and the village, this last consisting of forty-eight Nacotah skin lodges, and twelve large bark-covered wigwams, with Indians strolling about in every direction. Whilst I was sketching the scene, I observed several Indian women with bags on their heads and shoulders. They appeared heavily laden, as they did not raise their faces from the path they were upon. I never saw individuals contend more with a load that almost mastered them than did some of these females. Following them a short distance to a place where they stopped, I found they were making a *cache* of the ripe maize of that season. A sort of cave had been hollowed out of the side of the hill, about eight feet in diameter at the bottom, and not more than two or three at the top. To this *cache* the women were bringing the corn a distance of about two miles, and some very young girls were in the cave stowing it away.

From the upland I strolled down to the village, and found that I was free to go wherever I chose. I therefore entered the huts of the chiefs, and lost no time in coming to a good understanding with the ladies—a piece of policy it is good to observe in all situations. To their wives I pre-

\* *Lac qui* (pron. *kee*) *Parle*, lit. the lake that speaks.

sented handsome new calico handkerchiefs, with the flags of all nations printed upon them. To the young girls I gave handsome necklaces of beads, and rings ornamented with paste sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, rubies, &c.,—all manufactured for Indian commerce. I ventured also to sport some phrases in their own tongue, and was not laughed at; indeed, the Indians never criticise or laugh at you—they are not civilised enough for that—but pay great attention to what you say, that they may understand what you mean. In the evening I went to a scalp-dance, some wild young fellows having come in with three scalps they had just taken from some Ojibaways, near Elk Lake. A circle was formed of twenty warriors painted and bedaubed in the usual manner, and thirty women arrayed in blankets, a few of the younger ladies having the red beauty spot painted on their cheeks. In the centre of the ring three poles were held up, each with a hairy scalp depending from it, stretched out and gaily ornamented. The men who held the poles up were the Indians themselves who had taken the scalps. These chanted a song of self-glorification for themselves, the burden of which was, that “they were the bravest of all brave men.” This song was varied twice, and the second time the first words were, “I have the proud Ojibaway in my power, he cannot escape me.”

But there were other songs in which all the circle bore a part, and more pleasing and animating Indian music I never heard. It was a loud strain of self-praise accompanied with a sort of drum or tambourine.

The music rose and fell, and was loud and low, both sexes singing in the most exact concert. Sometimes the men, after a bold, sustained strain, would let it die away; and as their voices began to sink, the women, at a signal from the drum, would take the melody up with their soft and sweet voices, continuing it until the men relieved them once more. Then the women would give from time to time a curious cluck; and the whole would suddenly be brought to a close by a

*grand finale* of war whoops and yells, followed by a general laugh. After resting a few minutes, they would begin again as fresh as ever.

In dancing round the circle, the men advance close together in single file, treading gently with one foot after the other, and somewhat bent inwards; whilst the women advance sideways, leaning against each other's shoulders, and still preserving an upright position. Keeping their small feet close together, and turning their toes inwards, the latter glide over the ground without any violent motion of their feet, and scarce lifting them from the ground — all without any apparent personal effort. The measure of the dance is exceedingly well kept by all, the ring being in almost constant motion, and the scalp-takers meanwhile shaking their poles.

The Indians appeared to be full of enthusiasm during the dance; all ages engaged in it, and, before I retired, some of the mothers brought two or three dozen of young children from four to ten years old into the circle, all of whom joined in the dance most merrily. Introduced into scenes of this kind at so early an age, and then trained up to the chase, it is not surprising that the Indian youth should afterwards find such enjoyment in taking human life. With the pleasures of the scalp-dance impressed upon his memory, and habituated to the butchery of animals, he takes up his tomahawk for the first time with about the same degree of feeling towards the individuals destined to be scalped, that an English boy entertains towards partridges when about to make his maiden effort in that line; and such is the intensity of the few pleasurable emotions which fall to the share of savage life, that, when the excited warriors have an enemy in their power, they experience an unutterable delight in inflicting upon the conquered, torments, the very recital of which fills us with horror.

*Featherstonhaugh.*



## TRAVELLING IN THE FAR WEST.

At the signal-note of the bugle, the sentinels and patrols marched in from their stations around the camp and were dismissed. The rangers were roused from their night's repose, and soon a bustling scene took place. While some cut wood, made fires, and prepared the morning's meal, others struck their foul-weather shelter of blankets, and made every preparation for departure; while others dashed about through brush and brake, catching the horses and leading or driving them into camp.

During all this bustle the forest rang with whoops, and shouts, and peals of laughter; and when all had breakfasted, packed up their effects and camp equipage, and loaded the pack-horses, the bugle sounded to saddle and mount. By eight o'clock the whole troop set off in a long straggling line, with whoop and halloo, intermingled with many a howl at the loitering pack-horses; and in a little while the forest, which for several days had been the scene of such unwonted bustle and uproar, relapsed into its primeval solitude and silence.

It was a bright sunny morning, with a pure transparent atmosphere, that seemed to bathe the very heart with gladness. Our march continued parallel to the Arkansas, through a rich and varied country; sometimes we had to break our way through alluvial bottoms matted with redundant vegetation, where the gigantic trees were entangled with grape-vines, hanging like cordage from their branches; sometimes we coasted along sluggish brooks, whose feebly-trickling current just served to link together a succession of glassy pools, imbedded like mirrors in the quiet bosom of the forest, reflecting its autumnal foliage and patches of the clear blue sky. Sometimes we scrambled up broken and rocky hills, from the summits of which we had wide views stretching on one side over distant prairies di-

versified by groves and forests, and on the other ranging along a line of blue and shadowy hills beyond the waters of the Arkansas.

The appearance of our troop was suited to the country; stretching along in a line of upwards of half a mile in length, winding among brakes and bushes, and up and down the defiles of the hills; the men in every kind of uncouth garb, with long rifles on their shoulders, and mounted on horses of every color. The pack-horses, too, would incessantly wander from the line of march to cross the surrounding herbage, whence they were beaten in a manner that but poorly displayed the "quality of mercy." Every now and then the notes of the bugle from the head of the column would echo through the woodlands and along the hollow glens, summoning up stragglers, and announcing the line of march. The whole scene reminded me of the description given of bands of buccaneers penetrating the wilds of South America, on their plundering expeditions against the Spanish settlements.

At one time we passed through a luxuriant bottom or meadow bordered by the thickets, where the tall grass was pressed down into numerous "deer beds," where those animals had couched the preceding night. Some oak trees also bore signs of having been clambered by bears in quest of acorns, the marks of their claws being visible in the bark.

As we opened a glade of this sheltered meadow we beheld several deer bounding away in wild affright, until, having gained some distance, they would stop and gaze back, with the curiosity common to this animal, at the strange intruders into their solitudes. There arose immediately a sharp report of rifles in every direction, from the young hunters of the troop; but they were too eager, to aim surely, and the deer, unharmed, bounded away into the depths of the forest.

In the course of our march we struck the Arkansas,

but found ourselves still below the Red Fork, and as the river made deep bends, we again left its banks and continued through the woods until nearly eight o'clock, when we encamped in a beautiful basin bordered by a fine stream, and shaded by clumps of lofty oaks.

The horses were now hobbled, that is to say, their fore-legs were fettered with cords or leathern straps, so as to impede their movements, and prevent their wandering from the camp. They were then turned loose to graze. A number of rangers, prime hunters, started off in different directions in search of game. There was no whooping nor laughing about the camp as in the morning; all were either busy about the fires, preparing the evening's repast, or reposing upon the grass. Shots were soon heard in various directions. After a time, a huntsman rode into the camp with the carcass of a fine buck hanging across his horse. Shortly afterward came in a couple of stripling hunters on foot, one of whom bore on his shoulders the body of a doe. He was evidently proud of his spoil, it being probably one of his first achievements, though he and his companion were much bantered by their comrades as young beginners who hunted in partnership. Just as the night set in there was a great shouting at one end of the camp, and immediately afterwards a body of young rangers came parading round the various fires, bearing one of their comrades in triumph on their shoulders. He had shot an elk for the first time in his life, and it was the first animal of the kind that had been killed on this expedition. The successful young huntsman was the hero of the camp for the night, and the "father of the feast" into the bargain; for portions of his elk were seen roasting on every fire.

*Irving.*



## A BUFFALO HUNT ON THE GRAND PRAIRIE.

AFTER proceeding about two hours in a southerly direction, we emerged towards midday from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and to our infinite delight beheld "the Great Prairie" stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the main Canadian and various smaller streams, by the strips of green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our "close dungeon of innumerable boughs." From a rising ground we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which were said to be part of the herd. The captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant, and to encamp there for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troop defiled along the slope of the hill towards the camping ground, Beattie, the Indian guide, proposed to my messmates and myself that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport. Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the prairie, traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit, we beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beattie was immediately on the alert, and, no longer thought of buffalo hunting. He was mounted on his powerful half wild horse, with a lariat\* coiled at the saddle bow, and set off in pursuit, while we remained on a rising ground, watching his manœuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of woodland, he stole quietly along, so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment

\* *Lariat*, lasso, or rope with a noose at the end.

they caught sight of him a grand scamper took place. We watched him skirting along the horizon like a privateer in full chase of a merchantman. At length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a shallow valley; in a few moments he was on the opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon neck and neck, and appeared to be trying to noose his prey; but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

While we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. My young companion and myself endeavoured to get near them under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet three or four hundred yards off, and turning about, retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine and gave chase. His immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labor heavily up hill, though accelerating his descent. We had the advantage thereof, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, but it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror. My friend, who had a double-barrelled gun loaded with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped down hill with headlong rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled one and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass-barrelled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal and fire at it while at full speed; whereas, the long heavy rifles used on the frontier cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object therefore was to get within pistol-shot of the buffalo. This was no very easy matter. I was well mounted on a horse of excellent speed

and bottom that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game; but the moment he came nearly parallel, he would keep sheering off, with ears forked and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. Of all animals, the buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open; his tongue parched and drawn up into a half crescent; his tail is erect, and the tuft is whisking about in the air: he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.

It was with difficulty that I urged my horse sufficiently near; and when taking aim, to my chagrin, both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn that, in the gallop, the priming had been shaken out of the pans. At the snapping of the last pistol, I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort and rushed upon me. My horse wheeled about, as if on a pivot, made a convulsive spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I was all but thrown at the feet of the buffalo.

Three or four bounds of the horse carried us out of the reach of the enemy; who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight. As soon as I could gather in my panic-stricken horse, and prime the pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach he again set off, heaving himself forward with a heavy rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through brakes and ravines, while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter-skelter to right and left across the waste.

*Irving.*



## PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGES.

THE prairie dog, as it is called, though in fact it is no dog at all, but a marmot\*, is certainly one of the most curious of the living creatures found in these regions. It was named dog by the old Canadian trappers, on account of its peculiar cry, somewhat resembling the bark of a small dog, and the name has continued in use to the present day.

The almost incredible extent of the settlements, or villages as they are called, of these peaceful little inhabitants of the earth, is appreciated when one finds that for days and days together one is travelling among small hills, every one of which marks an establishment of this kind. The single dwellings are generally eighteen or twenty feet apart, and the hillock at the entrance of each consists of a good waggon-load of earth, which has been gradually thrown up into the light of day by the little inhabitants in constructing their subterranean abodes. Some habitations have one, others two entrances, and the firmly trodden path leading from one to the other gives rise to the conjecture that relations of friendship must subsist among these lively little animals. Their choice of a site for their villages appears to be determined by the presence of a peculiar kind of short crisp grass, which flourishes on these elevated plains, and which forms their sole nourishment; and their populous republics† are to be found even on the lofty table lands of Mexico, in places where for many miles round there is not a drop of water, and where no rain falls for many months. Water can only be obtained there by digging to a depth of a hundred feet, so that it is to be presumed that the prairie dog does not need it, but is satisfied with the moisture afforded by an

\* *Marmot*, a quadruped of the murine tribe (rats, mice, &c.).

† *Republics*, so named from the character of the animals' proceedings.

occasional heavy dew. The winter they doubtless pass in sleep, for they lay up no store for that season, and as the grass is withered in the autumn, and the ground afterwards hard bound in frost, they cannot obtain their food in the customary manner. When they feel that their sleepy time is approaching, which is commonly towards the last days of October, they close all the entrances to their abode to protect themselves against the winter's cold, and then settle themselves to their long sleep, and do not wake again till the warm spring days recall them to joyous life. The Indians say that the prairie dog does sometimes open the doors of its house during the cold weather, but that this is a sure sign of warmer days approaching.

A small species of burrowing owl is often found as a joint tenant of these subterranean dwellings, and appears to live on good terms with the small quadrupeds who inhabit them; but the owl is more common in the villages that have been abandoned by their original occupants. The prairie rattle-snake also sometimes introduces himself; but it is a great mistake to imagine, as has sometimes been done, that he comes as a friendly visitor; and when the unpleasant sound indicating the presence of the poisonous reptile is heard from one of the villages, you may be sure that if it had not been previously forsaken by its tiny population, the rattle-snake has either driven them out or devoured them.

These little colonies present a curious appearance if you can succeed in getting near before their sentinels have given the alarm. As far as the eye can reach there is a busy life and bustle going on; a little yellow brown personage, something like a squirrel, is sitting upon every hillock, with his little tail sticking up, and in everlasting motion, while thousands of small voices unite in chorus. But let the spectator make a few steps further and all life has vanished as if by enchantment—vanished from the surface, at least; but here and there you may see the head of a little scout



peeping out of a hole to reconnoitre, and by his defiant bay seeming to warn his fellows of the dangerous vicinity of man. If you then lie down, and remain motionless, you will find that in a short time the sentinel will leave his post at the door to place himself upon the hill, continuing his barking — we may now presume to announce the most secure condition of public affairs. One citizen after another is then enticed out of the dark passages to the light, and the harmless bustle of the social creatures begins again. Sometimes you may see a steady-looking old fellow going to pay a visit to a neighbour, who receives him sitting upright upon his hillock, and wagging his tail; and then the two lie down together, and in the barking duet that follows doubtless communicate their reciprocal thoughts and feelings. Sometimes, after a little earnest conversation of this kind they will retire into their dwelling, and then set out together on a walk — it may be to visit some relations; they may meet with other promenaders, and loud salutations follow, and after awhile the party breaks up and everybody goes home. One may amuse one's self for hours in watching the curious ways of these creatures, and it is impossible to help desiring such an acquaintance with their language might enable one to find out their retreats.

The prairie dogs venture fearlessly between the hoofs of the wandering buffalo; but the slightest movement of the hunter, who is watching them, is sufficient to send them flying down into their subterranean retreats, though a sound of barking from below the ground, as well as the number of the forsaken hillocks, betrays the presence of the bustling little community.

*Mollhausen.*

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## A BURNING PRAIRIE.

THE wind, which was from the west, had been all day driving towards us clouds of smoke, which slowly floated before the breeze, or were more rapidly dispersed before a stronger gust. It was evident that, as far as we could see from north to south, the prairie was in flames, and that the fire was being driven rapidly by the increasing wind over the high grass towards the east. Under these circumstances it was necessary to be exceedingly careful in our choice of a camping place for the night, and we thought we might count on being tolerably safe if we pitched our tents between two ravines not far from one another. These ravines were broad and deep, and their precipitous walls, down which poured several streams of water, were destitute of any vegetation that could offer nourishment to the flames; so that the westerly one might fairly be considered as a natural limit to the advance of the fiery tide.

Our cattle were driven down into the one lying eastward, to withdraw them from the sight of the fire, and obviate the danger of the panic, terror, and wild flight called a *stampede*; and when they were safely disposed of, the greater part of our company betook themselves to the other side in order to watch the fire from the edge of the ravine, and extinguish in time any sparks that might be driven that way.

Although these fires in the prairies frequently arise from accident, or the carelessness of travelling or hunting Indians, it sometimes happens that they are intentionally kindled by the inhabitants of the steppes, who burn great tracts of the plains to favor the growth of young vigorous grass. From among the singed stubble, fine blades shoot up in a few days, and the whole surface is soon clothed again in bright green, and has the appearance of a well-cultivated cornfield where the young corn is just springing up; and then the Indians proceed thither with their herds of cattle, after they have first kindled a fire in another district.

It is, nevertheless, a matter of no infrequent occurrence

that one of these intentionally-kindled fires proves the destruction both of the cattle and of the Indians themselves; for though any one can light the fire, at almost any part of the waving grassy plain, it is often beyond any human power to control it after it is lit, particularly when a storm-wind arises to drive it over the boundless surface.

As we sat thus at the edge of the ravine calmly watching the whirling clouds of smoke, and the flames that were now just visible in the distance, or observing the movements of the terrified animals that were hurrying through the high grass and seeking shelter in the ravine, we were suddenly startled by a cry of fire from the camp.

The effect of such a cry upon minds already excited by the scene we had been witnessing may be imagined, for every one knew that the lives of all of us were imperilled by such an accident. We all rushed down to the camp, where, through the carelessness of the cooks, the nearest grass had been set on fire, and, under the influence of the violent wind, the flames were spreading terrifically. Fortunately, the accident had happened on the east side of the tents and waggons, so that the chief danger was blown away by the wind, while on the other side the prairie fire counteracted the current of air, and approached the camp but slowly. Our whole company now formed a close rank, and following the rapidly spreading fire, stifled the flames by a brisk application of blankets, sacks, and articles of wearing apparel; and with considerable exertion the danger was at last overcome. Only a spark was to be seen here and there, whilst on the other side of the ravine the conflagration raged unchecked.

The flames had now advanced in a diagonal line to the western edge of the ravine, but the space was too wide for them to cross; the flying sparks went out when they had reached not more than half way, and we were now able to give our undisturbed attention to the majestic phenomenon before us, and watch the fire as it moved across the plain;

first, while yet afar off, withering up the tracts of juicy grass before it, and then, at a touch, converting them into ashes.

The night as it came on showed us a sublime picture—a picture that cannot be adequately described by pen or pencil. The vivid color of the flames made the sky appear of the most intense black, while the flames themselves shed a glowing red illumination on the grey clouds of smoke that were rolling away, and changing their hue every moment, as the fire was driven before stronger gusts of wind, or nourished by more or less luxuriant vegetation.

A peculiar disquieting sort of sound accompanies these prairie burnings; it is not thundering or rushing, or roaring, but something like the distant hollow trembling of the ground when thousands of buffaloes are tearing and trampling over it with their heavy hoofs. It sounded threateningly to us in the camp, and it was with a thrilling kind of admiration we contemplated this awe-inspiring spectacle.

The hunter, accustomed to be on his guard against all chances, when he sees the black clouds of smoke rolling over his head as harbingers of the fiery tide, composedly kindles a new fire in the high grass before him, and having cleared of all combustible matter a spot large enough to ensure his safety, looks calmly from it on the otherwise threatening danger passing harmlessly by. But woe to him who is caught unprepared by a prairie fire, for he will in vain try to save himself by the swiftness of his horse. The tall grass whose ears lash his shoulders, entangle the hoofs of the animal as he flies on his rapid course, and horse and rider become the prey of their terrible enemy.

The red natives of the steppe, who are ready to meet with haughty defiance enemies the most superior in strength, tremble at the thought of the swiftly-advancing fire, and the proudest warrior among them will droop his decorated head when you speak of it and whisper, "Do not awaken the anger of the Great Spirit."

*Mollhausen.*

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## CANAL TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

THERE was much in the canal mode of travelling which I heartily enjoyed at the time, and look back upon with great pleasure. Even the running up, bare-necked, at five o'clock in the morning, from the tainted cabin to the dirty deck; scooping up the icy water, plunging one's head into it, and drawing it out all fresh and glowing with the cold, was a good thing. The fast, brisk walk upon the towing-path between that time and breakfast, when every vein and artery seemed to tingle with health; the exquisite beauty of the opening day, when light came gleaming off from every thing; the lazy motion of the boat, when one lay idly on the deck, looking through, rather than at, the deep blue sky; the gliding on, at night, so noiselessly, past frowning hills, sullen with dark trees, and sometimes angry in one red burning spot high up, where unseen men lay crouching round a fire; the shining out of the bright stars, undisturbed by noise of wheels, or steam, or any other sound than the liquid rippling of the water as the boat went on: all these were pure delights.

Then, there were new settlements, and detached log-cabins and frame-houses, full of interest for strangers from an old country: cabins, with simple ovens outside, made of clay; and lodgings for the pigs, nearly as good as many of the human quarters; broken windows, patched with worn-out hats, old clothes, old boards, fragments of blankets and paper; and home-made dressers standing in the open air without the door, whereon was ranged the household store, not hard to count, of earthen jars and pots. The eye was pained to see the stumps of great trees thickly strewn in every field of wheat, and seldom lost sight of the eternal swamp and dull morass, with hundreds of rotten trunks and twisted branches steeped in its unwholesome water.

It was quite sad and oppressive to come upon great

tracts where settlers had been burning down the trees, and where their wounded bodies lay about, like those of murdered creatures, while here and there some charred and blackened giant reared aloft two withered arms, and seemed to call down curses on his foes. Sometimes at night, the way wound through some lonely gorge, like a mountain pass in Scotland, shining and coldly glittering in the light of the moon, and so closed in by high, steep hills all round, that there seemed to be no egress save through the narrower path by which we had come, until one rugged hill-side seemed to open, and, shutting out the moonlight as we passed into its gloomy throat, wrapped our new course in shade and darkness.

*Dickens.*

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### ERIE CANAL.

THE Erie canal is cut a hundred or two miles through the heart of the primeval wilderness of America, and our boat glided through it silently and swiftly : never sailed a lost cloud through the abyss of space on a course more apparently new and untrodden. The luxuriant soil had sent up a rank grass that covered the horse-path like velvet ; the Erie water was clear as a brook in the winding canal ; the old shafts of the gigantic forest spurred into the sky by thousands, and the yet unscared eagle swung off from the dead branch of the pine, and skimmed the tree-tops for another perch, as if he had grown to believe that gliding spectre a harmless phenomenon of nature. The horses drew steadily and softly at the end of the long line ; the steersman stood motionless at the tiller ; and I lay on a heap of baggage in the prow, attentive to the slightest breathing of nature.

The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine tops and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiopian's

finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad; and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but, as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth, from their fringe-like and myriad tassels, a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor), the blast strengthened and filled, and the ragged leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps. And when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns: and, from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the rattling and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony (though the owl broke in with its scream, and though the over-blown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth) was still perfect and

without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons\*, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the outburst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale seems an intensitive and a low burden to the general anthem of the earth—as it were, a single voice among instruments.

Oh, how many of these harmonies there are!—how many that we hear, and how many that are “too constant to be heard!” I could go back to my boyhood, now with this thread of recollection, and unsepulchre a hoard of simple and long-buried joys, that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled since such things could give me pleasure! Is there no elixir† to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-tarnishing custom? Find me an alchymy for *that*, with your alembic‡ and crucible, and you may resolve to dross again your philosopher’s stone!

*Willis.*



\* *Bassoons*, a musical wind-instrument, which serves as the bass in a concert of hautboys, flutes, &c.

† *Elixir*, cordial, invigorating medicine.

‡ *Alembic*, distilling apparatus, retort.



## SOUTH CAROLINA.

LET me describe the panorama now passing before me:—

I am in Georgia, moving on to Carolina, and finally to Charlestown, that city so dear to southern memories, which gave birth to Gadsden, Moultrie, Rutledge, Legaré, Lowndes, Poinsett, and other American celebrities. I am, this steaming hot yellow-feverish morning, turning my back on Savannah — one of the most extraordinary places I have ever been in, with its avenues of China-trees, its orange hedges, and its enormous magnolias, showering down their rose-colored blossoms on silent funereal streets three feet deep in sand. I am on a small steamer that is to take me some hours up the river to Augusta. A thick, feverish, woolly fog wraps the quay of Savannah, with its mountains of coals, its bags of rice, and its bales of cotton; the great blocks of warehouses, where two travelling friends of mine went last night after the firemen procession to book their passage for New York, loom out like palaces of Plutus in the blind white fog, that melts them into dreamy chaos and hopeless oblivion.

Up the thick yellow Savannah river, where the mud is earthy red, we push so quietly that the only sound that breaks the morning stillness is the “ugh, ugh” from our funnel, as if a sleeping giant were breathing somewhere down below. And now the fog looms whiter and more clarified, and slowly over the rice-swamps on the eastern bank (which is on our right-hand side) burns out the sun, like a red-hot coal that has fallen on a pile of cotton flock and has, at last, smouldered through it. It reminds me of Cuyyp’s golden mists, or still more of that admirable Dutch ballad of Browning’s, *The Ride to Ghent*:

“At Aerschott, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one.”

For now the seething whiteness, so chill and damp, fires into yellow, then by quick stages melts into fiery orange. The golden orb glows through at last, and the very alligator, fathom deep in the mud, awakes and knows that day has dawned in Carolina.

And now, too, as the river's banks with the tall brown reeds show themselves, I see a dead tree, and, on its highest scathed bough, two black specks which the captain tells me are bald-headed eagles; and yonder is a crane, "poor Joe," disconsolate, fishing on one leg — as if he had just felt the cramp, or symptoms of incipient gout in the other, and were thinking whether he should dine off fish to-day or not. Now I and the rest, warming ourselves in the sun, come down the steps from the high cabin and stand on the lower deck, at the head of the vessel just by the fires. There is a cask full of ashes at our feet, and a great littering heap of coals and pine wood, together with a cogged wheel going to some rice-mill on the river, in care of those honest-looking engineers with hammers and tool bags, who stand near the engine-room door.

Now we begin to get deeper among the rice-fields. They spread on either side of us, dotted here and there with negroes' cabins, and now and then by a planter's house. That wooden tower on the bank, with open sides and a pierced floor, is where they winnow the rice — the good grains fall below, the chaff and dust fly off above. Those green lined fields are the rice-fields, and those thin, sharp, green blades rising among the stubby stalks are young rice-plants, soon to be cut off by frost. Those dams are the self-regulating dams that check the irrigation of the swampy fields, whose malaria white men can brave in winter only. It is the necessity of perpetually sluicing these rice-fields and laying them for days under water, that makes these rice districts of Carolina specially deadly to the European: so deadly, that every bale of Carolina rice may be said to cost a human life.

Fifteen days after sowing, these fields are laid under water, and again when the beautiful bunches of snowy, nutritious seed are all but ripe; also, I believe, during some intermediate state as well. The great dread of the rice-planter is the rice-bird; just as the crop is ripe, these birds come in enormous flocks. The bird is a little creature with brown body and yellow wings, and, when the rice is over, it goes to the north, just in time for the fruit season. Now, the captain explains to me that rice-land is very valuable, as it is only certain level tracts near rivers that are fit for the purpose of growing rice. That land there, mere ooze, half water and half mud, could be reclaimed into rice-land, though now it is all over wild oats and reeds; but it must be sufficiently drained, so that the negroes can leave it clear and warm at certain stages of ripening. That sloping land in the distance, up towards the pine-woods, would never grow rice. It is too far off for irrigation.

Let us leave the seaborde, and pass to the high sandy bluffs that further northward give way to mountain ledges, granite crags, and the splashing silver of such falls as those of Slicking. There, listening to stories of Indian chiefs and revolutionary combats, you may, from some rocky nest, high up near the eagle, look down on sweet little coves of greensward, patches of maize, and rude log-cabins. But it is in such scenery as you find in the lowland of Carolina, round Midwarry, that the roaming traveller specially delights. There, you can find pine-woods, every third tree gashed and scarred to bleed out its turpentine, and further on, the huge, bald cypress; with its boughs hung with beards of the grey, dead-looking Spanish moss; there, bushes of the laurel, green and glittering in the sun, with spear-headed leaves. Here, too, are the fragrant bay-tree and the murderous ivy; here, amid this tropical vegetation, which in summer breathes deadly airs fatal to all but negroes, who alone remain all the year among it. The

ugged oak and orange grow side by side. On these trees the wild grape-vine, laden with fruit, hangs in fibrous festoons thick and strong as cables. Or, strolling on the banks of the river, you may hear the raftmen blowing their signal horns; or you may wander by the negro cabins, each with its garden and dovecot,—for the negro is allowed to sell his master vegetables, fruit, and poultry. But often my own taste led me to the wild swamps round Turtle Cove, or to some of the more retired inlets and bayous. Here, stepping cautiously, for fear of snakes or alligators, you stride over some fallen tree that bridges the water, and pierce through avenues of ghostly cypresses, from which the moss hangs down in hoary drifts, like shreds of funeral banners in a chancel vault. Everywhere is a sense of desolation, terror, despair, and death.

*All the Year Round.*

## THE BOBLINK.

THE happiest bird of an American spring, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his

own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate ; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody ; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury ; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits ; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear ; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a gourmand ; with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical \* tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblincon no more—he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much-sought-for titbit of Pennsylvanian epicures ; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan ! Wherever he goes, pop ! pop ! pop ! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform ? — Alas ! not he. In-

\* *Gastronomical*, feeding, gluttonous.

corrigible epicure ! again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting ; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career ; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome !

Such is the story of the Boblink ; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring ; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys ; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career ; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

*Irving.*

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### THE MOCKING-BIRD OF AMERICA.

THE plumage of the Mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice ; but his figure is well proportioned and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice, full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he

greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush, or a half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arrest the eye as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand



by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; *Cæsar* starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quivering of the canary and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the blue jay, martin, and twenty others succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us.

During this exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself about in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable melody.

*Wilson.*

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## AUTUMN IN AMERICA.

IN those parts of America which answer to the medium climates of Europe, and when Autumn has a decided character of her own, the season is indeed a noble one. Rich in bounty ripening the blended fruits of two hemispheres, beauty is also her inalienable dower. Clear skies and cheerful breezes are more frequent throughout her course than storms and clouds. Fogs are rare indeed. Mild, balmy airs seem to delight in attending her steps, while the soft haze of the Indian summer is gathered, like a choice veil, about her brows, throwing a charm of its own over every feature. The grain harvest has been given to Summer; of all its treasures, she preserves alone the fragrant buckwheat and the golden maize. The nobler fruits are all hers—the finer peaches and plums, the choicest apples, pears, and grapes. The homely but precious root harvest belongs to her—winter stores for man and his herds. And now, when the year is drawing to a close, when the blessings of the earth have been gathered and stored, when every tree and plant have borne their fruits, when every field has yielded its produce, why should the sun shine brightly now? What has he more to ripen for us at this late day?

At this very period, when the annual labors of the husbandman are drawing to a close, when the first light frosts ripen the wild grapes in the woods, and open the husk of the hickory nuts, bringing the latest fruits of the year to maturity, these are the days when, here and there in the groves, you will find a maple tree whose leaves are touched with the gayest colors; those are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant; the moment chosen by Autumn to keep the great harvest home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper

frost, and the whole face of the country is changed ; we enjoy, with wonder and delight, a natural spectacle, great and beautiful beyond the reach of any human means.

We are naturally accustomed to associate the idea of verdure with foliage—leaves should surely be green. But now we gaze in wonder as we behold colors so brilliant and so varied hung upon every tree. Tints that you have admired among the darker tulips, and roses, and richer lilies and dahlias of the flower garden ; colors that have pleased your eye among the fine silks and wools of a lady's delicate embroidery ; dyes that the shopman shows off with complacency among his cashmeres and velvets ; hues reserved by the artist for his proudest works,—these we now see fluttering in the leaves of old oaks and liquid ambers, chestnuts, and maples.

We behold the green woods becoming one mass of rich and varied coloring. It would seem as though Autumn, in honor of this high holiday, had collected together all the past glories of the past year, adding them to her own ; she borrows the gay colors that have been lying during the summer months among the flowers, in the fruits, upon the plumage of the bird, on the wings of the butterfly, and working them together in broad and glowing masses, she throws them over the forest to grace her triumph ; like some great festival of an Italian city, where the people bring rich tapestries and hang them in their streets ; where they unlock chests of heirlooms, and bring to light brilliant draperies, which they suspend from their windows and balconies, to gleam in the sunshine.

*Miss Cooper.*

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## THE TORRID ZONE.

From the time we entered the torrid zone, we were never weary of admiring, at night, the beauty of the southern sky, which, as we advanced to the south, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation when, on approaching the equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars which we have contemplated from our infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear. Nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country than the aspect of an unknown firmament.

The grouping of the stars of the first magnitude, some scattered clouds, rivalling in splendor the milky way, and tracts of space remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a peculiar physiognomy to the southern sky. This sight fills with admiration even those who, uninstructed in the several branches of physical science, feel the same emotion of delight in the contemplation of the heavenly vault as in the view of a beautiful landscape or a majestic site. A traveller needs not be a botanist to recognise the torrid zone by the mere aspect of its vegetation. Without having acquired any notions of astronomy — without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of Flamstead and De la Caille, he feels he is not in Europe when he sees the immense constellation of the ship, or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan, arise on the horizon. The heavens and the earth — everything in the equinoctial regions — present an exotic character.

The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapors for some days. We saw the Southern Cross on the 4th of July, in the *sixteenth degree of latitude*. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the

centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silvery light.

If a traveller may be permitted to speak of his personal emotions, I shall add, that on that night I experienced the realisation of one of the dreams of my early youth.

When we begin to fix our eyes on geographical maps, and to read the narratives of navigators, we feel for certain countries and climates a sort of predilection which we know not how to account for at a more advanced period of life.

These impressions, however, exercise a considerable influence over our determinations; and, from a sort of instinct, we endeavour to connect ourselves with objects on which the mind has long been fixed as by a secret charm. At a period when I studied the heavens, not with the intention of devoting myself to astronomy, but only to acquire a knowledge of the stars, I was disturbed by a feeling unknown to those who are devoted to sedentary life. It was painful to me to renounce the hope of beholding the constellations near the south pole. Impatient to rove in the equinoctial regions, I could not raise my eyes to the starry firmament without thinking of the Southern Cross.

The pleasure we felt on discovering it was warmly shared by those of the crew who had visited the colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. The Portuguese and the Spaniards are peculiarly susceptible of this feeling: a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World.

The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to the people of every nation situated beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross is erect or

lined. It is a timepiece which advances very regularly every four minutes a day, and no other group of stars affords to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the annals of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Caracra to Truxillo: "Midnight is past, the Cross begins to descend!" How often those words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river Lataniers, conversed together for the last time, and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warned them that it is time to separate. *Von Humboldt.*

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#### JAMAICA.

There is scenery in Jamaica which almost equals that of Switzerland and the Tyrol; and there is also, which is more essential, a temperature among the mountains in which a European can live comfortably.

It is of course known that the sugar-cane is the chief production of Jamaica; but one may travel for days in the island and only see a cane piece here and there. By the greater portion of the island is covered with wild wood and jungle, — what is there called bush. Through it, on an occasional favorable spot, and very frequently on roadsides, one sees the gardens or provision-grounds of the negroes. These are spots of land cultivated by them, on which they either pay rent, or on which, as is quite common, they have squatted without payment of any rent. These provision-grounds are very picturesque. They are not filled, as a peasant's garden in England or in Ireland is filled, with potatoes and cabbages, or other vegetables similarly uninteresting in their growth; but contain cocoa trees, bread-fruit trees, oranges, mangoes, limes, guavas, jack fruits, avocado pears, and a score of others, many of which are luxuriant trees, some of considerable size,

and all of them of great beauty. The bread-fruit tree and the mango are especially lovely, and I know nothing prettier than a grove of oranges in Jamaica. In addition to this they always have the yam, which is with the negro somewhat as the potato is with the Irishman; only that the Irishman has nothing else, whereas the negro generally has either fish or meat, and has also a score of other fruits besides the yam.

The yam, too, is picturesque in its growth. As with the potato, the root alone is eaten, but the upper part is fostered and cared for as a creeper, so that the ground may be unencumbered by its thick tendrils. Support is provided for it as for grapes or peas. Then one sees also in these provision-grounds patches of coffee and arrow-root, and occasionally also patches of sugar-cane.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Jamaica is the copiousness of its rivers. It is said that its original name, Xaymaca, signifies a country of streams; and it certainly is not undeserved. This copiousness, though it adds to the beauty, as no doubt it does also to its salubrity and fertility, adds something, too, to the difficulty of locomotion. Bridges have not been built, or, sad to say, have been allowed to go to destruction. One hears that this river or that river is "down," whereby it is signified that the waters are swollen; and some of the rivers when so down are certainly not easy of passage.

It was here that I first saw the full effect of tropical vegetation, and I shall never forget it. Perhaps the most graceful of all the woodland productions is the bamboo. It grows either in clusters, like clumps of trees in an English park, or, as is more usual when found in its indigenous state, in long rows by the river sides. The trunk of the bamboo is a huge hollow cane, bearing no leaves except at its head. One such cane alone would be uninteresting enough. But their great height, the peculiarly graceful curve of their growth, and the excessive thickness of the

drooping foliage of hundreds of them clustered together produce an effect which nothing can surpass.

The cotton-tree is almost as beautiful when standing alone. The trunk of this tree grows to a magnificent height, and with magnificent proportions: it is frequently straight; and those which are most beautiful throw out no branches till they have reached a height greater than that of any ordinary tree with us. Nature, in order to sustain so large a mass, supplies it with huge spurs at the foot, which act as buttresses for its support, connecting the roots immediately with the trunk as much as twenty feet above the ground. I measured more than one, which, including the buttresses, were over thirty feet in circumference. Then from its head the branches break forth in most luxurious profusion, covering an enormous extent of ground with their shade.

But the most striking peculiarity of these trees consists in the parasite plants by which they are enveloped, and which hang from their branches down to the ground with tendrils of wonderful strength. These parasites are of various kinds, the fig being the most obdurate with its embraces. It frequently may be seen that the original tree has departed wholly from sight, and I should imagine almost wholly from existence; and then the very name is changed, and the cotton tree is called a fig tree. In others the process of destruction may be observed, and the interior trunk may be seen to be stayed in its growth and stunted in its measure by the creepers which surround it.

But it often happens that the tree has reached its full growth before the parasites have fallen on it, and then, in place of being strangled, it is adorned. Every branch is covered with wondrous growth—with plants of a thousand colors and a thousand sorts. Some droop with long and graceful tendrils from the boughs, and so touch the ground; while others hang in a ball of leaves and flowers, which swings for years.

Trollope.



## RECLUSE LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

AN interesting scene of recluse life is exhibited by many a little pool in tropical America, such as I have seen in Jamaica, and such as I have seen, too, in the parts of the northern continent bordering on the tropics. You penetrate the sombre woods perhaps for miles, and suddenly, in the midst of the most perfect quietude, you see a great light, and upon an area occupied by a green level, which, from indications here and there, you perceive to be water, covered with a coat of vegetation. The lofty trees rise up in closely-serried \* ranks all round from the very margin, and their long branches, as if rejoicing in the unwonted room and light, stretch out over the water and dip their twigs into it. The long pendent strings of parasites hang down and lightly touch the surface, whipping the floating duckweed aside when a storm agitates the great trees. From time to time, one and another have been prostrated before the tempest, and, falling into the pond, project their half-decayed trunks in great snags † from the sluggish surface, or form piers, which stretch away from the banks into the midst of the lake, and precarious bridges across different portions.

If we make our way by the starlight of the early morning to such a forest-pond as this, arriving silently and cautiously at its margin before the light of the advancing dawn has yet struggled into the little enclosure, and take our station behind the shelter of a leafy bush, we shall discern that the spot is instinct with life. A loud clanging cry is uttered, like the note of a child's trumpet, which is immediately taken up in response from the opposite side of the pool. Then a whirring of wings and much splashing of water. More of

\* *Serried*, crowded, compacted.

† *Snags*, rugged stumps (a great obstacle to navigation).

the loud clangors and more splashing; and now the increasing light enables us to discern a dozen or a score of tiny black objects sitting on the surface, or hurrying to and fro. They look like the tiniest ducks, but are jet black; some are sitting on the points of the projecting snags; and by their erect attitude, we readily recognise they are grebes.\*

Now it is light enough to see clearly, and the suspicious birds do not seem to be aware of our presence. Yonder, on the branch of a half-submerged tree, is a great dark mass, and a little bird sitting in it; it must surely be her nest. We must examine it.

Yet, stay! What is that serpent-like object that so quietly sits on yonder overhanging bough? It is indeed a black snake, reposing with elevated neck upon the horizontal limb! It moves! It is a bird! Observe the lithe and slender neck with which it begins to preen and arrange the plumage of a black body, squatted close to the bough. Mark that sudden start! The neck is elevated to the utmost; the head is raised in an attitude of attention; and the bird remains in absolute stillness. It was that leaf that we rustled in the nervousness of our desire to see him more distinctly. He heard it, and is on the watch. Lo, he is gone! He dropped like a stone, for he made no splash; and we are amazed that so large a body could be immersed from so great a distance, and yet produce scarcely a perceptible disturbance of the surface.

The little grebes, too, have taken the warning; they are with the faithful mother on the nest. She yet lingers, but we show ourselves and advance; and now she jumps into the green water and disappears, and all is as still and sombre as if we were gazing on a grave. *Gosse.*



\* *Grebes, of the same species as divers and dabchicks.*

## TROPICAL BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

"IN tropical climates, where brilliant and varied colors have been granted to the birds and flowers, song has been denied to the one and fragrance to the other." This is one of those flippant generalisations \*, originally made without investigation, which people are fond of repeating and perpetuating without inquiry. The groves and fields of the sunny isle of Jamaica ring with the melody of beautiful birds. In the lone forests of the mountain heights, the glass-eyed merle pours forth a rich and continued song; and that mysterious harmonist, the solitaire, utters his sweet but solemn trills, long-drawn and slow, like broken notes of a psalm, so perfectly in keeping with the deep solitude. In the woods that cover, as with an ever-verdant crown, the lower hills, the black shrike and the cotton-tree sparrow enunciate their clear musical calls — four or five notes running up the scale so rapidly as to be blended together, and suddenly falling at the end. Here, too, sits the hopping-Dick, and whistles by the hour together a rich and mellow succession of wild notes, clear and flute-like, like his European cousin, the blackbird. The constantly-reiterated call of the red-eyed fly-catcher, "John-to-whip! John-to-whip!" heard from all parts of the woods, makes the green glades lively.

But birds are particularly social animals, and it is chiefly in the neighbourhood of man that their melodious voices are heard, as if to cheer him in his toil. The fields, the pastures and meadows, the hedgerows that border and map out his domains, the orchards and groves that surround and embosom his dwellings, affording grateful fruit and shadow from the heat, these are the situations in every inhabited

\* *Generalisation*, the act of comprehending several objects, agreeing in certain particulars, under one head.

mtry that mostly resound with the voices of feathered  
 ngsters. The swallows that shoot along in their arrowy  
 verses\* over the plains, now skimming the placid stream,  
 w coursing far up in the thin air, almost lost in the  
 ring sun-beam, twitter sweetly as they pass. The blue  
 rtens, too, sit side by side in close rows on the dead frond  
 some tall palm, or on the roof-ridge of the dwelling-  
 use, and utter a shrill but not unmelodious chant. From  
 e green tussocks † of the Guinea-grass fields comes the  
 gular hollow cry of the Tichicro, and now and again he  
 ns to the summit of a stone, or jumps upon a wall, and  
 rbles a sweet and low song. The clear whistle of the  
 unana-bird, like the tones of a clarionet, resounds from the  
 rit trees, among whose deep green foliage his gay hues,  
 h yellow, white and black, glance fitfully as he shoots to  
 d fro; and his companions, the little blue quits, equally  
 voted admirers of a ripe sour-sop or custard-apple, accom-  
 ny his loud notes with strains of their own, full of soft  
 arbling music. And the most minute of birds, the tiny  
 ervain humming-bird, not larger than a school-boy's  
 umb, utters a song so sweet, but of sounds so attenuated ‡  
 ithal, that you wonder who the musician can be, and are  
 ady to think it the voice of an invisible fairy, when pre-  
 ntly you see the atom of a performer perched on the very  
 opmost twig of a mango or orange tree, his slender beak  
 pen and his spangled throat quivering as if he would expire  
 his little soul in the effort.

Gosse.

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\* *Traverses*, crossings, journeyings or flights to and fro.

† *Tussocks*, tufts, grass hillocks.

‡ *Attenuated*, thin, delicate.

## THE FORESTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE South American steppes form the boundary of a partial European cultivation. To the north, between the mountains of Venezuela and the Carribean Sea, we find commercial cities, neat villages, and carefully cultivated fields. Even the love of art and scientific culture, together with the noble desire of civil freedom, have long been awakened there. Towards the south the steppe terminates in a savage wilderness. Forests, the growth of thousands of years, fill with air-impenetrable fastnesses the humid regions between the Orinoco and the Amazon, massive leaden-colored granite rocks narrowing the bed of the foaming rivers: mountains and forests resound with the falling of the waters, with the roar of the tiger-like jaguar, and with the melancholy rain-announcing howlings of bearded apes.

Where a sand-bank is left dry by the shallow current, the unwieldy crocodiles lie with open jaws as motionless as pieces of rock, and often covered with birds. The boa serpent, his body marked like a chess-board, coiled up, his tail wound round the branch of a tree, lies lurking on the bank secure of his prey; he marks the young bull or some feebler inhabitant of the forest as it fords the stream, and swiftly uncoiling himself, seizes the victim, and, covering it with mucus \*, forces it laboriously down his swelling throat.

In the midst of this grand and savage nature live many tribes of men, isolated from each other by the extraordinary diversity of their languages: some are nomadic, wholly unacquainted with agriculture, and using ants, gums, and earth as food; others are settled, of milder manners, and live on fruits which they have themselves reared.

\* *Mucus*, a viscid, glutinous fluid secreted by the mucous membrane, which lines the mouth, nose, lungs, stomach, &c. On its healthy activity digestion depends.

Large spaces between the Cassiquiare and the Atabpo are only inhabited by the tapir\* and the social apes, and are wholly destitute of human beings. Figures graven on the rocks show that even these deserts were once the seat of some degree of intellectual cultivation. They bear witness to the changeful destinies of man; so also do the unequally developed languages, which belong to the oldest and most imperishable class of historic memorials.

But as in the steppe tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests and on its borders in the wilderness of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others, apparently weaponless, and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margin of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow-men increased toil and danger. The traveller wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man.

He, therefore, who amidst the unreconciled discord of nations seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation and the hidden activities of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of nature, or, obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upwards in meditative contemplation on these celestial orbs, which are ever pursuing in undisturbed harmony their ancient and unchanging course.

*Humboldt.*

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\* *Tapir*, a thick-skinned mammal, allied to the hog and the rhinoceros.

## DIURNAL LIFE IN THE PRIMÆVAL FORESTS.

DEMERARA yields to no country in the world in her birds. The mud is flaming with the scarlet curlew. At sunset the pelicans return from the sea to the courada trees. Among the flowers are the humming-birds. The pigeon and fowl of every variety people the fruit trees. At the close of the day the winged bats, or vanpires, suck the blood of the traveller, and cool him by the flap of their wings. Every now and then the maam or tinamore sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forests and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan, and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo, is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes like the distant convent bell.

From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this they gradually die away. From eleven till three all nature is hushed as in midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard saving that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo: it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the birds retire to the thickest shade and wait for the refreshing cool of the evening.

Then, at sundown, the vampires, bats, and goat-suckers dart from their lonely retreats, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frogs almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow-sounding croaking; while the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long.

*Waterton.*



### DIURNAL LIFE IN THE PRIMÆVAL FORESTS.

passed the night as usual, under the open sky, on a flat on the bank of the Rio Apure, closely bordered by an impenetrable forest. It was not without difficulty we succeeded in finding dry wood to kindle the fire which it is always customary in that country to surround a bivouac in order to guard against the attacks of jaguar.

The oars of our boat were placed upright and carefully driven into the ground, to form poles from which our hammocks could be suspended. Deep stillness prevailed; only from time to time we heard the blowings of the fresh water winds, peculiar to the Orinoco net-work of rivers.

Not after eleven o'clock such a disturbance began to be felt in the adjoining forest, that for the remainder of the night all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals seemed to rage throughout the forest. Among the many sounds which resounded together, the Indians could only distinguish those which, after short pauses in general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling

of the howling monkeys; the plaintive, soft, and almost wailing tones of the small sapajous\*; the snorting grumblings of the striped nocturnal monkey; the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the cuguar or maneless American lion, the macaw†, the sloth, and a host of parrots, of parraquas, and other pheasant-like birds. When the tigers came near the edge of the forest, our dog, which had before barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammock. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was in

*ajou*, species of monkey, of which the "Weeper" is the best

*vary*, a mammal allied to the hog.



such case always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys, who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit.

If one asks the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance arises on particular nights, they answer with a smile, that "the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon." To me it appeared that the scene had probably originated in some accidental combat, and that hence the disturbance had spread to other animals, and thus the noise had increased more and more. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these, pressing against each other in their flight break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of the trees, being frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the large animals; this arouses the tribes of birds who build their nests in communities, and thus the whole animal world becomes in a state of commotion.

Longer experience taught us that it is by no means always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which disturbs the repose of the woods. We witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when, with loud peals of thunder, the flashing lightning illuminated the deep recesses of the forest. A good-natured Franciscan monk used to say, when fearful on the closing in of night that there might be a thunder-storm, "May Heaven grant a quiet night both to us and the wild beasts of the forest!"

*Humboldt.*



## CAPTURE OF A CAYMAN.\*

The Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. very simple. There were four pieces of tough hard wood a foot long and about as thick as your little finger, rounded at both ends; they were tied round the end of the rope in such a manner that, if you conceive the rope to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow-head, while the other end of the sticks were spread at equal distances round the rope. Now it is evident, that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope), which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a stake the more he pulled the faster the barbs would stick into his stomach. The wooden hook, if you may so call it, was well baited with the flesh of the peccary, and the end of the rope was twisted round the rope for about a foot above it. We were only a mile from where we had our hammocks, the bank was steep and abrupt, and the river very still. There the Indian pricked a stick into the sand; the stick was two feet long, and on its extremity was fixed the bait; it hung suspended about a foot from the water, and the other end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven into the sand.

The Indian then took the empty shell of a land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with an axe. I asked why he did that. He said it was to let the cayman hear that the dinner was going on. In fact, the Indian meant it as a dinner bell.

After doing this, we went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning. During the night the alligators roared and grumbled in the forest, as though the

*man*, a name popularly applied to the alligator. It is a different crocodile.

being tied round the end of the mast), and dropt down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus\* on the other side of the Styx† ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in the upper regions, and immediately went below again on the slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

By this time the cayman was within two yards of me. I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation: I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back, and thus they served me for a bridle.

He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. Such a catastrophe, however, was soon out of the reach of possibility—no doubt greatly to the chagrin of the vanquished animal.

Waterton.

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\* *Cerberus*, the watch-dog of Pluto.

† *Styx*, the river which separated the infernal regions from the other world.

## ASPECTS OF AMERICAN STEPPES.

WHEN, under the vertical rays of the never-clouded sun, the carbonised turfy covering falls into dust, the indurated soil cracks asunder as if from the shock of an earthquake.

If at such times two opposing currents of air, whose conflict produces a rotatory motion, come in contact with the soil, the plain assumes a strange and singular aspect. Like conical-shaped clouds, the points of which descend to the earth, the sand rises through the rarefied air in the electrically charged centre of the whirling current; resembling the loud waterspout dreaded by the experienced mariner. The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-colored light on the desolate plain. The horizon draws suddenly nearer; the steppe seems to contract, and the heat becomes almost unbearable. The hot, dusty particles which fill the air increase its suffocating heat, and the east wind, blowing over the long-heated soil, brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow. The pools which the yellow fading branches of the fan-palm had protected from evaporation now gradually disappear. As in the icy north the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching drought, the crocodile and the boa become motionless and fall asleep, deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails, and yet, by the play of the refracted rays of light producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveller is everywhere pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror. The distant palm-bush, apparently raised by the influence of the contact of unequally dense strata of air, hovers above the ground, from which it is separated by a narrow intervening margin. Half-concealed by the dark clouds of dust, restless with the pain of thirst and hunger, the horses and cattle roam here and there, the cattle lowing

dismally, and the horses stretching out their long necks and snuffing the wind, if haply a moister current may betray the neighbourhood of a not wholly dried-up pool. More sagacious and cunning, the mule seeks a different mode of alleviating his thirst. The ribbed and spherical melon-cactus conceals under its prickly envelope a watery pith. The mule first strikes the prickles aside with its fore feet, and then ventures warily to approach his lips to the plant and drink the cool juice. But resort to this vegetable fountain is not always without danger, and one sees many animals that have been lamed by the prickles of the cactus.

When the burning heat of the day is followed by the coolness of the night, which in these latitudes is always of the same length, even then the horses and cattle cannot enjoy repose. Enormous bats suck their blood like vampires, during their sleep, or attach themselves to their backs, causing festering wounds, in which mosquitoes and a host of other stinging insects conceal themselves. Thus the animal leads a painful life during the season when, under the fierce glow of the sun, the soil is deprived of its moisture.

At length, after the long drought, the welcome season of the rain arrives; and then how suddenly is the scene changed! The deep blue of the hitherto perpetually cloudless sky becomes lighter; at night the dark space in the constellation of the Southern Cross is hardly distinguishable; the soft phosphorescent light of the Magellanic clouds fade away; even the stars in Aquila and Ophiucus in the zenith shine with a trembling and less planetary light. A single cloud appears in the south like a distant mountain, rising perpendicularly from the horizon.

Gradually the increasing vapors spread like mist over the sky, and now the distant thunder ushers in the life-restoring rain.

Hardly has the surface of the earth received the refreshing moisture, before the previously barren steppe begins to exhale sweet odors, and to clothe itself with a variety of

grasses. The graceful mimosas \*, with renewed sensibility to the influence of light, unfold their drooping, slumbering leaves to greet the rising sun ; and the early song of birds, and the opening blossoms of the water plants, join to salute the morning. The horses and cattle now graze in full enjoyment of life. The tall springing grass hides the beautifully spotted jaguar, who, lurking in safe concealment, and measuring carefully the distance of a single bound, springs cat-like, as the Asiatic tiger, on his passing prey.

Sometimes (so the aborigines relate) on the margin of the swamps the moistened clay is seen to blister, and rise slowly in a kind of mound ; then, with a violent noise, like the outbreak of a small mud-volcano, the heaped-up earth is cast high into the air. The beholder, acquainted with the meaning of these spectacles, flies, for he knows there will issue forth a gigantic water-snake or a scaly crocodile, awakened from a torpid state by the first fall of rain.

The rivers which bound the plain to south, the Arauca, Apure, and Payara, become gradually swollen ; and now nature constrains the same animals, who in the first half of the year panted with thirst on the dry and dusty soil, to adopt an amphibious life. A portion of the steppe now presents the aspect of a vast inland sea. The brood mares retire with the foals to the higher banks, which stand like islands above the surface of the lake. Every day the space remaining dry becomes smaller. The animals, crowded together, swim about for hours in search of other pasture, and feed sparingly on the tops of the flowering grasses rising above the seething surface of the dark-colored water. Many foals are drowned, and many are surprised by crocodiles, killed by a stroke of their powerful notched tails, and devoured. It is not a rare thing to see the marks of the pointed teeth of these monsters on the legs of horses and cattle.

\* *Mimosas*, or *sensitive* plants. The chief of which is the *Acacia*. [The derivation is *mimus*, imitator, from their imitating the sensitivity of animal life.]

## THE PAMPAS.\*

THE great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordilleras, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordilleras, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its color from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In the winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed, not an animal is to be seen, and the

\* The Pampas are sprinkled with dwellings, subdivided according to the following special characteristics:—where cattle are reared (*estancias*), where fruits are cultivated (*quintas*), and where cereals are produced (*chacras*).

stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing, and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change; the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

*Head.*

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### THE GAUCHO OF THE PAMPAS.

BORN in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life; with a lasso made of twine, he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the huts. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the village. The manner in which these children ride is extraordinary; if a horse tries to escape from the flock which is being driven *towards the corral*, a child may frequently be



seen to pursue and overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape, for the child always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

His amusements and occupations soon become more manly; careless of the holes which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous, he gallops after the ostrich, the gáma, the lion, and the tiger; he catches the wild cattle, and then drags them to the hut, either for slaughter or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses, and in these occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his horse as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. His constant food is beef and water; his constitution is so strong that he is able to endure great fatigue, and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often inspired with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they do of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavour to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilised life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of a man is to raise himself off the ground and ride instead of walk; that no rich garments or varieties of food can atone for the want of a horse, and that the print of the human foot on the ground is the symbol of barbarism.

*Head.*



## THE CORDILLERA OF PERU.

THE Cordilleras may be traversed at any season, but the most favorable time for visiting them is in the month of April or September, that is to say, the month which precedes or which follows the melting of the snows. At an earlier or later period, the route is perhaps somewhat dangerous, as much from the force and impetuosity of the torrents, which all at once form in the gorges, as from the bad state of the roads, then deluged by the rains, and sometimes even entirely disappearing under an immense mantle of snow.

But, even in the fine season, the route which one takes, once fairly into the mountains, is almost impracticable. One is scarcely out of Lima, till Nature herself seems to undergo some immediate change: the valleys close and disappear by degrees; the roads are little better than bad footpaths, winding with difficulty across gorges and ravines. After a few hours' march, you already feel in the midst of solitude. At every step, the country seems to grow more naked and savage. Here you have a narrow and deep rent, which extends like the bed of a torrent that had been dry for ages, encased on all sides by a rampart of ruddy mountains; the sun, darting its direct beams into the fine and smooth sand, which reflects them like a mirror, turns this desolate gorge during the day into a veritable furnace. Here and there a cactus, long and prickly, grows alone among the stones. Not a sign of life, not a single bird, not one insect: everything flies this arid and burning soil, where you encounter at every step nothing but the carcasses of mules killed with the heat and fatigue, whose bleached bones serve as staves to travellers. Again, there are mountains where the route, suspended over an abyss, is at the same time so narrow and tortuous, that the head and neck of the mule, in passing the edges, stretch quite entirely over the void. Here and there, the traveller arrives at some peaks, where he sees in one

entire panorama the country in which he is immersed. Everywhere, gorges, ravines, separating by immense gaps masses still more immense, heaped one above another in piles of frightful disorder; in the distance, a sea of mist, pierced at intervals by arid and naked crests; at the feet of these crests, new gorges which must be descended, and which seem lost amid the mountains.

It was in such scenery that the first few days of our journey to the Cordilleras were passed. We had at last arrived at the foot of their highest peaks, and it was a little beyond midnight when, after some hours passed in an Indian hut, we mounted our mules, and set forward to cross them.

At the moment of our departure, the air was sharp; but, owing to the difficulties of the road, we could only march at a slow pace. Happily, a superb moonshine favored us, and the pale rays, which were reflected from the snow of the great peaks, illuminated with a gentle lustre the immense masses heaped around us. In Europe, we have no nights comparable in the lucidity of the sky to these of the Cordilleras: thousands of stars shed a sort of twilight, or rather an aurora, over the scene. Sometimes, at the bottom of a ravine, we saw the white foam of a torrent bounding in the midst of the rocks; the noise reached our ears with a low and plaintive sound. A black point was suspended over the waters: this was the bridge of branches which traced our route, and which we had to traverse. We thus arrived, towards morning, at the summit of the Cordilleras. Around us rose enormous peaks, some infinitely higher than the point which we had reached; others piled below us, like the waves of an ocean become solid. The sky was serene, the air fresh and pure. Those mountains, so high and so broken by ravines, at the foot of which we had just passed, did not appear of more consequence than the undulations of an immense sea. And, like the great condors which we saw wheeling over our heads, we embraced in a single view *all these desolate crests, these entangled rocks, these plateaux*

covered with snow ; but, unfortunately, we had but a few minutes to bestow on the contemplation of this grand spectacle. Our guide reminded us that time was flying, and that it would be scarcely prudent to wait till mid-day on the summit of the Cordilleras. It is in the afternoon, indeed, that the frightful storms which are so common in these mountains for several months of the year burst. Then, immense whirlwinds envelope them : the storm rolls and drives the snow with such force, and the snow itself is so dense, that it becomes impossible to distinguish anything at a few paces even before you ; every road, every beaten path disappears ; nothing but the hurling roar of thunder is heard ; nothing is seen but the red glare of lightning.

We were then about fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The air was rarefied to such a degree, that we breathed with great difficulty ; even the mules were obliged to stop every instant. It is worthy of notice, that this rarefication of the air is greater after mid-day than in the morning ; and then it has been sometimes so great as to draw blood from the noses and ears of travellers. What, however, is more common, is a certain general discomfort, accompanied by sharp pains in the head and stomach, and a sort of sea-sickness, which seizes almost all those who cross the Cordilleras for the first time. The Indians call it *soroche*, and ascribe the discomfort to the rarefication of the air, and to certain metallic gases disengaged by the sun from the mountains.

At last we commenced to descend. The slope on this side of the Cordilleras presents numerous asperities. The great mountains never rise into a single point. At their summit, as at their base, they are composed of a multitude of other mountains, whose crests rise in the form of an amphitheatre ; so that, after reaching the bottom of one gorge, several hundred feet deep, you discover other heights which you must climb, then descend again, and that for a space of many leagues. This side, however, of the mountains essen-

tially differs from that which we had just crossed. Less mixed, and less torn up by ravines, it encloses between its more isolated peaks considerable plains, watered by numerous streams running from west to east, and forming the sources of the great rivers which traverse the American continent before pouring themselves into the Atlantic. These rivers themselves issue from lakes or ponds formed by the melting of the snows, and which lie on the top of the Cordilleras between their more elevated peaks. Some flocks of wild geese, with white bodies and black wings, the peaceful inhabitants of these desolate regions, rose heavily at our approach, and settled at a few paces farther off. Sometimes, too, a llama stretched its neck towards us from the height of a rock, regarded us half-frightened, and fled into the mountains. We saw it bound lightly away into the ravine, disappear a moment, then, showing itself again on some higher point, listen with indifference to the sounds of our retreating steps. Further on, some domestic llamas were nibbling the thin grass which grows among the stones. They scarcely raised their heads on our appearance, and tranquilly resumed their pasture. These animals announced the neighbourhood of man. In fact, wherever we met herds of llamas, we saw immediately afterwards some Indian huts, whose threshold was in general guarded only by some children in rags, playing on the ground in the midst of a band of thin and famished dogs. One must enter these huts, and be present at the repast of the inhabitants, in order to know what may suffice to enable human creatures, we do not say to live, but to vegetate in debasement and wretchedness. Only, in order to shake, once a-year, perhaps, the cloak of misery which burdens them, they plunge into excesses which no description can paint, when an occasion happens, as, for example, when a fête\* is announced in a neighbouring village.

*Lavandais.*

\* *Fête* (pron. feht), feast or festival.

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## THE CORDILLERA OF CHILI.

THE road across this flat country is always tedious; for the mountains, on leaving Mendoza, appear within three or four miles of the town, and the path seems literally to lengthen as one goes. We found it particularly dreary, as we had to travel during a night which was unusually dark. The plain before us was not visible, while the black outline of the mountains against the sky appeared close to us, or rather immediately above us. However, we at length got to the first ravine of the Cordilleras; and there, with the noble mountains towering over our heads, sometimes lost in darkness, and sometimes faintly traced by the few stars which were visible, we followed the sound of the water until the distant light at the post-hut and the barking of the dogs as they came rushing toward us, informed us that we should now cross the stream, and we then rode up to the post.

The road, on leaving Villa Vincencia, suddenly turns up a ravine, which is one of the finest passes in the Cordilleras. The mountains are extremely steep on both sides, and as the ravine winds in many directions, one often comes to a spot which has the appearance of a *cul de sac*\*, from which there is no exit to be seen. In some places the rock hangs perpendicularly overhead, and the enormous fragments which nearly block up the road, contrasted with those which seem to be on the point of falling, add to the apparent danger and grandeur of the scene. As we were passing we saw a guanaco on the very highest summit of one of the mountains. He was there evidently for safety; and as he stood against the blue sky, his attitude, as he earnestly watched us, was very expressive of his wild free life; and his small head and thin neck betokened his agility of action.

I had ridden on by myself about fifteen miles, and had

\* *Cul de sac*, a blind alley, or road, closed at one end.

gained, by a constant ascent, the summit of the Paramillo the high range of mountains which overhang Villa Vincencia. The view from this point is very interesting. The ground continues level for a short distance, and then rapidly descends towards the valley of Uspallata, which is about thirty miles off.

This valley is the upper base of the great range of the Cordilleras; and it is, at first, surprising to see that the hills of the Paramillo, which had appeared so lofty, are very humble features compared with the stupendous barrier which, in spite of its distance, appears to be now on the point of obstructing the passage.

This enormous mass of stone is so wild and rude in its features and construction, that no one would judge that an animal could force its way across the summit, which is covered with snow, in some places eternal, seems to be a region between the heavens and the practicable habitation of man; and indeed to attempt to pass it, except by following up in a ravine the course of a torrent, would be altogether impossible.

From Paramillo, the view towards the east or contrary direction is also very interesting. It is pleasing to look down on the difficulties which have been surmounted ever to gain this point; and beyond Villa Vincencia is a vast expanse of something which, at first, very much resembles the ocean, but which one soon recognises as the vast plain of Mendoza and the Pampas. The natural exhalations from the earth cover them with a cloud of uncertainty; places which one has heard talked of as points of importance are lost in space, and the hopes, and passions, and existence of mankind are buried in the dense atmosphere which supports them. But one has not much time for moralising on the summit of the Paramillo, for it is such a windy spot that a man's most rational exertion there is to hold on to his hat; and as the large broad-brimmed one which I had purchased at Mendoza made several attempts to return there

and my mule proceeded towards the valley of Uspallata. After going a league or two, I observed on both sides of the large tawny-colored fungus-looking substances which, in size, shape, and color, so resembled lions lying on the ground, that sometimes I really could not distinguish whether they were or not.

In the Pampas I had constantly observed the singular manner in which all animals, particularly birds, are there protected from their enemies by plants or foliage which resemble them; and as I knew there were a great number of lions about Villa Vincencia, and could see the track of their great feet in my path, I began to think that some of them were really lying before me. However, it seemed foolish to stop, and therefore I continued for some time; at last, coming to a small coppery vein in the rock, I thought it would be a good excuse to inspect it, so I remained there picking the stones till two of my party came up, and their first observation was, how very like the substances around were to lions.

*Head.*



## GEOLOGY OF THE CORDILLERA.

I STAYED at Villa Vincencia and at some neighbouring places during the two succeeding days. The geology of the surrounding country is very curious. The Uspallata range is separated from the main Cordillera by a long, narrow plain or basin, like those so often mentioned in Chili, but higher, being six thousand feet above the sea. This range has nearly the same geographical position with respect to the Cordillera which the gigantic Portillo line is, but it is of a totally different origin; it consists of various kinds of submarine lava, alternating with volcanic sandstones and other remarkable sedimentary deposits; the whole having a very close resemblance to some of the ter-



tiary beds on the shores of the Pacific. From this resemblance I expected to find silicified \* wood, which is generally characteristic of those formations. I was gratified in an extraordinary manner. In the central part of the range, at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, I observed on a bare slope some snow-white projecting columns. They were petrified trees, eleven being silicified, and from ten to forty converted into coarsely crystallised white calcareous spar. They were abruptly broken off, the upper stumps projecting a few feet above the ground. The trunks measured from three to five feet each in circumference. They stood a little way apart from each other, but the whole formed one group. The wood belongs to the tribe, partaking of the character of the Araucarian *fu* but with some curious points of affinity with the *Pinus*. The volcanic sandstone in which the trees were embedded, and from the lower part of which they have sprung, accumulated in successive thin layers around their trunks, and the stone yet retained the impression of the bark.

It required little geological practice to interpret the marvellous story which this scene at once unfolded; though I confess I was at first so much astonished that I could scarcely believe the plainest evidence. I saw the spot where a cluster of trees once waved their branches on the shore of the Atlantic, when that ocean (now driven back 700 miles) came to the foot of the Andes. I saw that they had sprung from a volcanic soil which had been raised above the level of the sea, and that subsequently this dry land, with its upright trees, had been let down into the depths of the ocean. In these depths, the formerly dry land was covered by sedimentary beds, and these again by enormous sheets of submarine lava — one such mass attaining the thickness of a thousand feet; and these deluges of molten stone and aqueous deposits five times alternately had been spread

\* *Silicified*, petrified into siliceous, the chief ingredient of flint, quartz, &c.

The ocean which received such thick masses, must have been profoundly deep; but again the subterranean forces had exerted themselves, so that I now beheld the bed of that ocean, forming a chain of mountains more than seven thousand feet in height. Nor had those antagonistic forces been dormant, which are always at work wearing down the surface of the land: the great piles of strata had been intersected by many wide valleys, and the trees, now changed into silex, were exposed projecting from the volcanic soil, now changed into rock, whence formerly, in a green and budding state, they had raised their lofty heads. Now, all is utterly irreclaimable and desert; even the lichen cannot adhere to the stony casts of former trees. Vast, and scarcely comprehensible as such changes must ever appear, yet they have all occurred within a period recent when compared with the history of the Cordillera; and the Cordillera itself is absolutely modern as compared with many of the fossiliferous strata of Europe and America.

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We next rode to the last and most elevated house in the valley. The number of inhabitants became scanty; but wherever water could be brought on the land, it was very fertile. All the main valleys in the Cordillera are characterised by having, on both sides, a fringe or terrace of shingle and sand rudely stratified, and generally of considerable thickness. These fringes evidently once extended across the valleys, and were united; and the bottoms of the valleys in Northern Chili, where there are no streams, are thus smoothly filled up. On these fringes the roads are generally carried, for their surfaces are even, and they rise with a very gentle slope up the valleys: hence, also, they are easily cultivated by irrigation. They may be traced up to a height of between 7000 and 9000 feet, where they become hidden by the irregular piles of débris. At the lower end or mouth of the valleys, they are continuously united to those land-locked plains (also

formed of shingle) at the foot of the main Cordillera, which are characteristic of the scenery of Chili, and which were undoubtedly deposited when the sea penetrated the country.

No one fact in the geology of South America interested me more than these terraces of rudely stratified shingle. They precisely resemble in composition the matter which the torrents in each valley would deposit, if they were checked in their course by any cause, such as entering a lake or arm of a sea; but the torrents, instead of depositing matter, are now steadily at work wearing away both the solid rock and these alluvial deposits, along the whole line of every main valley and side valley. It is impossible here to give the reasons, but I am convinced that the shingle terraces were accumulated, during the gradual elevation of the Cordillera, by the torrents delivering, at successive levels, their detritus on the beach-heads of long narrow arms of the sea, first high up the valleys, then lower and lower down as the land slowly rose. If this be so, and I cannot doubt it, the grand and broken chain of the Cordillera, instead of having been suddenly thrown up — as was till lately the universal, and still is the common opinion of geologists — has been slowly upheaved in mass, in the same gradual manner as the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific have risen within the recent period.

The rivers which flow in these valleys ought rather to be called mountain-torrents. Their inclination is very great, and their water the color of mud. The roar which the Maypu made, as it rushed over the great rounded fragments, was like that of the sea. Amidst the din of rushing waters, the noise of the stones, as they rattled one over another, was distinctly audible even from a distance. This rattling noise, night and day, may be heard along the whole course of the torrent. The sound spoke eloquently to the geologist; the accumulated masses of stones, which, striking against each other, made the one *dull uniform* sound, were all hurrying in one direction. It

was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrecoverable. So was it with these stones; the ocean is their eternity, and each note of that wild music told of one more step towards their destiny.

It is not possible for the mind to comprehend, except by a slow process, any effect which is produced by a cause repeated so often, that the multiplier itself conveys an idea not more definite than the savage implies when he points to the hairs of his head. As often as I have seen beds of mud, sand, and shingle accumulated to the thickness of many thousand feet, I have felt inclined to exclaim that causes, such as existing rivers and beaches, could never have ground down and produced such masses. But on the other hand, when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, while during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onward in their course, I have thought to myself, can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?

In this part of the valley the mountains on each side were from 3000 to 6000 or 8000 feet high, with rigid outlines and steep bare flanks.

*Darwin.*

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### LASSOING THE BUFFALO.

AFTER riding for about an hour we heard the baying of the dogs, and understood that the enemy was forced from its forest retreat. We watched with the deepest attention the spot where we expected him to break forth. He required a great deal of coaxing before he would show fight. At last there was a sudden crashing noise in the wood; branches were broken, young trees were overthrown, and a superb buffalo presented himself, at about one hundred and fifty paces' distance. He was of a beautiful black, and his horns

were of very large dimensions. He carried his head high, and snuffed the air as though scenting his enemies. Suddenly starting off at a speed incredible in so bulky an animal, he made for one of our groups, composed of three Indians, who immediately put their horses to a gallop, and distributed themselves in the form of a triangle.

After much flight and pursuit, hard riding, and imminent peril, a dexterous hunter encircled the animal's horns with his lasso. The buffalo slackened his speed, and shook and tossed his head, stopping now and then to try to get rid of the obstacle which impeded his career. Another Indian, not less skilful than his predecessor, threw his lasso with a like rapidity and success. The furious beast now ploughed the earth with his horns, making the soil fly around him, as if anxious to display his strength, and to show what havoc he would have made with any of us who had allowed themselves to be surprised by him. With much care and precaution the Indians conveyed their prize into a neighbouring thicket.

Having done this, an Indian dismounted, and, with great agility, attached to the trunk of a solid tree the two lassos that retained the savage beast; then he gave the signal that his office was accomplished, and retired. Two hunters approached, threw their lassos over the animal, and fixed the ends to the ground with stakes. And now our prey was thoroughly subdued, and reduced to quietude, so that we could approach him with impunity. With blows of their cutlasses the Indians hacked off his horns, which would so well have revenged him had he been free to use them; then, with a pointed bamboo, they pierced his nostrils, and passed through them a cane twisted in the form of a ring. In this state of martyrdom they fastened him securely behind two tame buffaloes, and led him to the next village to be butchered.

*M'Can.*



## TAHITI.

At daylight, Tahiti, an island which must for ever remain classical to the voyager in the South Sea, was in view. At a distance the appearance was not attractive. The luxuriant vegetation of the lower part could not yet be seen; and as the clouds rolled past, the wildest and most precipitous peaks showed themselves towards the centre of the island. As soon as we anchored in Matavai Bay we were surrounded by canoes. This was our Sunday, but the Monday of Tahiti: if the case had been reversed, we should not have received a single visit, for the injunction not to launch a canoe on the Sabbath is rigidly obeyed. After dinner we landed, to enjoy all the delights produced by the first impressions of a new country, and that country the charming Tahiti. A crowd of men, women, and children was collected on the memorable Point Venus, ready to receive us with laughing, merry faces. They marshalled us towards the house of Mr. Wilson, the missionary of the district, who met us on the road, and gave us a very friendly reception. After sitting a short time in his house, we separated to walk about, and returned there in the evening.

The land, capable of cultivation, is scarcely in any part more than a fringe of low alluvial soil, accumulated round the base of the mountains, and protected from the waves of the sea by a coral-reef, which encircles the entire line of coast. Within the reef there is an expanse of smooth water, like that of a lake, where the canoes of the natives can ply with safety, and where ships anchor. The low land which comes down to the beach of coral-sand, is covered by the most beautiful productions of the intertropical regions. In the midst of bananas, orange, cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, spots are cleared where yams, sweet potatoes, the sugar-cane, and pine-apples are cultivated. Even the brushwood is an imported fruit-tree, namely, the guava, which, from its abundance, has become as noxious as a

weed. In Brazil I have often admired the varied beauty of the bananas, palms, and orange-trees, contrasted together; and here we also have the bread-fruit, conspicuous from its large, glossy, and deeply-digitated \* leaf. It is admirable to behold groves of a tree sending forth its branches with the vigor of an English oak, loaded with large and most nutritious fruit.

However seldom the usefulness of an object can account for the pleasure of beholding it, in the case of these beautiful woods, the knowledge of their high productiveness, no doubt, enters largely into the feeling of admiration. The little winding paths, cool from the surrounding shade, led to the scattered houses, the owners of which everywhere gave us a cheerful and most hospitable reception.

I was pleased with nothing so much as the inhabitants. There is a mildness in the expression of their countenances which at once banishes the idea of a savage, and an intelligence which shows that they are advancing in civilisation. The common people, when working, keep the upper part of their bodies quite naked; and it is then that the Tahitians are seen to advantage. They are very tall, broad-shouldered, athletic, and well proportioned. It has been remarked that it requires little habit to make a dark skin more pleasing and natural to the eye of a European than his own color. A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine dark-green one growing vigorously in the field. Most of the men are tattooed, and the ornaments follow the curvature of the body so gracefully that they have a very elegant effect. One common pattern, varying in its details, is somewhat like the crown of a palm-tree. It springs from the central line of the back, and gracefully curls round both sides. The simile may be a fancied one, but I thought the body of a man thus ornamented was like the trunk of a noble tree embraced by a delicate creeper.

Many of the elder people had their feet covered with

\* *Digitated*, branching out into several distinct leaflets.

small figures, so placed as to resemble a sock. This fashion, however, is partly gone by, and has been succeeded by others. Here, although fashion is far from immutable, every one must abide by that prevailing in his youth. An old man has thus his age for ever stamped on his body, and he cannot assume the airs of a young dandy. The women are tattooed in the same manner as the men, and very commonly on their fingers. One unbecoming fashion is now almost universal, namely, shaving the hair from the upper part of the head, in a circular form, so as to leave only an outer ring. The missionaries have tried to persuade the people to change this habit; but it is the fashion, and that is a sufficient answer at Tahiti, as well as at Paris. I was much disappointed in the personal appearance of the women; they are far inferior in every respect to the men. The custom of wearing a white or scarlet flower in the back of the head, or through a small hole in each ear, is pretty. A crown of woven cocoa-nut leaves is also worn as a shade for the eyes. The women appear to be in greater want of some becoming costume even than the men. Nearly all the natives understand a little English — that is, they know the names of common things; and by the aid of this, together with signs, a limited sort of conversation could be carried on.

In returning to the boat, we stopped to witness a very pretty scene. Numbers of children were playing on the beach, and had lighted bonfires, which illuminated the placid sea and surrounding trees; others, in circles, were singing Tahitian verses. We seated ourselves on the sand, and joined their party. The songs were impromptu\*, and, I believe, related to our arrival. One little girl sang a line, which the rest took up in parts, forming a very pretty chorus. The whole scene made us unequivocally aware that we were seated on the shores of an island in the far-famed South Sea.

Darwin.

\* *Impromptu*, offhand, without studied preparation.



## CHINA.

THIS celebrated country has long been looked upon as a kind of fairy-land by the nations of the West. Its distance from us is so great, that few—at least in former days—had an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves; and, besides, those few were scattered within the narrow limits of Canton and Macao, the very outskirts of the kingdom. Much of the information that was gleaned from the Chinese themselves was of the most exaggerated, if not fabulous, description. From the highest mandarin down to the meanest beggar, they are filled with the most conceited notions of their own importance and power, and fancy that no people, however civilised, are for one moment to be compared with them. For example, when the first steamer touched their shores, the Chinese of Canton and Macao did not show the least surprise, but merely said, “Have got plenty, all same, inside,” meaning that such things were quite common in the interior of their country. In addition to this, they are so suspicious of foreigners, that it is their rule to falsify facts designedly, and they imagine that accurate information is not of the slightest consequence.

A great proportion of the northern Chinese seem to pass their lives in a dreamy state. When a foreigner at any of the northern ports goes into a shop, the whole place, inside and out, is immediately crowded with Chinese, who gaze at him with a sleepy eye; and it is difficult to say whether they see him or whether they have been drawn there by some strange mesmeric influence over which they have no control: and I am quite sure that were it possible for the stranger to step out of his clothes and leave a block standing in his place, these people would still continue to gaze on, without knowing the difference. When the whole English fleet of sailing vessels and steamers went up the Yang-Tai-Kiang in 1842, many of the agricultural laborers would

hold up their heads for a few seconds, and look with a kind of stupid gaze on the noble sight; and then quietly resume their labors, as if the thing was only an every-day occurrence, and they had seen it a thousand times before.\*

*Fortune.*

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### APPROACH TO CANTON.

EARLY in the morning I hastened on deck to see the entrance into the mouth of the Yang-Tsi-Kiang: it is one of the largest rivers of China; and at a short distance from its entrance into the sea it has a breadth of nearly eight miles, but at the actual mouth it is so hemmed in by rocks that it loses half its breadth. The country is beautiful, and some fortifications on the summit of a hill give it a very romantic effect. At Hoo-man, or Whampoa, the stream divides into several arms, of which the one leading to Canton is called the Pearl River, and here ships drawing much water have to anchor. Along the banks of the Pearl River extend immense rice plantations, intermingled with fruit trees and bananas: the latter often form beautiful arcades; but they are planted more for utility than ornament, as they consolidate the ground, and prevent its being entirely washed away by the abundant irrigation required for the rice. Pretty country-houses, in

\* During the last diplomatico-military expedition (1860) to Peking, a Chinese on the point of being executed caught sight of a British uniform, and continued to gaze at the soldier for some time, uttered an expression of astonishment, and then calmly laid his head on the block. As to the staring habit, perhaps a Chinese philosopher would be justified in giving a similar description of ourselves; but that short-lived, superficial wonder, described by Mr. Fortune, indicates the lowest stage of intellect. The above is a more striking example, and it illustrates at the same time a still more remarkable peculiarity of the Chinese character, viz., callous indifference to life.

the true Chinese style, with fantastic jagged and peaked roofs, and colored tiles, come into view from time to time, lying in the shade of groups of trees; and various kinds of pagodas, from three to nine stories high, rise on small hills near the villages, and draw attention from a great distance. There were many fortifications, but they looked more like great unroofed houses than anything else.

As you advance towards Canton, the villages begin to follow each other very closely; but they have a miserable appearance, and are mostly built on stakes close on the river, and lying before them are numerous boats, many of them also serving as dwellings. The river now becomes more and more animated, and covered with vessels of all sizes and of the strangest forms. There were junks, the back part of which rose two stories above the water, and which looked like houses with lofty windows and galleries, and covered by a roof; they are often of immense size, and several thousand tons burthen. Then came the Chinese ships of war, flat, broad, and long, and carrying twenty or thirty guns; mandarins' boats, with their painted doors and windows, carved galleries, and colored silk flags; and, best of all, the flower-boats decorated with wreaths and garlands, and pretty arabesques. The interior of these flower-boats consists of a saloon and several cabinets, furnished with looking-glasses, silk hangings, glass lustres, and colored lanterns, between which are suspended ornamental baskets filled with fresh flowers, so that they have quite a fairy-land aspect. The flower-boats remain at anchor night and day, and serve for places of entertainment; plays are acted in them, and dancing and conjuring tricks performed. Women of good character are never to be seen in them; the entrance of Europeans is not exactly prohibited, but they would not be likely to receive a very flattering reception, should they make their appearance, and might even be exposed to no better treatment than they would receive among the darker regions of the West. Besides all these,

there were thousands of sampans\*, some anchored, some cruising, and darting about; fishermen casting their nets; people of all ages bathing and swimming; and children romping and tumbling about in the boats, so that one dreads every moment to see them fall overboard: but careful parents tie the little ones to hollow gourds, or bladders filled with air, so that if they fall into the water they may not sink. All these varied occupations, this unwearied life and activity, affords such picturesque effects as can hardly be conceived without being witnessed. *Pfeiffer.*

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#### CHINESE POLICE.

IN so large and rich a realm, among swarms of keen-witted and covetous folks, free from any restraints of religion to an extent unparalleled in any great community elsewhere, crimes must be common. There are no trustworthy returns on this head, or, if there are, they have never yet come to the knowledge of the "Outer Barbarians;"† but we may safely conclude that the Central Land is not more virtuous than her neighbours. The Pekin and provincial *Gazettes* are not more perfect barometers of passing events than the *Mercuries* that were printed when the king's standard was set up at Nottingham. They only tell, in fact, what the government wishes to become known. But, from other sources, a good deal of information reaches the European residents on the coast — they who have little to do except to hearken wonderingly to the distant roar and din going on in the vast sealed-up empire on whose fringe they live, like children listening to the mystic murmur of a sea-shell. Making all allowance for exaggeration, and Oriental looseness of description, we may form a fair idea of the present

\* *Sampans*, small boats.

† "*Outer Barbarians*," a term contemptuously applied by the Chinese to nations foreign to them.

condition of the criminal population of the empire. Another source of information is afforded by the petty police tribunals of Canton, Shanghai, and the other ports where Europeans trade : the amount of small thefts is considerable, though scarcely so great as would be the case in a place of equal size on the shores of the Mediterranean ; and instances of violence are remarkably few. Such seems to be the rule in China : the towns contain a due amount of tame-cheaters, but the bold hectoring highwayman, the truculent sea-robber, must be sought elsewhere.

All along the Blue and Yellow rivers are found retail buccaneers, who fatten on slender profits. These poor rogues do not aspire to a ship of their own ; they come paddling out of muddy creeks in the smallest of sampans, ill armed, ill clad, but plentifully smeared with fish-oil. If manfully confronted, they fly ; if grappled by the crews of the fourth-class junks which they select as prizes, they slip like so many eels through the hands that grasp them, and their swimming makes amends for their lax courage. Seldom do any very sinister results follow one of these attacks ; if the fresh-water pirates prove victorious, they are mild conquerors, and only too eager to be on shore again with their booty of rice and corn, stray garments, old fragments of chain, bits of brass and copper hastily ripped from the poop and cabins, and perhaps the glorious trophy of a few rattling strings of cash. The dollars and silver bars are generally too well hidden to be detected by such hurried searchers ; food, rather than fortune, is the object of the foray ; and, except in rare cases of remarkable temptation, no life is attempted, and no torture resorted to. With these amphibious petty-larceny rogues the magistrate deals mildly, according to the traditions of Chinese justice. Three hundred strokes of the bamboo may be endured by the human frame. Four sleepless weeks in the "cangue,"\* or bamboo

\* *Cangue*, a wooden yoke, consisting of two beams fitting into each other, and provided with holes for the head and arms of the

ry, may fail to madden a stolid, unimaginative Coolie.\*  
 w minor tortures need only be added to these two first-  
 ed inflictions, and the culprit is thought to have been  
 tenderly dealt with. Pilferers in a fair, or the streets  
 own, are considered as still more venial offenders. A  
 ous bastinado, and a week of the pillory, is the law's  
 l in such trivial cases. Petty assaults are as leniently  
 ed of, but fire-raising is a sin of deeper dye; and the  
 ous piercing of a neighbour's dyke, to let in a devas-  
 flood, is punished with extreme rigor. Murder,  
 easonable practices, wholesale piracy, and armed bri-  
 e, all cry aloud for death, more or less slow and  
 ; and parricide evokes the sternest chastisements of  
 nese, as it once did of the Roman law. Forgery is  
 shly viewed than with us; Orientals generally take  
 ful view of those crimes which are wrought by pure  
 ;—those æsthetic offences, as it were, which spill  
 l, rifle no strong-box, and fire no roof. Accordingly,  
 ite fabricator of false notes, the talented imitator  
 nercial signatures, is pretty certain to meet with  
 who can appreciate literary merit, even when it  
 o counterfeit invoices and sham promissory notes.  
 inese law has a very extraordinary principle, radi-  
 posed to our European ethics, which apportioning light  
 s to the high and erudite criminal, heavy and hard  
 nt for the misdeeds of the poor untaught sinner.

*Cornhill Magazine.*

The weight of this "portable gaol," together with the  
 ility of resting the body, renders it a severe punishment.  
 ie, a term applied to the laboring classes of the East.

## A CHINESE GAOL.

A CHINESE gaol is a group of small yards enclosed by no general outer wall, as with us. Around this yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed that when the prisoners are let out into the yard the gaolers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stink like the monkey-house of a menagerie.

We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who was seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight, the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The gaolers were ordered to open that place, and refusing, as a Chinaman always at first does, were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to force them. No sooner were hands laid upon the gaolers than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low, weakly muttered groans. So soon as the double doors could be opened, several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, and the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive.

Mandarin gaoler, who seemed to wonder what all the ment was about, was compelled to have the poor creature drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever t it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only ve that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it ed upon their undressed wounds. As they were borne ne after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the , each seemed more horrible than the last. They were ir gone to shriek, although the agony must have been t, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins e gaolers dragged them not too tenderly along. They been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the y bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. ir crime was that they had attempted to escape.

athsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so essing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; orror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fas-ion. As the wretched creatures writhed upon the nd tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the t, who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French ant, who had the little Mandarin in custody, gesticu-with his bayonet so fiercely that we were afraid he d kill him. We did not then know that the single which the poor creatures were trying to utter was rger," or that that dreadful starting of the eyeball was ook of famine. Some of them had been without food ur days. Water they had, for there is a well in the , and their fellow-prisoners had supplied them, but for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! s not till the next morning that we found this out; for ough we took some away, we left others there that night. e the commencement of this year fifteen men have died\* at cell. Some of those who were standing by me asked

\* *i. e.* in about six weeks.



"How will you ever be able to tell this to the English people I believe that no description could lead the imagination a full conception of what we saw in that Canton prison. have not attempted to do more than dot a faint outline the truth, and, having read what I have written, I feel a feeble and forceless is the image upon paper when compared with the scene upon my memory.

*Wingrove Cooke*



### MORALE AND COMMERCE OF THE CHINESE.

LYING is the natural life both of a Tartar and a Chinese: he draws it in with his mother's milk, and he exhales it in his last sigh. The very dead are lied to, and the ghosts themselves deceived. For is not gold and silver paper the form of ingots, strewed over the graveyard, so that when the bad spirits come prowling about to catch ghosts taking an airing, they may be attracted by all the show of wealth, and, stopping to pick up the ingots, thus give time to the poor hunted ghosts to slip back again into their graves, all snug and quiet? When a nation is itself to cheat its dead, we cannot wonder if it deceives the living. The rich dead are often kept for months, until a lucky moment arrives, or the right place is found for burying them; and one traveller tells us how old Howqua, a great tea man, at a dinner party, had several parcels of earth brought him, whence to choose the one where he would select to lie, and how he chose a gravelly one, and that as much matter-of-course deliberation as an English lady would have applied to the selection of her wedding gown.

This is only one of the many things in which the Chinese and the Westerners disagree. We wear black mourning, they white; we reverence crowns and coronets, they boots and buttons; we build our walls solid, they hollow; we pull our boats, they push theirs; we have

orchestra in front of our stage, they put theirs behind ; we shed the living, they the dead ; we have a white flag for peace, they for war ; we give our children games and our men business, they put their children to business and their well-grown men fly kites ; we drink milk and sugar to our dear tea, they have neither to a cup half full of leaves ; we hold one evidence of good breeding to consist in clean nails, well trimmed and filbert shaped, they in talons twelve inches long with bamboo sheaths to protect them ; our women pinch the waist, theirs the feet.\* "In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats ; where the laborer has no sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor ; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels ; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach ; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet and a language without a grammar."

Great are the Chinese in business. Even their childish games are all of buying and selling, the tricks of trade, and how to best cheat their customers ; and so keen are they it is next to impossible to cheat a Chinese child, whose trading faculty is developed to a point not often reached by the adult Western. The Chinese have always been forward in mechanical arts, and have had, as we all know, the germs—never the full fruition—of most of our great discoveries for many centuries among them. But they have been conservative, stationary, fossilised, and have mummified themselves and all about them by their conceit and stagnant pride. They are precisely, in all particulars, what they were when we sent our first embassy to them, with this sole difference, that Lord Macartney found them amicable, whereas they are now the reverse, and that their behaviour was more endurable than their insolence is now. But

\* *This fashion appears to have gone out in the upper ranks.*

slowly as she has moved—so slowly as to be imperceptible to us by our own knowledge, China has a past, like the rest of us; and a past which, in some matters, went beyond the present. Odd as it sounds, China is absolutely in a state of decadence with respect to some of its arts, and the sons have not trodden in their fathers' steps: in one art especially—the porcelain manufacture—there is a serious decline. The manufacturers have lost their cunning; the old ware is not equalled by the new, and the secret of some of it is quite lost.

But the fact is, very much in China is decaying. The clay feet are crumbling at last, and soon the brazen image will come smashing to the dust. When our people entered Peking they found the whole place in the most wonderfully ruinous condition. Private houses were mere hovels—masses of rotteness flushed over with a little paint and gilding to make them look tolerably decent; the public buildings were even worse, for they were masses of rotteness excepting an outside flush of superficial patching. The board of punishments, and all the other boards, were tumble-down sheds of lath and plaster; shams, hollowness, and lies, like so much else. Everything governmental is a mockery. The tremendous battles fought and gained by the Tigers, exist but on the papers given to the king to read; the overwhelming armies gathered everywhere, and the supplies necessary to feed and maintain them, are only so many figures representing the peculations of the mandarins, having no existence in reality; those “troublesome insects,” the rebels, have been exterminated—on paper! over and over again, at the very time, perhaps, when they were making their most rapid strides towards supremacy; and we, the red-haired barbarians, were driven into the sea, or howling in our chains, when the Tartar generals were fleeing before us, and the Taku forts were in our hands.

*All the Year Round.*



## CHINESE POLITENESS.

NESS for polite and decorous behaviour has been held to be a characteristic of the Chinese. Later travellers, Mr. Wingrove Cooke, for example, contradict this notion. It is, however, allowed that on ceremonial occasions the Chinese are addicted to punctilious forms of etiquette. To what extent these conventional usages are signs of genuine respect, the following anecdote of the Huc will show:—

During the time when we were at our Northern Mission we were witnesses of a most curious fact, wonderfully characteristic of the Chinese. It was one of our festival days and we were to celebrate its holy rites at the house of our first catechist, where there was a tolerably large hall, to which the Christians of the neighbouring villages were in the habit of coming in great numbers. After the service, the master of the house posted himself in the middle of the court, and began to call to the Christians who were leaving the chapel:—‘Don’t let any body go away. I have invited every one to eat rice in my house;’ and he ran from one group to another, urging them to stay. Every one alleged some reason or other for going, and

The courteous host appeared quite distressed; at length he spied a cousin of his, who had almost reached the door, and rushed towards him, saying, ‘What, cousin! are you going too? Impossible! this is a holiday, and you must stop.’ ‘No,’ said the other; ‘do not press me, I have business at home that I must attend to.’ ‘Business! to-day, a day of rest! Absolutely you shall stop, I will not let you go;’ and he seized the cousin’s robe and tried to drag him back by main force, while the desired guest struggled as well as he could, and sought to prove that his business was too pressing to allow of his remaining. ‘Well,’ said the host at last, ‘since you positively cannot stay to

eat rice, we must at least drink a few glasses of wine together. I should be quite ashamed if my cousin went away from my house without taking anything.' 'Well,' replied the cousin, 'it don't take much time to drink a glass of wine,' and he turned back; they re-entered the house and sat down in the company room. The master then called in a loud voice, though without appearing to address any one in particular, 'Heat some wine and fry two eggs!'

"In the meantime, till the hot wine and fried eggs should arrive, the two lighted their pipes and began to gossip, and then they lit and smoked again, but the wine and eggs did not make their appearance.

"The cousin, who most likely really had some business, at last ventured to inquire of his hospitable entertainer, how long he thought it would be before the wine was ready.

"'Wine!' replied the host, 'wine? Have we got any wine here? Don't you know very well that I never drink wine? It does not agree with me.'

"'In that case,' said the cousin, 'surely you might have let me go. Why did you press me to stay?'

"Hereupon the master of the mansion rose, and assumed an attitude of lofty indignation.

"'Upon my word,' said he, 'anybody might know what country you come from! What! I have the politeness to invite you to drink wine, and you have not even the politeness to refuse! Where in the world have you learnt your manners? Among the Mongols, I should think.' And the poor cousin, understanding that he had been guilty of a terrible solecism\*, stammered out some words of apology, and, filling his pipe once more, departed.

"We were ourselves present at this delightful little scene, and as soon as the cousin was gone, the least we could do was

\* *Solecism*, impropriety in language or behaviour (as here). [The word is said to be derived from *Solî*, a people of Attica, who transplanted to Cilicia, lost the purity of their tongue.]

to have a good laugh ; but the master of the house did not laugh ; he was indignant. He asked us whether we had ever seen such an ignorant, stupid, absurd man as his cousin, and he returned always to his grand principle, that is to say, that a well-bred man will always render politeness for politeness, and that one ought kindly to refuse what another kindly offers, 'Otherwise,' he cried, 'what would become of us ?'

We listened without deciding the question for or against him ; for in what depends upon the customs of nations, it is very difficult to have one sure and certain rule applicable to all ; and in looking closely at the matter, we thought we could make out their peculiar views of politeness. Both parties by this means obtain at small cost the satisfaction of appearing generous and obliging to everybody, and on the other hand, everybody can obtain the satisfaction of knowing that he receives a great many kind invitations, and yet has the delicacy to refuse them."

*Huc.*



## TRAVELLING IN THE AMOOR.\*

FROM this point our course was directly south, and up towards the ridge. As we proceeded vegetation gradually diminished, till we left it behind us, and entered a rocky region with snow lying in patches around. An hour's ride brought us to the summit, whence we looked down into a small valley with another ridge beyond rising far above it. To the east the crest rose still higher, being deeply covered with snow, with dark rocks protruding, while beyond were seen the white summits of the Ac-tau. We lost no time in crossing towards some lofty crags, near the base of which a great gap was formed in the ridge. On reaching this we passed round the base of the peaks and saw the deep narrow valley of the Kora lying beneath.

As we stood looking into the depth, probably 5000 feet below us, the river appeared like a band of frosted silver; we could also hear the roaring of the water as it rushed over its rocky bed. Near this place we found a track formed by the maral, argali, and wild goat, but it seemed doubtful if we should be able to descend by it. Men were sent to the east and west for a few hundred yards along the ridge, searching for a better path, but they were unsuccessful. The side of the valley was exceedingly abrupt; indeed in many parts the precipices were perpendicular; in other places the declivity was so steep that neither man nor horse could maintain a footing, nor were there either trees or bushes growing on any part.

The opposite side facing the north was well wooded. The trees extended from the bank of the river upwards till they diminished to dwarfs at the snow line; and a few were struggling to live even in the icy region. The bottom of

\* *Amoor*, a rich mining district of Eastern Siberia, lately annexed by Russia.

the ravine appeared clothed in rich verdure, while the trees there were covered with luxuriant foliage, colored with the deep and glowing tints of autumn. As there was no time to spare for scanning the region with my glass, I ordered one of my Cossacks, an old hunter, to lead the way downward. I followed close behind, and the rest came after in a single file. We had not proceeded far when we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses over a most dangerous place on a ridge of rocks extending more than one hundred yards, where a false step would have sent us rolling down a rocky declivity for more than 4000 feet.

Having passed this fearful spot, we remounted, and succeeded, after encountering several other difficulties, in reaching the bottom, but far to the east of the point whence we began to descend. At one place the ground was covered with fallen rocks, and among them were many large masses of beautiful ribbon jasper, of yellow, red, and green; but I fear these must ever remain as nature has left them, for there is no possibility of transporting such blocks up the side of this deep and rugged valley. Taking my last look at them, with some reluctance I turned from the spot, and led the way down to the bank of the Kora, seeking a place on which to encamp. We soon found that the torrent must be crossed, as there was no wood on our side of the river.

It was at once obvious to all that fording this stream would be a difficult and dangerous task; indeed at the point where we had struck the river it was utterly impossible. My old hunter advised our going up the bank to the eastward, as below us to the west the torrent was more than a rapid,—it was a continuous succession of falls, and the noise was positively deafening. Having gone nearly three miles, as directed, we came to a part where the stream was broader, and we here determined to cross. The engineer, myself, three Cossacks, and four Kirghis, decided to make the attempt; the others were to remain on the bank, and follow if we succeeded.



Our first difficulty was finding a place on which we could form into a line and ride into the water side by side, as we were quite certain that three or four horses could stem the torrent. Having accomplished this, we rode into the stream. When we had proceeded two or three paces we were caught by the full force of the water, that seemed strong enough to sweep us down the torrent; it drove us at once into a compact body, still we went steadily on; each man knew his fate if our line was once broken; he knew also that to turn back was now impossible. Step after step brought us near the middle of the stream, where the rushing water was fearful; several times it dashed over our saddles, and splashed over our heads. At last we reached the bank, and turning to look back upon the danger we had passed, I believe every man thought it had been accomplished at too great a risk. The other men were sent farther up the stream, and we had the satisfaction of seeing them cross without much danger.

Our encampment was chosen under some magnificent pine trees standing near the river, where a level space extended about a hundred yards in length. There was an excellent pasture for our horses in front of our camp. While the tents were being prepared, Sergae, the hunter, and three others, started in search of game. They had not been gone more than half an hour when we heard the echoes of their rifles. A little after dusk they rode into our camp with a young maral and two fine fat bucks; another maral had been wounded and traced up to the snow, where the crimson dye had marked his track. As night was at hand, they were certain to find it either alive or dead.

Shortly after their arrival our camp presented a busy scene. The Cossacks were engaged grilling venison for the engineer and myself, and preparing their own soup. The Kirghis were also occupied cooking their suppers in front of their tent, from portions of the game just brought in. *Huge piles of wood* had been heaped on the fires, which were

blazing splendidly, and soon aided in qualifying the baths we had taken in crossing the river. As it was in that tigers, bears, and wolves inhabited this region, horses were allowed to feed, and then they were pick-near our camp fires. A Cossack and two Kirghis were appointed sentinels, to be changed every two hours, and the watch began at ten o'clock. The engineer and myself and our guards were changed, discussing the prospect of life in these regions, and her object in building so many  
*Atkinson.*



#### THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

ghly precipices of the Bielouka reared their rugged several hundred feet above us, and to ascend up the the glacier was impossible. We sat down on some and while making our mid-day meal, I scanned the crags with an anxious wish to plant my foot upon Presently we turned to the west, and entered a looking gorge, that appeared to lead up into the n; in this we found vast rocks and ice which had on above. Over these we scrambled, often at considerable risk; at length a gleam of hope shot down upon the ravine terminated in a series of shelving rocks, almost an inclined plane, at the top of which one peaks of the Bielouka reared its lofty head. This fresh vigor for the toil, and our cry was now "for!" Step after step was climbed up a vast staircase's own constructing, which at last landed us on the snow. Over this we walked with much difficulty for three hundred paces, when we stood at the base of the high peaks of Bielouka, overlooking every summit of the *tai.* To the west, the vast steppes of the Kirghis

stretched till lost in hazy distance. To the south high peaks, and many ridges descending toward on the east of Nor-Zaisan, and to the Des. Several lakes were visible in the mountains distant steppes. Innumerable rivers were w courses in the deep valleys like a network of si It was a splendid vista — so many snowy peak from the purple ridges and green valleys a While examining with intense interest the sea c and endeavouring to trace some of the routes had travelled among them, the piercing bla that it was time to move. Going about a h further, we found ourselves at the head of an which descends by a deep ravine towards the w this lay the great hollow between the two peal might reach, but to ascend either was impos are cones from eight hundred to a thousan covered with hard frozen snow, with a few j green slate jutting through.

Hitherto the sky had been clear, except to east, where rolling masses of clouds were see vapor commenced condensing into thick cloud peaks above us, which caused Yepta and the h our immediate return. We began to retrac slowly at first, over the slippery ice and s reaching the vast rocky stair our descent was : some parts we found it much more difficult th When standing on the spot from which we h the high peak, I stopped to take a last look : point in the Altai, but this was denied me. I had put on his robe of clouds, which were waving in the breeze as the vapor gathered ra his head. Notwithstanding some slipping tumbles, we came down in an hour — the asce more than three. The snow among the rock to see our old tracks, and kept us away from

deep chains which would have rendered our descent more difficult, in some parts exceedingly dangerous. The hunter and Yepta advised our fording at the juncture of the rivers, where the bed was broad and shallow. The water was deeper than my men had anticipated, but ford it we must, and that without delay. Our horses were drawn up in line on the bank, and then we rode slowly into the stream, which dashed up against their sides and over our saddles. It was only by going in a close body that the animals could stand and force their way through the torrent. A party of three or four would have been swept away in a moment; nor did we accomplish the passage without considerable risk, and all felt a great relief when we stood on the western bank and looked back at the rapid flood. Yepta placed a stone near the edge of the water to see if it was rising, and in a very short time it was covered; had we been a few minutes later, we could not have crossed the torrent. The night continued stormy, with a cold wind howling through the forest, making the trees bend and wrenching off their branches, which came tumbling down on our tents. All these were intimations not to be misunderstood, and the sooner we were among the Kal-mucks on the Abbaye Steppe the better. Still we had a long ride, and many high mountains to cross, before that warm and sheltered spot could be reached. *Atkinson.*

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## ASIATIC STEPPES.

On the plateaux of Central Asia, between the Gold Mountains on the Altai and the Kuen-lun, from the Chinese wall to beyond the Celestial Mountains, and towards the Sea of Aral, there extend, through a length of many thousand miles, the most vast, if not the most elevated, steppes on the surface of the globe. I have myself had the opportunity, fully thirty years after my South American journey, of visiting a portion of them; the Calmuck Kirghis Steppes between the Don, the Volga, the Caspian, and the Chinese lake Dsaisang, being an extent of almost 2800 geographical miles.

These Asiatic steppes, which are sometimes hilly and sometimes interrupted by pine forests, possess (dispersed over them in groups) a far more varied vegetation than that of the Llanos and Pampas of Caraccas and Buenos Ayres. The finest part of these plains, which is inhabited by Asiatic pastoral tribes, is adorned with low bushes of luxuriant white-blossomed *Rosaceæ*\*, and with fritillarias.†

As the torrid zone is characterised on the whole by a disposition in all vegetation to become arborescent‡, so some of the Asiatic steppes in the temperate zone are characterised by the great height attained by flowering herbaceous plants.§ In traversing pathless portions of these steppes, the traveller, seated in the low Tartar carriages, sees the thickly crowded plants bend beneath the wheels, but without rising up cannot look around him to see the direction in which he is moving. Some of the Asiatic steppes are grassy plains; others are covered with succulent, evergreen, articulated

\* *Rosaceæ*, that order of plants of which the rose is the type.

† *Fritillarias*, belonging to the bulbous order,—lilies, tulips, &c.

‡ *Arborescent*, tree-like, woody.

§ *Herbaceous*, soft, not woody.

soda plants : many glisten from a distance with flakes of exuded salt which cover the clayey soil, not unlike in appearance to fresh-fallen snow.

These Mongolian and Tartarian steppes, interrupted frequently by mountainous features, divide the very ancient civilisation of Thibet and Hindostan from the rude nations of Northern Asia. They have in various ways exercised an important influence on the changeful destinies of man. They have compressed the population towards the south, and have tended, more than the Himalaya, or than the snowy mountains of Srinagur and Ghorka, to impede the intercourse of nations, and to place permanent limits to the extension of milder manners, and of artistic and intellectual cultivation in Northern Asia.

But, in the history of the past, it is not alone as an opposing barrier that we must regard the plains of Central Asia : more than once they have proved the source from which devastation has spread over distant lands. The pastoral nations of these steppes, — Moguls, Getae, Alani, and Usuni, — have shaken the world. As in the case of past ages, early intellectual culture has come like the cheering light of the sun from the East, so, at a later period, from the same direction, barbaric rudeness has threatened to overspread and involve Europe in darkness. A brown pastoral race, of Tukiuish or Turkish descent, the Hiongnu, dwelling in tents of skins, inhabited the elevated steppe of Gobi. Long terrible to the Chinese power, a part of this tribe was driven back into Central Asia.

The shock or impulse thus given passed from nation to nation, until it reached the ancient land of the Tinns, near the Ural Mountains. Thence Huns, Avari, Ghazares, and various admixtures of Asiatic races, broke forth. Armies of Huns appeared successively on the Volga, in Pannonia, on the Marne, and on the Po, desolating those fair and fertile fields which, since the time of Antenor, civilised man had adorned with monument after monument. Thus

went forth from the Mongolian deserts a deadly blast, which withered on Cisalpine ground the tender, long-cherished flower of art. *Humboldt.*

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### A PERILOUS BEAR-HUNT.

My ride in the Altai Mountains was over ground where bears are numerous; their tracks we followed, but without seeing even one. I passed places where fearful encounters with these animals have taken place. A very large one had been seen by the wood-cutters about fifteen versts\* from the gold mine; and two men, one a hunter, held in great repute for his daring and skill, determined to make his acquaintance. After wandering about for some time, they came upon his track, quite fresh in the long, dewy grass. He was evidently near; this made them cautious, and they prepared for action. Presently a loud growl saluted their ears; then out he sprang from a thicket about thirty-five paces distant, where he stood snuffing the breeze and eyeing the intruders.

The hunter fired and the ball struck, but not in a vital part. In an instant the wounded animal charged, — the other man, who was less experienced, reserved his shot until within twenty paces. The rifle missed fire. At once the brute raised himself on his hind-legs, and, tearing the earth beneath him, rushed on his first assailant, striking him down with a blow that stripped his scalp and turned it over his face; then seizing his arm, he began to gnaw and crush it to the bone, gradually ascending to the shoulder. The man called to his companion to load and fire, but the fellow, when he saw his friend so fearfully mangled, ran away and left him to his fate. Late in the evening he reached the gold-mine, and reported what had happened; but it was

\* *Versts*, each about three quarters of an English mile.

to make any effort in behalf of the mangled hunter. The officer ordered a large party out at daylight the next morning, with the coward for a guide. He took them through the forest to the spot where the encounter had taken place, of which there still remained ample evidence; but no remains of the victim were met with, except some torn clothing and his rifle. By the state of the grass, it was evident that the man had been carried off into the thick forest. A most diligent pursuit was therefore made; sometimes the track was lost, but the pursuers of the bear were too well skilled in woodcraft to be foiled, and at length discovered his larder. He had dragged the hunter into a dense mass of wood and bushes, and, to render the place still more secure, had broken off a great quantity of branches and heaped them over his body. These were quickly stripped off, when, to their great surprise, they found the man, though frightfully mutilated and quite insensible, still living! Two long poles were immediately cut, to which saddle-cloths were secured in the middle. One horse was placed in front, another at the back, and the ends of the poles secured to the stirrups, thus forming a very easy conveyance. The sufferer was placed upon the saddle-cloths and carefully propped up, and then began the painful march back as fast as possible.

On their arrival at the gold-mines he was taken direct to the hospital; the doctor dressed his wounds, and administered all that medical skill and kindness prompted. His patient survived, but long remained unconscious of everything around him. After more than two months had passed, a slight improvement took place, and his reason appeared to be restored. His first question was about the war, and then he referred to his own defeat. He spoke of nothing else, and was constantly asking for his rifle to go and kill "Michael Ivanitch" (the bear). The medical men thought *his mind seriously affected*. As he gained strength there arose in him so great a desire to have another



combat with his powerful and ferocious enemy, that it was considered necessary to place him under some restraint.

The summer had passed over, and autumn had arrived; the frost had scorched the foliage, changing it into golden and crimson hues; and as it was now thought the poor lunatic had forgotten his adventure, less vigilance was exercised towards him. The opportunity was not lost, for he secretly left the hospital and started off for his cottage. All the family being absent, except some young children, he was enabled to secure his rifle and ammunition, and provide himself with an axe and a loaf of black bread, which he stowed in his wallet. Thus armed and provisioned, he left the village in the evening without being seen, except by the children, and was soon lost to them in the forest.

When it was discovered that he had escaped, people were sent out in various directions to seek him, but they returned without success. More than a week passed over, during which nothing had been heard of him, when one day he walked into the hospital, carrying the skin of a huge black bear on his shoulders, and throwing it down, exclaimed: "I told you I would have him." This man was a fine old hunter; it was not a spirit of revenge which prompted him to this daring act: the fact was, he could not brook the idea of a defeat. Now his reputation was re-established he was happy; his health was again restored; nor was this the last bear that fell before his deadly rifle.

*Atkinson.*



## MONGOLIA.

eral aspect of Mongolia is wild and gloomy ; never relieved by the charm and variety of a landscape. Monotony of the steppes is broken only by ravines, mires, and stony sterile hills. Towards the north, country of the Khalkas, nature appears more animated ; the summits of the mountains are crowned by verdure, and the rich pasturage of the plain is watered by rivers ; but during the long season of winter the country is buried under a thick covering of snow. From the Great Wall, Chinese industry glides like a serpent through the desert. Towns begin to rise on all sides ; the "Great Grass" is being gradually covered by crops, and the nomadic shepherds are by degrees driven back to the deserts by the encroachments of agriculture.

Sandy plains occupy perhaps the greater part of the country, and in these not a tree is to be seen ; short grass makes its way with difficulty through the barbed and creeping thorns, and some scanty tufts of grass are the only vegetation, the sole pasturage, of Gobi. Water is extremely scarce, being only found in deep wells, the use of the travellers who are obliged to cross the arid region.

There are but two seasons in Mongolia, nine months of winter and three summer. The heat is sometimes stifling, but lasts for a very short time ; the nights are almost always cold. In the Mongol countries cultivated by the Chinese, the arduous labor must be got through within three months. As soon as the ground is sufficiently thawed, it is ploughed or rather scratched on the surface, and the seed is sown ; the crops grow with astonishing rapidity : waiting for their maturity, the husbandmen are occupied in clearing away the profusion of weeds that cover the ground. Scarcely is the harvest

gathered than the winter sets in with terrible severity. This is the threshing season: as the cold makes huge cracks in the earth, water is thrown over the threshing floor; it freezes immediately, and affords the laborers a smooth and perfectly clean surface for their operations.

The excessive cold of Mongolia is attributed to three causes: the great elevation of the ground; the nitrous substances with which it is strongly impregnated, and the general deficiency of cultivation. In the parts the Chinese have broken up the temperature has risen in a remarkable degree; the heat increases, so to speak, from year to year, as cultivation advances; certain cereals, which at first did not thrive on account of the cold, now ripen remarkably well.

Mongolia, on account of its vast solitudes, has become the abode of a great number of wild animals. At almost every step, hares, pheasants, eagles, yellow goats, grey squirrels, foxes, and wolves are encountered. It is remarkable that the wolves of Mongolia attack men in preference to beasts; they may sometimes be seen to run through countless flocks of sheep, without doing them the least harm, in order to attack the shepherd. In the neighbourhood of the Great Wall they frequently enter the Tartar-Chinese villages, go to the farms, and disdaining the domestic animals they meet in the farm-yards, proceed straight into the house in search of their victims, whom they seize by the neck, and strangle. There is scarcely a village in Tartary that has not every year to deplore some misfortune of this nature.

The stag, the wild goat, the horse, the wild camel, the yak, the black and brown bear, the lynx, the ounce, and the tiger haunt the deserts of Mongolia. The Tartars never travel except well armed with bows, guns, and lances.

When we think of the horrible climate of Tartary, of the frozen, gloomy aspect nature there wears, we might be tempted to think that the inhabitants of such savage coun-

ties must be of a harsh and fierce character ; and their physiognomy, their air, even their costume, would appear to support the opinion. The Mongol has a flat face, high cheek bones, a short and retreating chin, the forehead slanting backwards, small obliquely-cut eyes, strongly tinged with bile, coarse black hair, a scanty beard, and the skin dark brown, and extremely coarse. \* The Mongol is of moderate stature, but his large leather boots, and wide sheep-skin robe, give the person a short and squat appearance. To complete the portrait must be added a clumsy, heavy gait, and a harsh, shrieking language, bristling with terrible aspirations.

Yet, notwithstanding this harsh and savage exterior, the Mongol is full of gentleness and humanity ; he passes suddenly from the wildest and most extravagant gaiety to a melancholy that has nothing repulsive. Timid to excess in general, when excited by fanaticism or the desire of vengeance, he displays an impetuous courage that nothing can arrest ; he is simple and credulous as a child, and is passionately fond of stories and marvellous recitals. To meet a travelling Lama he always reckons a piece of extreme good fortune.

The vices generally attributed to the Mongol Tartars are, aversion to labor, love of pillage and rapine, cruelty, and lechery ; and we are inclined to believe that the portrait given of them by old writers was not exaggerated. But do the Mongols of the present day resemble their ancestors ? We believe ourselves justified in affirming the contrary, at least in great part. We have always found them generous, frank, hospitable ; inclined, it is true, like well-brought-up children, to appropriate little objects of curiosity, but in no manner addicted to what may be called robbery. As for their aversion to labor and a sedentary life, they are much the same as they always were : it must so be admitted that their morals in some points are very bad ; but their conduct, in this respect, proceeds more from

thoughtlessness than corruption, and we rarely find among them the hideous and brutal excesses to which the Chinese are so violently addicted.

The Mongols are strangers to every species of industry; their felt carpets, skins coarsely tanned, and some few articles of sewing and embroidery, are not worth mentioning; but, on the other hand, they possess, in high perfection, the qualities of a pastoral and nomadic people, in the prodigious development of the senses of sight, hearing, and smell.

*Huc.*

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#### A RIDE OVER A SIBERIAN STEPPE.

In a little more than an hour the sun rose, as if from the sea, casting its slanting rays into the desert, and lighting up the whole plain. This enabled me to examine my party. They were wild-looking fellows, dressed in various costumes. Several had horse-skin coats, with flowing manes down the centre of their backs; their shirts tucked into their belts of yellow leather. On their heads they had horse-skin caps, with part of the mane on the top, falling back like a helmet, which gave them a most ferocious aspect. Others had sheep-skin leather belts, and fox-skin caps, with lappets hanging over their ears. Each man had his battle-axe, and three of them carried long lances with tufts of black horsehair hanging beneath the spears. Thus armed and costumed, we formed an imposing cavalcade. Among the horses were animals of great beauty. Joul-bar had ordered for me a pair of dark iron-greys, of a race celebrated for speed and endurance. The spare horses were divided among nine Kirghis; leaving the Cossack and three Kirghis, and myself, free for defence if necessary. Although the chief of the tribe thought it probable that we might meet with some of the roving gentlemen of

steppe, neither the Cossacks nor myself entertained any apprehension. We were well mounted, and our rifles could give a good account of our assailants, should we be attacked. For the first hour we rode slowly over rich pastures that were soon to be cropped bare by the first herds feeding upon them. After this our horses were put into a quicker pace, and we shortly began to leave the grassy steppe behind.

There was a belt along the edge of the desert, about two miles in width, on which tufts of rough grass were growing, and broad patches of plants having succulent leaves and deep crimson flowers. These were quickly passed, and we entered upon a sandy waste, which to the south, the east, and the west, appeared a sea of sand. Stopping my horse, I glanced back at the aoul and the herds we had left : a few camels and horses only could be seen, now diminished almost to specks ; but the huts and the people were no longer visible. I desired the Kirghis to point out the direction of our route, which was nearly south-west, and then we started onwards. For many miles the sand was hard like a floor, over which we pushed on at a rapid pace. After this we found it soft in places, and raised into thousands of little mounds by the wind. Our horses were now changed, and in an hour these mounds were passed, when we were again on a good surface, still riding hard.

Hour after hour went by, and our steeds had been changed a second time, — those we started with seeming as fresh as when they left the aoul. In our route there was no change visible, it was still the same plain ; there was not so much as a cloud floating in the air, that, by casting a shadow over the steppe, could give a slight variation to the scene. At noon I called a halt, to look round with my glass ; but nothing appeared on the sandy waste. When mid-day had passed, my attendants desired to stop. The horses were piqueted in three groups, but we could procure them neither grass nor water. The Kirghis produced smoked horse-flesh

and their leather bottles, and they and the Cossacks dined. A piece of broiled mutton having been secured from last night's feast, on this I made my repast.

While the men were taking their meal, I walked along about half a mile. The whole horizon was swept with my glass, but neither man, animal, nor bird could be seen. One of the Kirghis galloped up to me, bringing my horse, and urged me to be gone. Having resumed my saddle, we rode on for several hours, but there was no change of scene. One spot was so like another that we seemed to make no progress; and though we had gone over a considerable distance, nothing could be observed to indicate that we were drawing near a grassy region. No landmark was visible, no rock protruded through the sterile soil; neither thorny shrub nor flowering plant appeared to indicate the approach to a habitable region. All round was "kizil-koom" (red sand).

What a solemn stillness reigns on these vast arid plains, deserted alike by man, beast, and bird! Men speak of the solitude of dense forests: I have ridden through their dark shades for days together; but there was the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaves, the creaking of the branches; sometimes the crash of one of these giants of the forest, which in falling woke up many an echo, causing the wild animals to growl, and the frightened birds to utter shrieks of alarm. This was not solitude; the leaves and trees found tongues, and sent forth voices; but on these dreary deserts no sound was heard to break the death-like silence which hangs perpetually over the blighted region.

Fourteen hours had passed, and still a desert was before us. The sun was just sinking below the horizon. The Kirghis assured me that two hours more would take us to the pastures and to water; but they doubted our finding an aoul in the dark. Our horses began to feel the distance we had travelled, and now we changed them every hour. We still kept on at a good speed; and though two more

hours had elapsed, there were no signs of herbage. It had become quite dark, and the stars were shining brilliantly in the deep blue vault. My guides altered their course, going more to the south. On enquiring why they made this change, one of them pointed to a star, intimating that by that they must direct their course.

We travelled onward, sometimes glancing at the planets, and then anxiously scanning the gloom around, in the hope of discerning the fire of some dwelling that would furnish food and water for our animals. Having ridden on in this manner for many miles, one of the men stopped suddenly, sprang from his horse, and discovered that we had reached vegetation. The horses became more lively, and increased their speed, by which the Kirghis knew that water was not far off. In less than half an hour they plunged with us into a stream, and eagerly began to quench their terrible thirst, after their long and toilsome journey.

While they were drinking, several of the men alighted, and with their hands examined the ground to trace the footprints of animals, but this proved fruitless. It was then decided that two parties of three men each should follow the stream upwards and downwards, and examine the banks. They had proceeded but a few hundred yards when those to the east called loudly to us to follow; fortunately, they had found a well-trodden track. By feeling the footprints the men knew that horses and cattle had recently passed. After fording the stream we rode on, in the hope of finding the huts; and when we had gone about a couple of miles we were suddenly brought to a stand by what appeared to be the distant barking of a dog. We stood still, but the sound was not repeated. We proceeded onward, listening with intense anxiety for a repetition, and having gone a few hundred yards, distinctly heard several dogs raise a chorus of canine alarm — to us most welcome music. As we advanced the barking became furious. We could also hear the clattering of hoofs, made apparently by the guards riding



at full speed over the turf to call out the tribe. Presently there was a great commotion; men were shouting to each other, while others galloped from the aoul to support the sentinels. We stood still, and two of our Kirghis advanced slowly, calling out that we were friends, and not robbers. They rode up to the watchmen, who, when satisfied, came and conducted us to their chief. With him we found an armed assemblage ready for the fray; women and children were huddled together, and all looked anxious, if not apprehensive. In a few minutes I was seated, taking my customary refreshment in the chief's huts. On looking at my watch, I found we had been riding eighteen hours.

*Atkinson.*

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#### A TRIBUTARY KING.

TOWARDS noon we perceived before us a multitude of people defiling through a narrow gorge formed by two steep mountains. A long train of camels laden with baggage followed, escorted by a crowd of richly-dressed horsemen. We slackened our march to examine the caravan more nearly. Four cavaliers, forming a sort of advanced guard to the main body, galloped towards us. They were Mandarins; the blue globe surmounting their cap of ceremony was the sign of their dignity.

"Reverend Lamas, peace be with you," said they; "to what land are your steps directed?"

"We are from the heavens of the West, and we go towards the West. And you, Mongolian brothers, where are you going in such great numbers, and in such magnificent equipage?"

"We are from the kingdom of Alechan; our king is travelling to Peking, to prostrate himself at the feet of the *Son of Heaven*."

e horsemen rose a little in their saddles to salute and then resumed their position at the head of the an.

ter the advanced guard came a palanquin, carried by magnificent mules, harnessed one before and the other id, between gilded shafts. The palanquin was square, nented with silken fringes, and the top and the four painted in figures of dragons, birds, and bouquets of rs. The Tartar monarch was seated cross-legged; he ed about fifty years of age, and his physiognomy was amely good.

s we passed, we cried out, "King of Alechan, may peace happiness attend thy steps!"

Men of prayers," he replied, "rest in peace!" and mpanied his words by a gesture full of amenity. An Lama, with a long white beard, and mounted on a nificent camel, led the first mule of the caravan. The d marches of the Tartars are generally under the ance of the oldest Lama in the country, as these people persuaded that they have nothing to fear on the road so as they have at their head a representative of the divi- or rather the divinity himself incarnate in the person Grand Lama.

mediately after the king's equipage came a white d of extraordinary size and beauty, led by a young ar on foot. This camel was not loaded, but from the of his ears and his two humps fluttered pieces of yellow y. This magnificent animal was, no doubt, destined present to the Emperor. The rest of the troop was osed of the numerous camels who carried the baggage ie tents, chests, pots, and the thousand and one utensils ary to be carried on a journey in a country where : are no inns on the road.

ie caravan had passed some time when we came to a and decided, in consequence, on pitching our tent. t we were making our tea, three Tartars, one of

whom was decorated with the red ball, and the other two with the blue, alighted at the door, and asked how long it was since the carriage of the King of Alechan had passed. We informed them that we had passed it some hours before, and that it would probably reach the Hundred Wells before nightfall.

"In that case," was the reply, "we shall stop here; that will be better than running the risk of falling down some precipice in reaching the Hundred Wells at night. We can easily overtake the caravan to-morrow morning."

Hereupon the Tartars promptly unsaddled their horses, and sent them to seek their fortune in the desert; and then, without ceremony, came and sat down by our fire. These personages were *Taitsis*, or nobles of Alechan. The one wearing the red ball was the king's minister, and the evening before they had stopped to visit one of their friends, a prince of the Ortous, and had been left behind by the rest of the caravan.

The minister seemed a man of a frank disposition and penetrating judgment; to the Mongol good-nature he joined lively and elegant manners, acquired, no doubt, in his frequent journeys to Peking.

He put many questions to us relative to the country the Tartars call the "Western Heaven." It is needless to say that their geographical knowledge is not very extensive; the West, with them, simply means Thibet, and some surrounding countries of which they have heard from the Lamas who have made the pilgrimage to *Lha-Ssa*. They firmly believe that there is nothing beyond Thibet. "The world ends there," say they; "beyond there is nothing but a shoreless sea." In our turn we asked them many questions respecting the journeys of the Tartar sovereigns to Peking.

"We go," said they, "to attend our king; it is only kings who have the happiness of prostrating themselves before the *Old Buddha*" (the Emperor). They afterwards

red into long details respecting the ceremonies of the year, and on the relation of the Chinese Emperor to tributary kings.

These kings are bound to the payment of certain dues, which, under the gentle name of "offerings," are neither more nor less than imposts, which they are not at liberty to withhold. These "offerings" consist of camels, horses remarkable for their beauty, venison, deer, kids and bears, aromatic plants, pheasants, mushrooms, fish, &c. As they travel to Peking in cold weather, these provisions are all frozen, and keep a long time even after they have reached their place of destination.

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All these Tartar princes are pensioned by the Emperor ; the sum they receive is trifling, but the political result is great. These princes, in receiving this pay, consider themselves as slaves, or at least as servants, to him who pays; and that the Emperor, consequently, is entitled to their obedience,

Some of the great Mandarins have the charge of making these distributions, and the evil tongues of the empire do not fail to assert that they make it a profitable speculation at the expense of the poor Tartars.

The minister related to us for our edification, how in a certain year the tributary princes had received their pension in gilded copper instead of gold ! Every one was aware of the cheat, but no one ventured to give publicity to a fraud which must have compromised some of the highest dignitaries in the empire. Besides, as they are supposed to receive their distribution from the hands of the Emperor himself, to complain would be to accuse in some sort "Old Buddha," or "Son of Heaven," of being a false coiner ! The Tartar princes, therefore, received their copper ingots with the usual prostrations ; and it was not till they returned to their own country that they ventured to say openly, not that they had been cheated, but that the Mandarins had

been duped by the bankers of Peking. The Tartar minister who told us this story always gave us to understand that neither the Emperor nor the Mandarins, nor the courtiers, had any share in the trick. We took care not to disturb this touching credulity; but for our own part we had not implicit faith in the probity of the authorities of Peking, and felt tolerably certain that the Celestial had picked the pockets of the poor Tartars. *Huc.*

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### BEARCOOTS.

THREE of these dark monarchs of the sky were seen soaring high above the crags to the south, which were too abrupt to ride over. We therefore piqueted our horses to feed, and began to ascend the mountain slope. In about an hour and a half we reached the summit, and descended into a small wooded valley, when we observed the bearcoots wheeling round towards the upper end, in which direction we hastened. Having gone at a quick walk for about three miles, we reached a rocky glen that led us into the valley of the Bean, known to be a favorite resort of the animals we were seeking. A small torrent ran foaming through its centre, and mountains ran on each side far above the snow-line. In singular contrast with the rich foliage and luxuriant herbage in the valley, the lower slopes facing the south were almost destitute of verdure, while those facing the north were clothed with a dense forest. We had scarcely entered this sylvan spot when a singular spectacle was presented to our view. A large maral had been hurled down by three wolves, who had just seized him, and the ravenous brutes were tearing the noble animal to pieces while yet breathing. We instantly prepared to inflict punishment on two of the beasts, and crept quietly along under cover to **get within range.** We succeeded, and were levelling our

when Sergae called my attention to two large bear-poising aloft and preparing for a swoop. He whistled, "Don't fire, and we shall see some grand sport." Presently one of the eagles shot down like an arrow, and most instantly followed by the other. When within forty yards of the group, the wolves caught sight of and instantly stood on the defensive, showing their yellow fangs, and uttering a savage howl. In a few seconds the first bearcoot struck his prey; one talon was on his back, the other on the upper part of the neck, effectually securing the head, while he tore out the wolf's windpipe with his beak. The other bearcoot had seized another and shortly both were as lifeless as the animal they had hunted.

A third brute snarled when his comrades set up their howls, and started for the cover: he was soon within range, when a puff of white smoke rose from Sergae's rifle, and the wolf rolled over, dead. The report startled the bearcoots, but we remained concealed, and they commenced feasting on the stag. Their attack had been made with such gallantry, that neither the old hunter nor myself raised a rifle against them, or disturb their banquet. Satisfied, they soared up to some lofty crags, and he took off the skins of the poachers, which he intended to use as trophies bravely won by the eagles.

*Atkinson.*

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## TRAVELLING IN THE ORTOUS.

LEAVING behind us the Yellow River and the inundated country, we entered on the Land of Grass, if that name could be given to a country so barren as that of Ortoos. Whichever way you turn you find nothing but rocky ravines, hills of mud, and plains encumbered with fine moveable sand, which the wind sweeps about in all directions. The only pasturage consists in a few thorny shrubs and thin heaths of a fetid odor. Here and there you find a little thin brittle grass, which sticks so closely to the ground, that the animals cannot browse it, without scraping up the sand at the same time, and the whole was so dry, that we soon began almost to regret the marshes that had grieved us so much on the banks of the Yellow River. There was not a brook or a spring where the traveller could quench his thirst, only from time to time we met with a pool or tank filled with muddy and fetid water.

The Lamas with whom we had been acquainted in the Blue Town, had warned us of what we should have to endure in this country from scarcity of water, and by their advice we had bought two pails, which proved very serviceable. Whenever we had the good fortune to meet with ponds or wells dug by the Tartars, we filled our buckets, without minding the bad quality of the water, and always took care to use it as sparingly as possible, as if it were some rare and precious liquor. Careful as we were, however, we often had to go whole days without a drop to moisten our lips; and yet our personal privations were nothing compared with the suffering of seeing our animals almost without water, when the scanty herbage that they got was nearly calcined by nitre. They grew visibly thinner every day; the aspect of our horse became quite pitiable; he went along, dropping his head quite to the ground, and

ing ready to faint at every step ; and the camels seemed to dance themselves painfully on their long legs, while their lean humps hung down like empty bags. The flocks belonging to the Tartars of the Ortoos are very different from those which browse among the fat pastures of Chakar and Tchekten. The oxen, and horses especially, look miserable for they require fresh pastures and abundant water, while sheep and camels can feed on plants impregnated with saltpetre. The Mongols of the Ortoos, themselves, look scarcely less miserable than their cattle. They live under tents, made of rags of felt or skins, so old and tattered that it is scarcely possible to imagine them human beings. Whenever we happened to encamp near any of these we were sure to have a crowd of these wretched creatures coming to visit us, prostrating themselves at our feet, and bestowing on us the most magnificent titles to induce us to give them alms. We were obliged to do so, but we could do no other than share with them of what the goodness of Providence had bestowed.

A little tea, a handful of oatmeal, roasted millet, and perhaps some mutton fat, was all we had to offer ; we were sorry to give so little, but we had not much to give. Missionaries are ourselves poor men, living on the alms of our brethren in Europe.

Without being acquainted with the kind of government under which the Tartars live, it is not easy to understand how they can exist in the midst of this vast wilderness, where water and food may be met with in abundance, men should consent to pass their lives in so poor and wretched a manner as the Ortoos. But although the Tartars are constantly moving from one place to another, they are obliged to remain within the limits of their own kingdom, in dependence on their own master ; for slavery still exists among the Mongol tribes, although in a very mild

Huc.

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## A CHABERON, OR LIVING BUDDHA.

AFTER some days' march we came to a small Lama convent, richly built, and in a picturesque and romantic situation, which we passed without stopping. But we had not gone more than a gun-shot distance before we heard a horse galloping behind us, and, turning our heads, perceived a Lama, who was coming eagerly towards us: "Brothers," he cried, "are you in such a hurry that you cannot rest yourselves for a day, and pay your adorations to our saint?"

"Yes! we are in a hurry; we are on a long journey towards the West."

"I knew by your faces you were not Mongols; I know you are from the West; but since you have a long journey to go, you would do well to prostrate yourselves before our saint; that will bring you good fortune."

"We do not prostrate ourselves before any man; the true faith of the West is opposed to this practice."

"Our saint is not a mere man; you do not think, perhaps, that in our small convent we have the happiness to possess a *Chaberon*—a living Buddha! Two years ago, he deigned to descend from the holy mountains of Thibet, and at present he is seven years old. In one of his former lives, he was the Grand Lama of a magnificent *Soum* (Lama convent) down there in the valley, but which was destroyed, the books of prayer say, in the wars of Ching-Kis. But, as after a few years the saint made his appearance again, we built him in haste a small *Soum*. Come, brothers! Our holy one will raise his right hand above your heads, and happiness will accompany your steps."

"Men who are acquainted with the holy doctrines of the West, do not believe in the transmigrations\* of the Chabe-

\* *Transmigration* (or metempsychosis), the act by which a soul is believed to enter another body.

rons. We adore only the Creator of Heaven and Earth, whose name is Jehovah. We think that the child whom you have made your superior has no power at all, and that men have nothing either to hope or to fear from him."

The Lama, after having listened to these words, stood a moment as if stupified; but by degrees his features became animated with passion, and launching at us a look full of wrath, he pulled the bridle of his horse, and turning his back on us, galloped off, muttering between his teeth some words which we did not take for a blessing.

These living Buddhas, in whose various transmigrations the Tartars have the firmest faith, are very numerous, and are always placed at the head of the principal convents. Sometimes a Chaberon begins his career modestly in a small temple, and surrounded by only a few disciples. By degrees, his reputation increases, and the temple becomes a place of pilgrimage; the neighbouring Lamas build their cells near it and bring it into fashion, and so it goes on from year to year, till it becomes perhaps the most famous in the country.

The election and enthronisation of the living Buddhas is curious enough. When a Grand Lama is *gone away*, that is to say, is dead, the matter is by no means made a subject of mourning in the convent. There are no tears or regrets, for every one knows that the Chaberon will soon reappear. The apparent death is only the commencement of a new existence, a new link added to a boundless and uninterrupted chain of successive lives—simply a new birth. Whilst the saint is in the chrysalis state, his disciples are in the greatest anxiety, and the grand point is to discover the place where their master has returned to life. If a rainbow appears, they consider it as a sign sent to them from their Lama, to assist them in their researches. Every one then goes to prayers, and especially the convent which has been widowed of its Buddha is incessant in its fastings and orisons, and a troop of chosen Lamas set out to consult the

Churtchun, or diviner of hidden things. They relate to him the time, place, and circumstances under which the rainbow has appeared : and he then, after reciting some prayers, opens his books of divination, and at length pronounces his oracle ; while the Tartars who have come to consult him, listen on their knees with the most profound devotion. Your Grand Lama, they say, has returned to life in Thibet — at such and such a place — in such and such a family ; and when the poor Mongols have heard the oracle, they return full of joy to their convent, to announce the happy news. Sometimes, according to the Mongols, the Chaberon announces himself, at an age when other infants cannot articulate a word ; but whether his place of abode be found by means of the rainbow, or by this spontaneous revelation, it is always at a considerable distance, and in a country difficult of access. A grand procession is then made, headed by the king, or the greatest man in the country, to fetch the young Chaberon.

*Huc.*

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## BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF INDIA.

THE central part of Asia is a table-land, believed to be, in its highest platform, ten thousand feet above the sea level. The descent of the land to the sea is variously accomplished in the different maritime countries of Asia, but nowhere more impressively than in that which belongs to us. The subsidence\* of the land from 10,000 to 1000 feet above the sea is made by a steep slope, like a diversified wall with embrasures covering an area of from 90 to 120 miles in breadth, and running a line of 1,500 miles. The area of this embankment is not less than 150,000 square miles. From a time beyond record this slope has been called by the people who live below it the *Abode of Cold*, or of *Snow* — *Himalaya*. With them this was not a mere figure of speech; for high above the clouds, where adventurous trespassers found the air hardly fit for mortal breathing, dwells the god (not the least in a pantheon† of many millions) who is the *father of the Ganges* and father-in-law of Siva, the Destroyer. For many millions of years the god lived in repose, watching over his solitude, approached no nearer than by the few herdsmen who came up from either side after their goats which had browsed the slopes of thyme and marjoram too high; or by the daring traders who, with mountain sheep for their beasts of burden, threaded the passes with their woven fabrics, or with camel's hair or silky wool. But now, intrusion has become so common, the secret of the rarity of the atmosphere is so vulgarised, and our countrymen have such a propensity to live above the clouds in the hottest weather, that we need not scruple to mount to the Abode of Cold—to the very palace of the

\* *Subsidence*, act or process of sinking.

† *Pantheon*, assemblage of gods; hence the name of the Roman edifice dedicated to the Pagan deities collectively (now called *Rotunda*).

old divinity—and use his stand-point, and borrow his eyes, for the survey of our own dominions lying below.

Turning first to the right, we see (with eyesight, however, many times magnified) nothing but high table-land, stretching westward beyond Persia itself—a table-land fringed with the far-distant peaks of Affghanistan. Looking nearer, we see five rivers gushing from the embraures of the Great Wall—from the ravines of the mountain range. Having flowed from sacred lakes in Thibet, these rivers are holy in their way, and the territory they enclose is rich and populous in comparison with that outside. We look down on some busy scenes in the Punjab, even three centuries ago; while the Sandy Valley through which the Indus rolls his strong body of water shows no life, except where parties of fighting men are on the way to pillage their enemies, and lay waste the villages which rise up round the wells. East of the five rivers, the Himalaya slope becomes lovely. Averaging four or five thousand feet in height, it presents now forests of the stern woodland character of the north; and now vast expanses of grass and wild flowers; and then dark ravines, leading down to sunny platforms, where the solitary Englishman below would have found it hard to believe that his countrymen would hereafter set up their homes by hundreds. Clouds are floating below, tier beneath tier, and stray vapors dim the sun at any time; yet even here monkeys abound in the woods, and butterflies, measuring nine inches between the tips of their wings, light on the flowers in the pastures. There is no finer sight for the ordinary human eye than when standing up there, at sunrise or sunset, and waiting for openings in the clouds below, to survey the great plain of India, too vast for diversity of color, but stretching into the sky in one boundless expanse of purple, except where the level rays of the sun strike upon some eminence lofty enough to be thus distinguishable. *Assuming the vision of the old god of the region, what do we see, as he saw it three centuries ago?*

Immediately below is a belt of jungle fringing the slope where it meets the plain; and, stretching forward from it a region of tropical growths, caused and preserved by the umbrageous character of the woodland. Prodigious trees are bound together by creepers, which shake out their blossoms a hundred feet from the ground. Tree-ferns remind us of an older time than even Hindoo tradition reaches; and the grass is so tall that the elephants are heard and felt by their tread before they are seen. In the beds of shrunken streams the oleanders blossom, and the apricot and pomegranate ripen in the sunny spaces. This is still high ground in comparison with that which lies near the sea; and none in India is more sacred in the eyes of its inhabitants. The land, as it slopes northwards from the Jumna, is strewn with temples, and traversed by groups of pilgrims coming up to worship. From the sandy western plains to the watery eastern region of Bengal stretches this rich plateau, through which run the prodigious rivers of Upper India, and where the great cities on their banks tell of the glories of Hindoos and Mohammedans alike. Traditions tell of Canoge, which covered an area equal to modern London; and of the greatness of Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, and many others. From our perch we look down on them, and see what millions of natives are doing, before they begin to dream of seeing white faces among them as their masters. In the well-drained fields of this upper surface, the husbandmen are sowing their grain seed all mixed, or pulling the stalks separately, with infinite waste of time and produce. Others are more wisely leading water from the tanks among the dry ridges. Under the trees is a loom here and there: the rude arrangements of sticks above a little pit, by which the fine muslins for turbans and female garments, or the gay and tasteful shawl fabrics are to come out, as if by magic. Within the woods the herdsmen are burning the jungul grass, in order to procure a fresh growth for their animals; and the hunters are

distributed in a circle to take account of the wild beasts which will be thus dislodged. The sacred Ganges is all alive with boats; and along its margin are companies of the devout at their ablutions, with here and there an aged or sick sufferer awaiting death from the stream. In the towns, the people are like townsmen everywhere — bargaining in the bazaars, salaaming in the temples, prostrating themselves in the palaces; while, in the domestic courtyards, the women are grinding corn in the handmill, and neighbours sit in a circle at evening, to listen to interminable tales — enjoying the literature of fiction in its primitive style. This is the region now most interesting to us, under the fearful transition of an after time.

What lies below and to the east of this plateau? The basin of the Ganges, a watery realm, where, in seasons of inundations, the villages are seen crowning eminences, like islands amidst the waste of waters, while the tops of the forests are swaying under the gush of the currents and eddies. In the dry season, when the waters are lowest, the people resort to the shade of these forests; the wild beasts slink into the covert again from the hills; the rice fields grow green, and the pestilence drives the rural population to the towns, or a boat life on the great rivers. The highest social cultivation is in this district, where there is somewhat less superstition, more industry, more art, and more communication with varieties of men. The further side of this basin is formed by the high land beyond the Burrampootra, which limits to the east the territory we were surveying.

Thus have we overlooked the domain of Hindostan Proper, or the Bengal Presidency, as we call it now, viz., the area extending from the Himalaya to the Uindhya mountains in one direction, and from the Burrampootra to the Indus in the other. If ever a realm was dignified by its boundaries, it is this. Nature's mightiest barricades *hedge it in* — northward, mountains never yet scaled;

round the shores, an ocean never yet fathomed, and brooded over by the irresistible monsoon; and these mountain and ocean barriers connected by the rivers of a magnitude kindred to both. The Burrampootra and the Indus are indeed gulfs brimming with rushing seas; and where they reach the ocean they threaten to melt down the continent into it. Their deltas are, indeed, fit only for amphibious animals, with which man can establish no understanding; so that entering India by them the sensation is like that of travelling back into a pre-Adamite age from the scenes of common life.

*H. Martineau.*



#### THE MOUTH OF THE HOOGLHY.—HINDOO TEMPLES.

THIS morning the noble river—for all rivers are noble which are big, dirty, and have plenty of ships, though this stream is full of danger as the Mississippi is of snags—has narrowed considerably. We lay to during the night to suit some phase of tide or bank, and now we are screwing up against the very muddy, boiling current, increased in force by an ebb tide. By and by the banks on each side strike out boldly to meet us, and the faint verge of green which refreshed the eye last night turns into a belt of cocoa-nuts worthy of Ceylon. Villages there are also in muddy creeks, which put one in mind of tide-deserted eyots at Chiswick, suddenly tenanted by quaint boats, and people who had just bathed in the Thames and had not scraped the black mud off them. Near to most of these villages, there is one building, certainly, that we should not see near the Thames. Heavy-domed, squat, and to my mind ungraceful, the Hindoo temple, surrounded by a clump of trees, raises its white cupola amid their tops, though it has not beauty of elevation, and is utterly deficient in the simple beauty of the Mussulman mosque. Men and women are working



in the fields naked to the waist, and reflecting the rays of the sun from their dark glistening bodies. The high banks of the river, which seem of artificial make, permit only the farther portions of the wide-spread plains, which melt into dense groves in the distance, to be seen. There are apparently no roads, and no traffic between the villages, but innumerable watercourses and cuts winding between muddy banks, and, no doubt, with internal communications. The Sonderbund, river-junguls which we passed on our right, the wide-spreading islands and deltas of the rivers which here join the sea, afford the greatest possible facility for canalisation; but up to the present moment, in spring, when the rivers are low, a steamer coming down from Patna or Allahabad is obliged at least to double the length of her voyage, owing to the want of a channel of sufficient depth; and this, amid islands and streams which want but little comparatively to be done to render them available as the banks and watercourses of a permanent and unvarying navigation. The river itself is not interesting; the tropical vegetation and hues which give such a charm and novelty to Ceylon have disappeared, and the cocoa-nut trees which fringe the banks are wearisome to the eye, owing to their uniformity of size, foliage, and color. The muddy river, churned into yellowish, buttery foam where it chafes against the sand-banks, is of the color and breadth of the Mersey at New Brighton. Meanwhile, the river narrows, and the navigation becomes more dangerous. The masts of a full-rigged ship, which rise above the surface close to us, at an obtuse angle, point out the place where one fine vessel was lost a few days ago. The tides and currents are so very strong and rapid, that when a ship touches the banks she is capsized the moment her keel strikes, and the suddenness of the exploit is in proportion to the fineness of her lines and the depth of her keel.

About noon we have advanced to a more civilised country; the villages are larger, the fields better cultivated.

After a time, detached houses with high sloping roofs, like those of the olden Swiss farm-houses on the Bernese overland, come into view, mostly on the right bank of the river. A few of them are two-storied, and the sides are protected by deep verandahs and porticoes. They are painted white and buff, or light-blueish grey, and stand in detached gardens, fenced in by trees, plantations, and shrubberies. I make my first bow to a "pucka" house. In the balconies, sheltered from the sun, are groups of Europeans — mostly women, for the bread-winners have gone up to Calcutta — who salute imaginary friends and wave their handkerchiefs as the vessel surges upwards. Then the houses become more dense and continuous, and appear on both sides of the stream. Plantations and fences grow down to the water's edge; the throng of drifting vessels, the number of stalwart little steam-tugs carrying off their big ships as ants run off with a grain of corn, impede our progress. A bend of the river shows us the stream; higher up, interlaced with hulls, and masts, and rigging, which in the distance blacken and harden, as it were, into impassable *chevaux-de-frise*.\* White houses, as close set as the villas at Richmond, run into lines of streets on the upper banks, which are fringed with trees, and with a broad walk covered with natives and carriages. Out of a green bank, dotted with black teeth, a flag-staff carries aloft the union-jack. Close at hand, on the right, is a long wharf, whereat lie many ships. Inside the wharf, gardens, hedge-rows, and fine houses mostly two stories in height, and behind them a few spires, which do not, however, appear very distinct, owing to the haze caused by the heat.

"And about the dead Hindoos in the river?" said I to my friend, as we were going off in our boat towards the ghaut (or boarding-house), in a strong muddy tideway, gurgling through cables and hawsers of many ships.

\* *Chevaux* (sing. *cheval*) *de frise* (pron. shehvó deh freez), beams bristling with spikes, used to defend a passage or stop a breach.

"The dead Hindoos in the river? I declare to you," quoth he, with much gravity, "it's all stuff. I have been for years in Calcutta, and never saw half-a-dozen in my life."

"Whew!" interrupted I. "What a dreadful smell! Bless me! Look at that thing!" And down with the swirling tide came towards us, floating face downwards, with arms outstretched, a human body, bleached white where it was exposed to the air, and serving at once as a banquet and a perch to half-a-dozen crows and buzzards. Our rowers lazily lifted their oars to let "it" float past without a word. As we neared the landing place we saw two more, dreadfully decomposed, churned about in an eddy. My friend was disconcerted a little. See how oddly the laws of evidence and observation often run. Had I come ashore a few minutes earlier or later, I might have said, "The gentleman who accompanied me, and who has lived for a long time at Calcutta, assured me that he had never seen half-a-dozen bodies in the Hooghly in ten years' time; and I am bound to say that I saw none in my voyage up the river."

*Russell.*



#### TRAVELLING IN A GHARRY.

I PASSED the afternoon among the elephants till 4 p. m., when it was announced that the gharrys were ready — and so indeed four or five bakers' carts, or penitentiary laundresses' vans, boxes of wood on wheels — were duly waiting for our accommodation. An inspection made it appear that there were slides which pushed aside or opened out, and served as doors or windows. The traveller, when he has one to himself, gets his bed made, and stretches luxuriously at full length — for a spare cushion is made to fit the interval between the seats, and beneath it is stowed some of the luggage. There are shelves and lockers at the ends of the vehicle; and when it is well slung on the springs, and the

els are properly consorted, it is not by any means, in the question of horses, an uncomfortable means of motion. Like the Russian boyard in his carriage or see, the Indian traveller *lives* in his gharry.

At last there mounted on the roof the driver—a tall, man, dressed in a tattered blue caftan with a red tinge, bearing on his heart a brass badge with the words, "driver." With him was a sprite, whose business it was to flog and otherwise excite the horses to go, step at it; and, after much reluctance cunningly overcame, the horses rushed off in a cloud of dust at a gallop, away we went along the main trunk road, which stretched like a great white riband straight before us.

I was awoken by a violent shock about three hours after we started; the carriage was nearly on its side, the driver shouting furiously, and the poor sprite lay with a fractured leg by the road-side. The tire of the fore-wheel had come off, and the spokes were shattered to pieces. We were only thirty miles from Raneegunj, where alone another wheel could be procured. This was an inauspicious commencement to our journey. The driver must ride back to Raneegunj, Simon must start for the nearest police-station to get some chowkeydars to watch the carriage, and I am left alone in the dark with the poor lad, who is moaning and crying with pain. It was a long, sad vigil. After a time the moon rose. Jackals and wolves howled in the field close at hand; a few natives crept past like ghosts; not one stayed to comfort the poor boy, whose language I did not understand, and who rejected the flask I offered him. In a couple of hours—they seemed long ones—Simon came back with half-a-dozen native policemen. They lighted a fire in the middle, and sat round it talking till dawn. At last another gharry had arrived from Raneegunj, the luggage was transferred to it, and the boy with the broken leg was taken on the shoulders of the policemen's shoulders.

Soon after we started—at five o'clock or so—the ca

riage again halted. The door was opened by a wild-looking man, who, with signs, seemed to intimate that Simon had fallen off and broken his thigh. The more correct interpretation was given by Simon himself, who made his appearance at the other side, and explained to me that the ferryman wished me to get out, as the water at the ferry was as high as his thigh, and would come into the gharry and wet me. And so we forded the Burakur River, the carriage being pushed and dragged over a rude bed of sand by a band of Coolies.

The country is changing its character, and rises into broken hills and tumuli covered with brush and scrub which seem to assume a mountainous character, in front of us. Dark clouds rest on the range of hills which bound the western horizon. At seven o'clock, as we toil up the Parisnath hills, we enter the very heart of the thunderstorm; the darkness is profound; the rain falls like the rush of a river; the lightning quivers, flashes, and darts about in balls of fire, and the thunder never ceases. I got out to help Simon to push the carriage through the storm. I was in my slippers, and as I shoved, my foot came on something soft and round, which moved from under it—a living thing. "It snake, sir," said Simon, "that get out of the hole not to be drowned!" As the officers told me that a man had been carried off the road by a tiger a few nights before, and the driver said there were many about to-night, I began to comprehend that I was travelling in India. All night we toiled up the hill through the tempest, which abated after midnight; and I was glad to lie down in the gharry, soaked as I was with rain, where I soon fell into a sound sleep.

*Ibid.*

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## BUNGALOWS.\*

THE bungalows, though varying greatly in actual comfort, are all on the same plan. A quadrangular building of masonry, one story high, with a high-peaked roof of thatch or tiles, projecting so as to form porticoes and verandahs. The house divided into suites of two, three, or four rooms, provided more or less imperfectly with charpoys, deal tables, and a very deteriorated tripodic and bipedal establishment of chairs. Windows more or less damaged as to glass and frames. Doors with perverse views as to their original purposes. Off each room, however, is that universal bath-room, and the earthen jars of cool water. The interior accommodations of the bungalows depend a good deal on their position. None are exempt from the visits of travellers—all ought to be ready to receive them, but in point of fact some are naturally much more frequented than others, in consequence of their situations being better adapted for halting. In some, the whole of the apparatus consists of a broken glass or so, a common earthenware plate, a knife, of no particular use in cutting; and a fork of metal, from which one or more of the prongs has lapsed. There are no napkins or table-cloths; the table is a rude piece of deal. The *khitmutgar*† is a dilapidated old man, who places his hands together in extreme deprecation the moment he sees you, and to every question, says: “Nae hai Kodawwu” (there is none, my lord!). But your servant is placing your little private store on the table. Your salt and pepper-castors are brought forth, and the death-cry of Dame Hen or Lord Cock proclaims that you will feast on curry speedily. In other bungalows there is a full establish-

\* *Bungalows*, inns placed at the different stages on the great roads. They are under the supervision of Government.

† *Khitmutgar*, head-waiter.

ment of knives, forks, plates, dishes, table-covers, and napkins. Pale ale and soda water are not unknown, and the khitmutgar is cunning in condiments, and has stores of groceries. The bungalow generally stands at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the road, in an enclosure which contains the kitchen and sleeping-places of the khitmutgar and his servants. The former is generally a man of the sweeper caste, a circumstance which does not recommend his cookery to fastidious old Indians. The Government charges eight annas, or one shilling, to each traveller for the use of the bungalow whilst he halts; and a book is kept in which he enters his name, the time of his arrival and departure, the amount paid, and any remark he pleases to insert respecting the attendance and state of the bungalow. Small as the charge is, there are frequent attempts to evade it. As to refreshments supplied by the khitmutgar, there is no rule, and he charges as he pleases, or as you may bargain with him. These buildings, though in theory open to all, are in practice and reality reserved almost exclusively for Europeans. I never yet met a native gentleman stopping in one. I have looked over the registries of many, and found, perhaps in half-a-dozen instances in the space of a year, the name of an Anglicised baboo, or Parsee merchant, or native prince, inscribed therein. No! these and all such Government works are for the white man, and not for the black. The latter buries himself in the depths of some wretched bazaar, or in the squalid desolation of a tottering caravanserai. There would be as much indignation experienced at any attempt on the part of natives to use the bungalow, as there is now expressed by some Europeans in Calcutta at their audacity in intruding upon "ladies and gentlemen" in first-class carriages.

*Ibid.*

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## THE HOLY CITY OF INDIA.

THE Golden Temple was crowded with naked devotees, sacred cows, begging Brahmans, &c., and was a nasty wet place. We had to give the priests a fee of a rupee apiece, in return for which they put a garland of flowers about our necks. This Mundrā is the property of a hereditary corporation, and its income is said to be a lakh of rupees, or £10,000 a year.

Leaving the court of the temple, we went into an adjacent enclosure, which contains the sacred well, into which flows the water that has been poured over the Mahadeo\* in the adjoining temple. The well being a mere sink, is of course staid, but is, notwithstanding, worshipped with great reverence. There is a stone platform around it, about fifty feet by forty, covered by a solid stone roof, supported on rows of columns. The temple which I have described was formerly on the other side of the well, on what was the most sacred spot in the world. The old location was, however, unfortunately defiled by that violent Mussulman, the Emperor Akbar, and the gods and temple were transferred to their present position. One of the goddesses, however, who inhabited the old temple, is said to have been dissatisfied with the change, and to have plunged down this well, where it is thought she still is.

The platform around the well was filled with devotees and pilgrims — men of different races, dress, and appearance. There was one old *Yogee* (Hindoo religious mendicant), who squatted on the ground, with his back to a column, and his hands on his knees, silent and motionless. He had made a vow never to move or speak, nor to eat, unless food was put in his mouth. By this process he had attained to

\* *Mahadeo*, in whom *Seewa* is venerated. The form is by means of offerings, which are washed away (?) by a stream of Ganges water.



great sanctity, but very poor condition. His head and body had been liberally anointed with cow-dung and Ganges-mud by some of his admirers, and I saw many persons salámig and making obeisance to him, but no one seemed to feed the poor wretch. I gave a bystander a few annas, with which a most bountiful meal was purchased. The old fellow ate it with much appetite, but an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "I despise it while I enjoy it."

In old times, this place was a great resort for performers of self-imposed penances of which we read so much in tracts; but the practice of self-torture is gradually, but steadily, dying out in Northern India; a great change having been effected by the abolition of the Churruk-poojah by government. This was a festival in which men were swung in the air, supported by iron hooks run under the muscles of the back. The performers used generally to intoxicate themselves by smoking opium. We have all read in missionary tracts of people throwing themselves under the Car of Juggurnath, of men with their limbs fixed in unnatural positions, the nails growing through their hands, &c., but suicide in the Ganges off Benares used to be committed by hundreds every year, of those who wished to die within view of that holy city, and thus secure an immediate transition to eternal felicity. All these barbarous practices, however, are now fast disappearing; and suttees, with the various other forms of self-immolation, were long since prohibited and abolished by the Honorable Company.

Both Hindooism and Mahommedanism would seem to be gradually breaking up in the Company's territories; not that there has yet been any great impression produced upon the mass of the population, or that any better creed is being substituted; only there are numerous signs to show that neither of the old religions is in as vigorous a state as it was some years ago, or as Hindooism, at least, is still, in the dominions of some native princes. The musjeeds are mostly *out of repair*, and in many instances fast going to ruin, ex-

cept some of them which are kept up by Government. The Mussulmans in India have long abandoned the purity of their old faith, and become more or less infected with Hindoo superstitions, and the great bulk of them rarely go to the mosques, or observe those daily prayers which are so striking to the traveller in other Moslem countries. Among the Hindoos the change is seen more in the gradually-increasing disregard of caste. A few years ago a Brahman would have been polluted for the day by the touch of a low-caste man, and would as soon have thought of wearing leather shoes, eating beef, or drinking spirits, as of killing his mother, eating her flesh, and drinking her blood. Now, however, patent leather pumps are very fashionable among those in the cities; the higher classes, whose wealth and position enable them to despise public opinion, eat and drink what they like; and the pollution by touch, if remarked at all, is too inconvenient to be long remembered.

It must not be supposed, however, that this disregard of caste is yet at all general. Among the lower classes, that maxim, so general among oriental nations, that "that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man" is still universally and scrupulously observed, and any deviation from the rules of caste is severely punished. Even the more enlightened are in many instances so hampered by the prejudices of their youth, that they would not eat at the same table with one of another caste, or drink water from his cup. *Minturn.*

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## HINDOO SELF-MUTILATION.

ONE morning, as I was about to quit my tent, which was pitched a short distance without the walls of Delhi, in a grove of tamarind trees, I perceived a victim standing with his back against a broken pillar, and at a short distance from me. He had assumed that attitude which betokens an expectation of receiving something more tangible than mere courtesy from the benevolence of myself, or any person whom he might thus silently condescend to solicit; for with these devotees the social order of things is frequently inverted,—they consider the recipient the benefactor when of their own community, or the giver the beneficiary when of any other. As I came near him, I perceived that he had a thick iron rod passed through his chin, riveted at each end, from which a circular piece of iron depended, inclosing the chin. Though the rod passed through the tongue, it did not materially affect the articulation; he spoke with some difficulty, but was nevertheless perfectly intelligible. He was an elderly man, of simple manners and mild aspect, without being offensively so as the members of this strange tribe so frequently are. He invited him to enter the tent, which he immediately did, and to my surprise was very communicative. Though through his tongue and cheeks had been a penitential affliction to which he had submitted in consequence of a breach of a vow. He declined my invitation to see himself, but stood erect with his back against the pole of the tent, and entered freely into conversation upon the events of his life, answering all my questions with the perfect readiness; and he appeared gratified at giving any information, either respecting himself, or the customs of the religious fraternity to which he belonged. He stated that he was then under a vow to remain in the space of fifteen years. During thirteen of this

had either stood or walked ; yet he suffered little or no inconvenience, sleeping every night in the jungul with his back against a tree, as soundly as the most voluptuous man could upon a bed of down. He confessed, however, that some time after he had commenced the performance of this strange vow he was obliged to be supported with cords when inclined to sleep, and his feet swelled to such a painful degree that he could scarcely stand or walk. After a time, however, this inconvenience ceased, when the performance of his penance became no longer either a pain or a grief to him.

This was not the only infliction to which he had voluntarily subjected himself; the fingers of his left hand were so completely bent upwards from the palm, as to form a right angle with the back of the hand, and were thus rendered entirely useless. He further told me that he had been suspended from the branch of a tree during three hundred and sixty-five revolutions of the earth, as he expressed it, or a whole year. He was suspended by a cord with a strong bamboo crossing the end, upon which he sate, while a strap confined him to the rope, and thus prevented his falling: this he described as the severest infliction to which he had ever submitted. I gave him a trifling gratuity, with which he departed perfectly satisfied.

The self-tortures inflicted by those fanatics are entirely voluntary ; they are merely acts of supererogation \*, and are not necessarily enjoined in the Hindoo ritual, as will appear from the Mahabbarat, a work esteemed almost of divine authority among the Hindoos. "Those men who perform severe maceration of the flesh, not authorised by the Sastra †, are possessed of hypocrisy and pride; they are overwhelmed with lust, passion, and tyrannic strength. Those fools torment the spirit that is in the body, and myself who am in them."

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\* *Supererogation*, performance of more than duty requires.

† *Sastra*, sacred precepts of Brahma (Veda, &c.)

## LOSS OF CASTE.

If a Hindoo forsakes his religion, or in other words if he loses caste, he is deserted by father, mother, wife, child, and kindred, and becomes instantly a solitary wanderer upon the earth: to touch him, to receive him, to eat with him, is a pollution producing a similar loss of caste; and the state of such a degraded man is worse than death itself. This punishment even extends, in some instances, to offences of an apparently venial character, of which the following story, given on the best authority, affords us a melancholy illustration. It is the custom of the Hindoos, as is well known, to expose dying people on the banks of the Ganges. There is something peculiarly holy in that river; and it soothes the agonies of death to look upon its waters in the last moments. A party of English coming down the river in a boat, perceived upon the banks a pious Hindoo, in a state of the last imbecility, about to be drowned by the rising of the tide, after the most approved manner of their religion. They had the curiosity to land; and as they perceived some more signs of life than were at first apparent, a young Englishman poured down his throat the greatest part of a bottle of lavender water, which he happened to have in his pocket. The effect of such a stimulus, applied to a stomach accustomed to nothing stronger than water, was instantaneous and powerful. The Hindoo revived sufficiently to admit of his being conveyed to the boat, was carried to Calcutta, and perfectly recovered. He had drunk, however, in the company of Europeans;—no matter whether voluntary or involuntary—the offence was committed: he lost caste, was turned away from his home, and avoided by every relation and friend. The poor man came before the police, making the bitterest complaints for being restored to life; and, for *three years*, the burden of supporting him fell upon the

aken Samaritan who had rescued him from death. In that period scarcely a day elapsed in which the dead resurgent did not appear before the European, and he him most vehemently as the cause of all his misery and desolation. At the end of that period he fell ill, and he died again, of course, thwarted in his passion for dying.

*Arthur.*



### REGAINING CASTE.

A man frequently loses his caste by circumstances over which he can have no control: such as the casual contact with a pariah \* whom he might not have known to have been in his vicinity, or eating out of a polluted vessel, without not at the time aware of its pollution.

Once happened to be present when a sepoy † of high rank falling down in a fit, the military surgeons ordered one of the pariah attendants of the regimental hospital to pour some water over him, in consequence of which none of the class would associate with him, and he was considered as having forfeited the privileges of clanship. The result was, that as soon as the afternoon's parade was over, he put the muzzle of his musket to his head, and blew out his brains. Though, however, the distinction upon which the Hindoo highly prides himself is often thus easily forfeited, it is not to be regained but by undergoing either severe mortification, or some terrible infliction, which happened to be the case in the instance I am about to record.

On landing at Benares, we found a large concourse of people assembled, forming a circle of twenty yards in diameter; in the centre of which was a strong pole fixed up-

\* *Pariah*, outcast.

† *Sepoy*, a native soldier in the British service.

right in the ground. On the top of this pole a transverse bamboo, sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of a man, was attached to a movable pivot, so that it could be swung either vertically or circularly, as occasion might require. The insertion of the transverse bamboo was about one-third part from the end, leaving two-thirds on the other side, to which was attached a cord that reached the ground. At the extremity of the shorter division was a pulley, from which a longer cord depended about the size of a man's middle finger, having two ends, to which were affixed a pair of bright steel hooks. Both the vertical and cross poles were of bamboo, which is extremely tough and difficult to break. When the apparatus was prepared, a Brahman, who is usually the functionary on these occasions, advanced to the centre of the area, and having anointed the points of the hooks with a small portion of ghee, from a sacred vessel especially set apart for this holy purpose, he beckoned to the person about to undergo this trying ordeal. The penitentiary was a handsome man, in the full vigor of manhood, and had lost his caste by eating interdicted food during a voyage from Calcutta to China, whither he had gone as servant to the captain of the ship.

On perceiving the Brahman's signal, he advanced without the slightest indication of alarm, but rather with an expression of joy on his countenance, at the idea of being restored to that position among the members of his own peculiar caste, which he had unhappily forfeited. He was stripped to the loins, and had nothing on but the loin-band and a pair of white linen trowsers, which reached about half-way down his thighs. He was a muscular man, and rather tall;—he came forward with a firm step. Upon reaching the place of expiation, he knelt down under the cord to which the two bright hooks were attached. Gently raising his hands, and clasping them together in a posture of devotion, he continued for a few moments silent; he suddenly elevating his head, declared himself ready to

undergo the penance that should release him from the pains of his recent pollution. The moment his assent was pronounced, a burst of acclamation was heard from the surrounding multitude. The officiating Brahman then took the hooks, and with a dexterity that showed he was no novice in his sacred vocation, slipped them under the dorsal muscles just beneath the shoulders.

The operation was so instantaneously and so adroitly managed, that scarcely a drop of blood followed. Not a muscle of the man's countenance stirred; all his features seemed stiffened into an expression of resolved endurance, which imparted a sort of sublime sternness to every lineament. Not even the slightest quiver of his lip was perceptible, and his eye glistened with thrilling lustre as he raised his head after the hooks had been fixed. His resolution was as painful as it was astonishing. At a certain signal from the presiding functionary, he started from his recumbent posture and stood with his head erect, calmly awaiting the consummation of his dreadful penalty.

After a short interval he was suddenly raised into the air and swung round with the most frightful velocity by a number of half frantic Hindoos, who had stationed themselves for this purpose at the other extremity of the transverse pole. They ran round the area at their utmost speed, yelling and screaming, while their cries were rendered still more discordant by a deafening accompaniment of tom-toms\*, tobriks, kurtauls, and other instruments so familiar to Indian devotees, which are indispensable on these and similar occasions, and which produce anything rather than "a concord of sweet sounds."

The velocity with which the poor man was swung round, prevented any one from accurately observing his countenance, though, during one or two pauses made by his tor-

\* *Tom-toms* (or tam-tams) a Hindoo drum made of a hollow cylinder of fibrous wood (as that of the palm) or of earthenware, covered at both ends with skin. It is beaten with the hand.



mentors, who became shortly fatigued with the violence of their exertions, there was no visible expression of suffering. Had he uttered a cry, it would have at once neutralised the effect of the penance, though I do not think it could have been heard through the din by which this terrible ceremonial was accompanied. The ministering Brahmans, however, are said to have a perception of sound so acute on these occasions, that the slightest cry of the victim never escapes their ear.

After this barbarous ceremony had continued for about twenty minutes, the man was let down, the hooks extracted from his back, and he really seemed little or nothing the worse for the torture he must have undergone. He walked steadily forward amid the acclamations of the surrounding multitude, and followed by his friends, who earnestly offered him their congratulations on the recovery of his caste.

*Oriental Annual.*

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## THE TURAI AND THE HILLS.

WE awake; the day is breaking; the hills are near, and we may discern their outline. We are now at Pinjore: the bearers seem weary. Our next stage is the last during which we shall be intrusted to their care. The mountains to which we are approaching are almost everywhere surrounded, in the neighbourhood of the plains, by what is called the *turai*. This term is applied to a belt of grass and jungul, some twenty miles in breadth, which abounds with tigers, wild elephants, and other ferocious animals, as well as with deer, and various game of a less dangerous character. From the commencement of the rains in May and June till their cessation in October or November, it is, however, a pestiferous swamp; the waters from the hills pouring down in such a mighty volume, that they overflow their channels, in consequence of which a dense vegetation springs up, pestilential vapors are exhaled, and the whole region becomes the domain of death. The European residents in the hills are, at such times, almost cut off from intercourse with the stations in the plains; for even a rapid transit through the *turai* is attended with the most imminent risk, as well from the wild beasts that inhabit its dismal shades, as from the miasma which continually overhang and surround them. The herdsmen, who commonly tend their cattle there, retire up into the mountains; and the few human beings who linger in the vicinity present a wretched, sallow, and attenuated aspect. Pinjore is situated in the *turai*; and it is said that few of its inhabitants live to any advanced age. Pity that these vast and productive lands should be almost left to nature, and — instead of being drained and everywhere cultivated — allowed to remain the home of animals that are the natural enemies of mankind, to engender disease, and be regarded with horror.

Munsooree, which was our destination, is one of several hill stations. The others are Dárjeeling, Nainee Thal, and Simla. These are kept up principally as sanatoria. Hither are sent the European soldiers, when their health becomes affected by long residence in the plains. Here, too, all the children of English parents must pass the greater part of each year that they remain in India. To these healthful heights resort all those English ladies whose fresh beauty has withered under the hot sun of India; and their society adds so much to the natural attractions of the hill stations, that every officer who can obtain leave of absence, and command the funds, passes the hot season, if possible, in the hills. There is the most excellent shooting, admirable tiger-hunting in the turai, and all the gaieties of watering-place society; so that it is not surprising that "a summer in the hills" is looked upon as one of the few bright periods in the dreary monotony of an Indian existence. The good effects of the bracing climate were seen in such ruddy cheeks, such healthful complexions, and faces expressive of such exuberant vitality, as had not met my eyes since I had been on ship-board.

*Minturn.*



#### A TIGER-HUNT IN INDIA.

BEFORE the dawn of the next morning we roused the camp, and by the time that the first bright streak of light appeared in the east we were marching quietly towards the seat of action, having fortified our stomachs with a cup of piping hot tea before we started. We were accompanied by the native sportsman, who had given our servants intelligence of the game, and who had followed them to camp for his reward. This man's name was Mirchi, a veteran in his calling, and well known to every sportsman in the neighbour

hood of Merat as one of the most daring and successful tiger scouts in India.

We came up with our elephants about a mile from the belt of jungul where the tigers were suffered to lie. Here we mounted for action, loading and carefully re-examining our guns. The best elephants of the number had, of course, been selected for our use; the others, being only required for beating up the spaces intervening between us, were of less consequence. Upon one of these we put Mirchi, and committing our course and manner of advance to his guidance, we formed a line upon the east side of the jungul, which, fortunately for us, was also the leeward side, so that we had thus two great advantages — the sun at our backs, instead of our faces, and the wind carrying the voice of our advance from, instead of to the game. I took the centre of the line, and each friend a flank, the beating elephants walking in the intervals. In this order of battle we moved forward, making our way through the high jungul-grass in silence; nothing could be more exciting than this slow and deliberate approach upon a powerful enemy.

The sagacious beasts on which we rode seemed aware that we were striking at the higher game, for, as the deer bounded almost from beneath their feet, they took no notice of them; nor did they stop, as is their habit, to allow their rider to take aim, but continued to advance step by step with a slow and steady pace, as if designing to make as little noise as possible. Every step increased the excitement, and every head of game that was roused by our approach we thought must be the tiger; but we were not expert at the sport, as our friend Mirchi politely told us, for the timid deer are not apt to be quite so close upon the quarters of their destroyers.

In this manner we advanced at least half a mile through the jungul without coming upon any sign of those we sought, and we were naturally beginning to fear that Mirchi had

conducted us upon a false scent; but we still held on our march, and soon found the small game less abundant, as the jungul grew swampy and difficult of penetration. I was about to express my disappointment, and to recommend our trying other ground, when my elephant came suddenly upon the half devoured carcase of a bullock, around which the ground was trodden down, and the jungul torn in fragments; the slaughter was evidently recent, and no doubt the tiger had made his banquet shortly before daybreak. "Ha! ha!" I cried, "we have him now, here are his footprints." Mirchi came up, and having made his comments upon the carcase, passed a hint to the two marksmen on the flanks to be on the alert. Presently one of the elephants commenced trumpeting through his trunk, and the whole line advanced more warily. This is the most exciting stage of the pursuit; every eye is fixed upon the long jungul-grass, watching eagerly for the hidden monster; every waving blade is taken for the tiger, and every gun is raised to smite him. After passing the carcase, we found the jungul much higher than heretofore, it being in some places even with the tops of our elephants; but here the ground, though swampy, was not so adhesive as to impede the progress of our line.

• My elephant now began to speak, uttering a long, low, rumbling noise, internally, accompanied with occasional nasal squeaks, the signals of alarm and caution, and then a loud shout of enthusiasm from old Mirchi proclaimed the sport in view, though we were greeted neither by roar or charge, as is generally supposed to be the case. The only circumstance which attracted our notice was a slight waving of the grass in front of us. "Fire! Fire!" screamed the old man, in the vehemence of his excitement; "he will get away." A shot from the left was the first fired, but without effect, for the grass in front of us continued to wave about as if moved by some bulky animal below it slinking away a-head of us.

"Fire again," cried Mirchi. "Do you wish to let him

escape?" I fired, but with no better success than my friend before me, except that the grass began to move faster, as if the brute beneath was hastening his retreat. A double shot from the right did as little execution, and old Mirchi, with ardent interest in the pursuit, grew angry at our want of skill.

"Lower down! lower down!" he cried. "What are the gentlemen doing that they fire at the grass, and not at the tiger?" A simultaneous discharge from the three batteries was instantly followed by a roar such as never was heard within the walls of a menagerie.

"Ha! that is bravely done," cried the old man, changing his note, and every feature of his aged countenance working with excitement. "Press on now, gentlemen, and give him chase; you are young hands at this sport, and must make the most of it." And in obedience to his command we urged our elephants forward at a long trot. They, it may be believed, shared in the general excitement, and exhibited their interest by a mixed concert of trumpeting and rumbling of their thunders within them.

The tiger for a moment made a pause, as if meditating vengeance of the injury he had received; but he again stole off, until he unexpectedly found himself in a circular patch of barren ground, quite free from cover. The spot was like a little amphitheatre in the centre of the jungul, which looked as if constructed purposely for the encounter. As he entered upon this bare spot he turned for a moment, and surveyed with terrible demonstrations of his wrath the formidable line advancing upon him. He was wounded in the hind quarter, whence the blood was slowly oozing. It was a glorious sight to see how proudly the mighty monster stood to reconnoitre us, displaying his tremendous tusks and grinders as if to warn us off, and then making the heavens ring again in echo to his awful voice.

By mutual consent our fire was reserved until we entered upon the open ground, and then a shot which grazed his

shoulder brought him at once to the charge. Raising himself upon his hind legs, he uttered another yell of mingled agony and rage, and with a concentration of all his powers he rushed at my elephant, evidently with the intention of fixing himself upon its head. Firmly and without wavering did the elephant stand her ground, though not without preparing for the charge if it should be made good. This, however, was not permitted, for when the tiger was within ten yards of me, having taken a careful aim, I put a ball into his chest, and then a volley was poured in on all sides, which quickly made him bite the dust. Again he rose, again and again he endeavoured to effect a charge upon one or other of the elephants; but we were too strong for him, and a couple of shots through the skull brought him again to the earth, where, with all the tenacity of life attributed to the feline race, he lay, tearing the stumps of jungul in his now impotent wrath, and glaring upon us with his flaming eyes a picture of vengeful antipathy even in the throes of death. I pushed my elephant close up to him, and terminated his agonies by putting a ball clean through his skull for his head sank upon the ground, and his eyes closed for ever.

*Bacon's Studies from Nature.*

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## CEYLON.

immense accessions of territory which the English acquired in the East Indies, after the American war; rendered it necessary that some effort should be made to obtain possession of a station where ships might moor in safety against the violent storms incidental to that climate. As the whole of that large tract which we possess along the Malabar Coast presents nothing but open roads, all vessels are obliged, on the approach of the monsoons, to stand out in the open seas; and there are many parts of the coast that can be approached only during a few months of the year. As the harbor of Trincomalee, which is equally secure at all seasons, afforded the means of obviating these disadvantages, it is evident that, on the first rupture with the Dutch, our countrymen would attempt to gain possession of it. A body of troops was, in consequence, detached in the year 1795, for the conquest of Ceylon, which was effected almost without opposition.

Ceylon is now inhabited by the English; the remains of the Dutch and Portuguese, the Cingalese, or natives, subject to the dominion of the Europeans; the Candians, subject to the king of their own name; and the Veddahs, or wild men, reduced to no power. The Malays, too, form a very considerable portion of the inhabitants; and their original emigration lies in the peninsula of Malacca, whence they have spread themselves over Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. It has been for many years customary for the Dutch to send them to Ceylon, for the purpose of carrying on various branches of trade and manufacture; and in order also to employ them as soldiers and servants.

The island of Ceylon is completely divided into two parts by a very high range of mountains, on the two sides of which *the climate and the seasons* are entirely different. *The mountains also terminate completely the effect of the*



monsoons, which set in periodically from opposite sides of them. The heat during the day is nearly the same throughout the year, the rainy season (May, June, and July) renders the nights much cooler. The climate of the seacoast is much more temperate than on the continent of India; but, in the interior of the country, the obstructions which the thick woods oppose to the free circulation of air, render the heat almost insupportable, and generate a low and malignant fever, known to Europeans by the name of the jungul fever.

The chief harbors of Ceylon are Trincomalee, Point de Galle, and, at certain seasons, Columbo. Here nature has concentrated both the beauty and the riches of the island. Nothing can be more delightful to the eye than the prospect which stretches around Columbo. The low cinnamon trees which cover the plain allow the view to reach the groves of evergreens, interspersed with tall clumps, and bounded everywhere with extensive ranges of cocoanut and other large trees. The whole is diversified with small lakes and green marshes, skirted all round with rice and pasture fields. In one part, the intertwining cinnamon appears completely to clothe the face of the plain; in another, the openings made by the intersecting footpaths just serve to show that the thick underwood has been penetrated. One large road, which goes out at the west end of the fort, and returns by the gate on the south, makes a winding circuit of seven miles among the woods. It is here that the officers and gentlemen belonging to the garrison of Columbo take their morning ride, and enjoy one of the finest scenes in nature.

*Edin. Review.*

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## PEARL FISHERY.

is, perhaps, no spectacle which this island affords, more striking than the Bay of Condatchy, during the season of pearl fishery. This desert and barren spot is, at that time, converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and interest almost anything I ever witnessed. Several thousands of people of different colors, countries, castes, and occupations continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore with the bazaar or market-place before each; the sight of boats returning in the afternoon from the bay, some of them laden with riches; the anxious and eager countenances of the boat-owners while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a good haul; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants of all grades and all descriptions, both natives and Europeans, who are occupied in some way or other with the business of separating and assorting them, others weighing and estimating their value and number, while others are engaged in cutting them about or drilling and boring them for future use. These circumstances tend to impress the mind with a sense of the value and importance of that object which can of itself create such a scene. The banks, of which the principal one is at sea about twenty miles from Condatchy, are divided into six or seven portions, in order to give the oysters room to grow, which are supposed to attain their maturity in about seven years. The period allowed to the merchant to complete his fishery is about six weeks, during which all the boats go out and return together, and are subject to various laws. The dexterity of the divers is very great; they are as adroit in the use of their feet as their hands, and can pick up the smallest object under water without the aid of their toes. Their descent is aided by a great stone,

which they slip from their feet when they arrive at the bottom, where they can remain about two minutes. There are instances, however, of divers who have so much of the aquatic in their nature, as to remain under water for five or six minutes. Their great enemy is the ground-shark; for the rule of eat and be eaten obtains in as much force fathoms deep beneath the waves as above them: this animal is as fond of the legs of Hindoos as Hindoos are of the pearls of oysters; and as the one appetite appears to him much more natural and less capricious than the other, he never fails to indulge it. Where fortune has so much to do with peril and profit, of course, there is no deficiency of conjurors, who, by divers enigmatical grimaces, endeavour to ostracise\* this submarine invader. If they are successful they are well paid in pearls; and when a shark indulges himself with the leg of a Hindoo, there is a witch, who lives at Colang on the Malabar coast, who bears the blame.

*Ibid.*

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#### AN ELEPHANT CORRAL.

IN constructing the corral, care is taken to avoid disturbing the trees or the brushwood within the included space, and especially on the side by which the elephants are to approach, where it is essential to conceal the stockade as much as possible by the density of the foliage. The trees used in the structure are from ten to twelve inches in diameter; and are sunk about three feet in the earth, so as to leave a length of from twelve to fifteen feet above ground; with spaces between each stanchion sufficiently wide to permit a man to glide through. The uprights are made fast by transverse beams, to which they are lashed securely with ropes and flexible climbing plants, or as they

\* *Ostracise*, banish (from the name of the shell on which the Greeks inscribed the verdict).

called "jungul ropes," and the whole is steadied by means of forked supports, which grasp the tie-beams, and prevent the work from being driven outward by the rush of wild elephants.

The space thus enclosed on the occasion I am now attempting to describe, was about 500 feet in length by that in width. At one end an entrance was left open, edged with sliding bars, so prepared as to be capable of being instantly shut; — and from each angle of the end by which the elephants were to approach, two lines of the same strong fencing were continued on either side, and cautiously concealed by the trees; so that if, instead of entering the open passage, the herd were to swerve to the right or left, they would find themselves suddenly stopped and need to retrace their course to the gate.

The corral being thus prepared, the beaters address themselves to drive in the elephants. For this purpose it is often necessary to fetch a circuit of many miles in order to surround a sufficient number, and the caution to be observed involves patience and delay; as it is essential to avoid alarming the elephants, which might otherwise rush in the wrong direction. Their disposition being essentially cautious, and their only impulse to browse in solitude and security; they withdraw instinctively before the slightest intrusion, and advantage is taken of this timidity and love of retirement to cause only just such an amount of disturbance as will induce them to move slowly onwards in the direction which it is desired they should take. Several herds are by this means concentrated within such an area which will admit of their being completely encircled by the watchers; and day after day, by slow degrees, they are moved gradually onwards to the immediate confines of the corral. When their suspicions become awakened and they exhibit restlessness and alarm, bolder measures are resorted to for preventing their escape. Fires are kept burning at regular paces apart, night and day, along the circumference of

the area within which they are detained ; a corps of from two to three thousand beaters is completed, and pathways are carefully cleared through the jungul so as to open a communication along the entire line. The headmen keep up a constant patrol, to see that their followers are alert at their posts, since neglect at any one spot might permit the escape of the herd, and undo in a moment the vigilance of weeks. By this means any attempt of the elephants to break away is immediately checked, and on any point threatened a sufficient force can be instantly assembled to drive them back.

At last the elephants are forced onwards so close to the enclosure, that the investing cordon is united at either end with the wings of the corral, the whole forming a circle of about two miles, within the area of which the herd is detained to await the signal for the final drive.

Two months had been spent in these preparations, and they had been thus far completed, on the day when we arrived and took our places on the stage erected for us overlooking the entrance to the corral. Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chief to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, and lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were enclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungul within a short distance of the stockade.

After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest ; the low fires, which had apparently only smouldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them ; while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge

of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamor; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches: the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate followed by the rest of the herd.

As if by magic the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watch-fire.

The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime: they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

The interest of this strange scene was not confined to the spectators; it extended to the tame elephants which were stationed outside. At the first approach of the flying herd they evinced the utmost interest in the scene. Two in particular which were picketed near the front were intensely

excited, and continued tossing their heads, pawing the ground, and starting as the noise drew near. At length when the grand rush into the corral took place, one of them fairly burst from her fastenings and started off towards the herd, levelling a tree of considerable size which obstructed her passage.

*Tennant.*

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### LEOPARDS.

LEOPARDS \* are the only formidable members of the tiger race in Ceylon, and they are neither very numerous nor very dangerous as they seldom attack man. By Europeans they are commonly called cheetahs; but the true cheetah, the hunting leopard of India, does not exist in Ceylon. There is a rare variety which has been found in various parts of the island, in which the skin, instead of being spotted, is of a uniform black. The leopards frequent the vicinity of pasture lands in quest of the deer and other peaceful animals which resort to them; and the villagers often complain of the destruction of their cattle by these formidable marauders. In relation to them, the natives have a curious but firm conviction that when a bullock is killed by a leopard, and, in expiring, falls so that *its right side is undermost*, the leopard will not return to devour it. I have been told by English sportsmen (some of whom share in the popular belief), that sometimes, when they have proposed to watch by the carcase of a bullock recently killed by a leopard, in the hope of shooting the spoiler on his return in search of his prey, the native owner of the slaughtered animal, though earnestly desiring to be avenged, has assured them that it would be in vain, as, the beast having fallen on its right side, the leopard would not return.

The Singhalese hunt them for the sake of their extremely beautiful skins, but prefer taking them in traps and pitfalls,

\* *Felis pardus*, Linn. What is called a leopard, or a Cheetah, in Ceylon, is in reality the true panther.

and occasionally in spring cages formed of poles driven firmly into the ground, within which a kid is generally fastened as a bait; the door being held open by a sapling bent down by the united force of several men, and so arranged to act as a spring, to which a noose is ingeniously attached formed of plaited deer hide. The cries of the kid attract the leopards, one of which, being tempted to enter, is enclosed by the liberation of the spring and grasped firmly round the body by the noose.

Like the other carnivora, they are timid and cowardly in the presence of man, never intruding on him voluntarily, and making a hasty retreat when approached. Instances have, however, occurred of individuals having been slain by them; and like the tiger, it is believed, that having once tasted human blood they acquire an habitual relish for it. A peon\* on night duty at the court-house at Anarajapoor, was some years ago carried off by a leopard from a table in the verandah on which he had laid down his head to sleep. At Batticaloa a "cheetah" in two instances in succession was known to carry off men placed on a stage erected in a tree to drive away elephants from the rice-lands: but such cases are rare, and as compared with their dread of the bear, the natives of Ceylon entertain but slight apprehensions of the "cheetah." It is, however, the dread of sportsmen, whose dogs when beating in the jungle are especially exposed to its attacks: and I am aware of one instance in which a party having tied their dogs to the tent-pole for security, a leopard sprang into the tent and carried off a dog from the midst of its slumbering masters.

They are strongly attracted by the peculiar odor which accompanies small-pox. The reluctance of the natives to submit themselves or their children to vaccination exposes the island to frightful visitations of this disease, and in the villages in the interior it is usual on such occasions to erect

\* Peon, porter or watchman.



huts in the jungul to serve as temporary hospitals. Towards these the leopards are certain to be allured ; and the medical officers are obliged to resort to increased precautions in consequence. On one occasion being in the mountains near Kandy, a messenger despatched to me through the jungul excused his delay by stating that a "cheetah" had seated itself in the only practicable path, and remained quietly licking its fore paws and rubbing them over its face, till he was forced to drive it, with stones, into the forest.



#### ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD.

ON the occasion of one of my visits to Adam's Peak in the prosecution of my survey, I fixed on a pretty little *patena* or meadow in the midst of an extensive and dense forest in the southern segment of the Peak Range, as a favorable spot for operations. It would have been difficult, after descending from the cone of the peak, to have found one's way to this point, in the midst of so vast a wilderness of trees, had not long experience assured me that good game tracks would be found leading to it, and by one of them I reached it. It was in the afternoon, just after one of those tropical sun-showers which decorate every branch and blade with its pendant brilliants, and the little *patena* was covered with game, either driven to the open space by the drippings from the leaves or tempted by the freshness of the pasture: there were several pairs of elk, the bearded antlered male contrasting finely with his mate ; and other varieties of game in a profusion not to be found in any place frequented by man. It was some time before I could allow them to be disturbed by the rude fall of the axe, in our necessity to establish our bivouac for the night, and they were so unaccustomed to danger, that it was long before they took alarm at our noises.

*The following morning, anxious to gain a height in time*

to avail myself of the clear atmosphere of sunrise for my observations, I started off by myself through the jungul, leaving orders for my men, with my surveying instruments, to follow my track by the notches which I cut in the bark of the trees. On leaving the plain, I availed myself of a fine wide game track which lay in my direction, and had gone perhaps half a mile from the camp, when I was startled by a slight rustling in the brakes to my right, and in another instant, by the spring of a magnificent leopard which, in a bound of full eight feet in height over the lower brushwood, lighted at my feet within eighteen inches of the spot whereon I stood, and lay in a crouching position, his fiery gleaming eyes fixed on me.

The predicament was not a pleasant one. I had no weapon of defence, and with one spring or blow of his paw the beast could have annihilated me. To move I knew would only encourage his attack. It occurred to me at the moment that I had heard of the power of man's eye over wild animals, and accordingly I fixed my gaze as intently, as the agitation of such a moment enabled me, on his eyes: we stared at each other for some seconds, when, to my inexpressible joy, the beast turned and bounded down the straight open path before me.

This scene occurred just at that period of the morning when the grazing animals retired from the open patena to the cool shade of the forest: doubtless, the leopard had taken my approach for that of a deer, or some such animal. And if his spring had been at a quadruped instead of a biped, his distance was so well measured, that it must have landed him on the neck of a deer, an elk, or a buffalo; as it was, one pace more would have done for me. A bear would not have let his victim off so easily.

*Skinner (quoted by Tennant).*

## ARABIA.

In the generally compact and unbroken continent of Asia, the almost detached peninsula of Arabia, between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates and the Syrian part of Mediterranean, forms a remarkably distinct feature. It is the most westerly of the three peninsulas of southern Asia, and its proximity to Egypt and to a European sea renders its geographical position a very favorable one, both politically and commercially. In the central parts of the Arabian peninsula lived the population of the Hedjaz, a noble and powerful race; uninformed, but not rude; imaginative, and yet devoted to the careful observation of all the phenomena presenting themselves to their eyes in the open face of nature on the ever clear vault of heaven or on the surface of the earth. After this race had lived for thousands of years almost without contact with the rest of the world, and leading for the most part a nomadic life, they suddenly broke forth, became polished and informed by mental contact with the inhabitants of the ancient seats of cultivation, and subdued, proselytised, and ruled over nations from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indus, as far as the point where the Bolor chain intersects that of the Hindoo Coosh. Even from the middle of the ninth century they maintained commercial relations at once with the northern countries of Europe and with Madagascar, with East Africa, India, and China; they diffused their language, their coins, and the Indian system of numbers, and founded a powerful combination of countries held together by the ties of a common religious faith. It often happened that great provinces were only temporarily overrun. The swarming troop, threatened by the natives, encamped, according to a comparison of their native poets, "*like groups of clouds which are soon scattered anew by*

the wind." No national movement ever offered more animated phenomena; and the mind-repressing spirit which appears to be inherent in Islam, has manifested itself, on the whole, far less under the Arabian empire than among the Turkish races. Religious persecution was here as elsewhere (among Christian nations also) rather the effect of a boundless dogmatising despotism, than of the original faith and doctrine or of the religious contemplation of the nation. The severity of the Koran is principally directed against idolatry, and especially against the worship of idols by Aramean races.

As the life of nations is determined not only by their internal mental dispositions, but also by many external conditions of soil, climate, proximity of the sea, &c., we should first recall the diversities of form presented by the Arabian peninsula. Although the first impulse which led to the great changes which the Arabians wrought in the three continents proceeded from the Ismaelitish Hedjaz, and owed its principal strength to a solitary pastoral tribe, yet the coasts of the other parts of the peninsula had for thousands of years enjoyed some portion of intercourse with the rest of the world. Arabia, and the adjacent island of Socotora (the island of Dioscorides), inhabited by Indian settlers, were the intermediate links of the traffic of the world with India and the east coast of Africa. The productions of these countries were commonly confounded with those of Hadramant and Yemen. We read in the prophet Isaiah, "They (the dromedaries of Midian) shall come from Saba, they shall bring myrrh and incense." Petra was the emporium for the valuable goods designed for Tyre and Sidon, and a principal seat of the once powerful commercial nation of the Nabateans, supposed by the learned Quatremere to have had their original dwelling-place in the Gerrha mountains near the lower Euphrates. This northern part of Arabia, by its proximity to Egypt, by the spreading of Arabian tribes into the mountains bounding Syria and

Palestine, and into the countries near the Euphrates, as well as by the celebrated caravan road from Damascus through Emesa and Tadmor (Palmyra) to Babylon, had come into influential contact with other civilised states.

In the noble and richly-gifted Arab race, the internal disposition and aptitude for mental cultivation concur with the external circumstances to which I have adverted—I mean the natural features of the country, and the ancient commercial intercourse of the coasts with highly-civilised neighbouring states, in explaining how the irruptions into Syria and Persia, and at a later period the possession of Egypt, could have so rapidly awakened in the conquerors a love for the sciences, and a disposition to original investigation. The true results of investigation are indeed here, as elsewhere in the Middle Ages, alloyed by alchemy, supposed magical arts and mystic fancies; but Arabians, incessant in their own independent endeavours, as well as laborious in appropriating to themselves by translations the fruits of earlier cultivated generations, have produced much which is truly their own, and have enlarged the view of nature. Attention has been justly called to the different circumstances in respect to cultivation of the invading and immigrating Germanic and Arabic races. The former became civilised after their immigration; the latter brought with them from their native country not only their religion, but also a highly polished language, and the tender blossoms of a poetry which has not been altogether without influence on Provençal\* poets and the Minnesingers.†

The Arabs possessed qualities which fitted them in a remarkable manner for obtaining influence and dominion over, and for assimilating and combining, different nations, from the Euphrates to the Guadalquivir, and southward to the middle of Africa; they possessed a mobility unexampled in the history of the world; and yet, notwithstanding

\* *Provençal* (ç=s), belonging to Provence (France).

† *Minnesingers*, minstrels and ballad composers.

perpetual change of place, to preserve unimpaired their own national character, and the traditional remembrances of their original home.

*Humboldt.*

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### THE PROPHET'S MOSQUE.

A VISIT to the Mosque, and the holy spots within it, is technically called "Visitation." An essential difference is made between this rite and Hajj or pilgrimage. The latter is obligatory by Koranic order upon every Moslem once in his life: the former is only a meritorious action.

The tomb should not be visited in the Ihram or pilgrim dress; men should not kiss it, touch it with the hand, or press the bosom against it, or rub the face with dust collected near the sepulchre; and those who prostrate themselves before it, like certain ignorant Indians, are held to be guilty of deadly sin. On the other hand, to spit upon any part of the Mosque, or to treat it with contempt, is held to be the act of an infidel.

Passing through muddy streets, — they had been freshly watered before evening time, — I came suddenly upon the Mosque. Like that at Meccah, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy "circle," others separated by a lane compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican square.

There is no outer front, no general prospect of the Prophet's Mosque; consequently, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity. And entering the Bab el Rahmah — the Gate of Pity, — by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan Temple, grand and simple — the expression of a single sublime idea: the longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendor.

The Masjid el Nabi is a parallelogram about 420 feet in length by 340 broad, the direction of the long walls being nearly north and south. As usual in El Islam, it is a hypæthral \* building with a spacious central area, surrounded by a peristyle of numerous rows of pillars like the colonnades of an Italian monastery. Their arcades or porticoes are flat-ceilinged, domed above with the small half-orange cupola of Spain, and divided into four parts by narrow passages, three or four steps below the level of the pavement. The western long wall is occupied by the Riwak of the Rahmah Gate; the eastern by that of the Bab el Nisa, the "Women's Entrance." Embracing the inner length of the southern short wall, and deeper by nearly treble the amount of columns than the other porticoes, is the main colonnade, called El Rauzah, the adytum † containing all that is venerable in the building. These four Riwaks, arched externally, are supported internally by pillars of different shape and material, varying from fine porphyry to dirty plaster; the southern, where the sepulchre or cenotaph stands, is paved with handsome slabs of white marble and marquetry ‡ work, here and there covered with coarse matting, and above this by unclean carpets, well worn by faithful feet.

But this is not the time for Tafarruj, or lionising. Shaykh Hamid warns me with a nudge, that other things are expected of a Zair or devotee. He leads me to the Babel Salam, fighting his way through a troop of beggars, and inquires markedly if I am religiously pure. Then, placing our hands a little below and on the left of the waist, the palm of the right covering the back of the left, in the position of prayer, we pace slowly forwards down the line called "the Holy Fronting." On my right hand walks the Shaykh, who recites aloud the following prayer:—

"In the name of Allah and in the Faith of Allah's Prophet! O Lord, cause me to enter the entering of Truth.

\* *Hypæthral* (lit. under the air), roofless.

† *Adytum*, secret and sacred part,—*sanctum sanctorum*.

‡ *Marquetry*, inlaid so as to form figures like mosaic.

me to issue forth the issuing of Truth, and per-  
draw near to thee, and make me a Sultan Vic-  
Then follow blessings upon the Prophet, and  
s: "O Allah! open to me the doors of thy mercy,  
me entrance into it, and protect me from the  
evil!"

d at the western small door in the dwarf wall, we  
he celebrated spot called El Rauzah, or the Garden,  
ying of the Prophet's, "Between my Tomb and my  
a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise." On the  
l west sides it is not divided from the rest of the  
on the south lies the dwarf wall, and on the east  
ed by the west end of the lattice-work containing

now permitted by Hamid to wander about and see  
We began our circumambulation at the Bab el  
the Gate of Salvation, — in the south portion of  
rn long wall of the Mosque. It is a fine archway  
ely incrustated with marble and glazed tiles; the  
of gilt inscriptions on its sides give it, especially at  
e, an appearance of considerable splendor. The  
-like doors are of wood, strengthened with brass  
d nails of the same metal. Outside this gate is a  
il, or public fountain, where those who will not  
he water, kept ready in large earthen jars, per-  
r ablutions gratis. Here all the mendicants con-  
n force, sitting on the outer steps and at the  
of the Mosque, up and through which the visitors  
s. About the centre of the western wall is the  
ahmah — the Gate of Mercy. It admits the dead  
the Faithful when carried to be prayed over in  
ue.

*Burton.*

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History.

*The wonders of history are of good results to contemporaries and posterity only when you can show them, that the most extraordinary and the greatest deeds have been achieved by great men amidst the strangest circumstances and incidents.*

GORTAL.

# HISTORY.

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## HISTORICAL RESEARCH.

all the grand branches of human knowledge, history is : upon which most has been written, and which has al-  
s been most popular. And it seems to be the general  
nion that the success of historians has on the whole  
n equal to their industry; and that if on this subject  
ch has been studied, much also is understood.

This confidence in the value of history is very widely dif-  
ed, as we see in the extent to which it is read, and in  
: share it occupies in all plans of education. Nor can it  
denied that, in a certain point of view, such confidence  
perfectly justifiable. It cannot be denied that materials  
ve been collected, which, when looked at in the aggre-  
te, have a rich and imposing appearance. The political  
d military annals of all the great countries in Europe, and  
most of those out of Europe, have been carefully compiled,  
it together in a convenient form, and the evidence on  
ich they rest has been tolerably well sifted. Great  
ention has been paid to the history of legislation, also to  
t of religion: while considerable, though inferior, labor  
s been employed in tracing the progress of science, of  
rature, of the fine arts, of useful inventions, and, latterly,  
the manners and comforts of the people. In order to  
rease our knowledge of the past, antiquities of every kind  
e been examined, the sites of ancient cities have been

laid bare, coins dug up and deciphered, inscriptions copied, alphabets restored, hieroglyphics interpreted, and, in some instances, long-forgotten languages reconstructed and rearranged. Several of the laws which regulate the changes of human speech have been discovered, and, in the hands of philologists, have been made to elucidate even the most obscure periods in the early migration of nations. Political economy has been raised to a science, and by it much light has been thrown on the causes of that unequal distribution of wealth which is the most fertile source of social disturbance. Statistics have been so sedulously cultivated, that we have the most extensive information, not only respecting the material interests of men, but also respecting their moral peculiarities; such as the amount of different crimes, the proportion they bear to each other, and the influence exercised over them by age, sex, education, and the like. With this great movement physical geography has kept pace: the phenomena of climate have been registered, mountains measured, rivers surveyed and tracked to their source, natural productions of all kinds carefully studied, and their hidden properties unfolded; while every food which sustains life has been chemically analysed, its constituents numbered and weighed, and the nature of the connection between them and the human frame has, in many cases, been satisfactorily ascertained. At the same time, and that nothing should be left undone which might enlarge our knowledge of the events by which man is affected, there have been instituted circumstantial researches in many other departments; so that in regard to the most civilised people, we are now acquainted with the rate of their mortality, of their marriages, the proportion of their births, the character of their employments, and the fluctuations both in their wages and in the price of the commodities necessary to their existence. These and similar facts have been collected, *methodised*, and are ripe for use. Such results, which form, *as it were*, the anatomy of a nation, are remarkable for their

ness; and to them there have been joined other less minute, but more extensive. Not only have the us and characteristics of the great nations been read, but a prodigious number of different tribes in all arts of the known world have been visited and de- by travellers, thus enabling us to compare the con- of mankind in every stage of civilisation, and under variety of circumstance. When we moreover add, that curiosity respecting our fellow-creatures is apparently able, that it is constantly increasing, that the means of ying it are also increasing, and that most of the ob- sions which have been made are still preserved,—when it all these things together, we may form a faint idea e immense value of that vast body of facts which we possess, and by the aid of which the progress of man- is to be investigated.

*Buckle.*



## USE OF THE IMAGINATION IN HISTORY.

I state that the imagination may minister to the ledge of history, I do not mean to say that the poetic or stic form is better than any other form in history, or, l, to make any kind of comparison between them. I that inventive wisdom which brings the truth to life e help of its own creative energy—the poetic element is found, not only in the souls of mighty artists, er their art be poetry or painting or sculpture, but f great philosophers and historians.

ill, as briefly as possible, endeavour to show that this native power does render important service in the ition of historical knowledge. In the first place I ask *attention to this fact*—that whenever the imagination eat artist, be he poet or be he painter, has touched

any historic character or event, forthwith it acquires a life-like reality, which other portions of history, on which no such light has fallen, do not possess. Why is it that that splendid legend of early Roman history — the story of Coriolanus — is so fresh and familiar to us, but because Shakspeare has so impersonated the pride of that patrician soldier, as to make us feel that he was not a mere name on the page of history, but a human being with like passions as ourselves. I present to you this fact also as unquestionably true, that the portion of English history which Shakspeare has treated is more familiarly known, not only popularly, but in well-educated minds, and especially with reference to the characters of famous personages, than any other part of it. Why is it that the first great civil conflict — the baronial war, in the reign of Henry the Third, with De Montfort at its head, — he who, when he fell, earned “a hero’s honor and a martyr’s name,” — why is it known so much less than that other civil feud, the fury of which was quenched by the blood spilt on Bosworth Field? Why is this, but because the latter period is seen in the light that is shed upon it by the imagination of Shakspeare? How the dramatic poet has so wrought upon those times as to inspire a life into them, I will not now stop to inquire. It is the fact I wish you to consider. From this, I pass to an authority on which much stress may be laid, because it comes from a writer remarkable for his logical and rather unimaginative habit of mind. It is a no less severe logician than Archbishop Whately, who thus reasons, to show how imagination is needed in the study of history: — “It has seldom or never been noticed how important, among the intellectual qualifications for the study of history, is a vivid imagination — a faculty which, consequently, a skilful narrator must himself possess, and to which he must be able to furnish excitement in others. Some may, perhaps, be startled at this remark, who have been accustomed to consider *Imagination* as having no other office than to feign

and falsify. Every faculty is liable to abuse and misdirection, and Imagination among the rest; but it is a mistake, to suppose that it necessarily tends to pervert the truth of history, and to mislead the judgment. On the contrary, our view of any transaction, especially one that is remote in time or place, will necessarily be imperfect, generally incorrect, unless it embrace something more than a bare outline of the occurrences—unless we have before the mind a lively idea of the scenes in which the events took place, the habits of thought and of feeling of the actors, and all the circumstances connected with the transaction—unless, in short, we can, in a considerable degree, transport ourselves out of our own age, and country, and persons, and imagine ourselves the agents or spectators. It is from a consideration of all these circumstances that we are enabled to form a right judgment as to the facts which history records, and to derive instruction from it. What we imagine may, indeed, be wholly imaginary, that is, unreal; but it may be what actually does or did exist. To say that Imagination, if not regulated by sound judgment and sufficient knowledge, may chance to convey to us false impressions of past events, is only to say that man is fallible. But such false impressions are even much the more likely to take possession of those whose imagination is feeble or uncultivated. They are apt to imagine the things, persons, times, countries, &c., which they read of, as much less different from what they see around them than is really the case."

This may serve to correct a common misapprehension respecting the functions of the Imagination, and to show that, when disciplined and cultivated, it serves the cause of truth. This, too, is to be thought of, that the neglect of its culture does not extinguish it; for existing, as it does, though in very different degrees, in all minds, it will act in some way, perhaps feebly, and fitfully, and irregularly; and if it is not trained in the service of wisdom and truth,



it certainly will be found in alliance with folly and falsehood. I pass to another authority, immeasurably higher, when I quote a single sentence from Lord Bacon, who has said that "Dramatic poetry is like history made visible, and is an image of actions past, as if they were present."

When Milton visited the south of Europe, it was in his thoughts, after wandering in Valdarno, and by the leafy brooks of Vallombrosa, and amid the ruins of Rome, to cross from Italy over into Greece. But this cherished purpose was thwarted by tidings that came from his own afflicted country; and, deeming it the duty of England's sons to stand upon England's soil in her season of adversity, he speeded homeward. Greece was never seen by Milton; but the spiritual power of his imagination, enriched as it was with classic lore, had borne him to the glorious promontory of Attica. He had seen the olive groves of Academe; he had heard the whispers of the waters of Ilissus—the industrious murmur of the bees; he had felt the pure air that was wafted from the waves of the bright *Ægean* Sea to mingle with the breath of the flowery *Hymettus*; and so true was this vision, that a learned traveller, gazing over the country around Athens, exclaimed:—"I cannot leave this spot without repeating the description given by one who was no eye-witness of it. To omit it would be injustice to Athens as well as to Milton." *Reed.*

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AMALGAMATION OF THE DANISH AND ANGLO-SAXON  
RACES. (859.)

If the middle of the ninth century must be termed the darkest period of the human mind, it is the most unsettled period of human society. Outside of the narrowing limits of peopled Christendom, enemies are pressing on every side. Saxons, in the east, are laying their hands in reverence on the manes of horses, and swearing in the name of Odin; Saracens, in the south and west; and suddenly France, Germany, Italy, and England, are awakened to the presence and possible supremacy of a more dreaded invader than either, for the Vikings, or Norsemen, were abroad upon the sea, and all Christendom was exposed to their ravages. Wherever a river poured its waters into the ocean, on the coast of Narbonne, or Yorkshire, or Calabria, or Friesland, boats, small in size, but countless in number, penetrated into the inland towns, and disembarked wild and fearless warriors, who seemed inspired by the mad fanaticism of some inhuman faith, which made charity and mercy a sin. Starting from the islands and rugged mainland of the present Denmark and Norway, they swept across the stormy North Sea, shouting their hideous song of glory and defiance, and springing to land when they reached their destination with the agility and bloodthirstiness of famished wolves. Their business was to carry slaughter and destruction wherever they went. They looked with contempt on the lazy occupations of the inhabitants of town or farm, and, above all, were filled with hatred and disdain of the monks and priests. Their leaders were warriors and poets. Gliding up noiseless streams, they intoned their battle-cry and shouted the great deeds of their ancestors when they reached the walls of some secluded monastery, and rejoiced in wrapping all its terrified inmates in flames. Bards, soldiers, pirates, buccaneers, and heathens, destitute of fear,

or pity, or remorse, amorous of danger, and skilful in management of ship and weapon, these were the most ferocious visitants which Southern Europe had ever seen. No storm was sufficient to be a protection against their approach. On the crest of the highest waves, their frail barks were seen by the affrighted dwellers on the shore, careering with all sail set, and steering into their port. They sailed up the Thames and pillaged London. Winchester was given to the flames. The whole Isle of Thanet was seized and permanently occupied. The magic standard, a raven, embroidered by the daughters of the famous Regner Lodbrog (who had been stung to death by serpents in a dungeon into which he was thrown by Ella, king of Northumberland), was carried from point to point, and was thought to be the symbol of victory and revenge. The offending Northumbrian now felt the wrath of the sons of Lodbrog. They landed with a great army, and after a battle, in which the chiefs of the English were slain, took the Northumbrian kingdom. Nottingham was soon after captured and destroyed. It was no longer a mere incursion. The noble and great families of Denmark came over to their new conquest, and stationed themselves in strong fortresses, commanding large circles of country, and lived under their Danish regulations. The land, to be sure, was not populous at that time, and probably the Danish settlements were accomplished without the removal of any original occupiers. But the castles they built, and the towns which rapidly grew round them, acted as outposts against the remaining British possessions; and at last, fleet after fleet disembarked their thousands of warlike colonists — when Leicester, Lincoln, Stamford, York, and Chester, were all in Danish hands, and stretched a line of entrenchments round the lands they considered their own — the divided Anglo-Saxons were glad to purchase a cessation of hostilities by guaranteeing to them for ever the places and territories they had secured. And there was now a Danish kingdom enclosed by the frag-

ments of the English empire; there were Danish laws and customs, a Danish mode of pronunciation, and for a good while a still broader gulf of demarcation established between the peoples by their diversity in religious faith. But when Alfred attained the supreme power, and although respecting the treaties between the Danes and English, yet evidently able to defend his countrymen from the aggressions of their foreign neighbour, the pacified pirate, tired of the sea and softened by the richer soil and milder climate of his new home, began to perceive the very unsatisfactory nature of his ancient belief, and rapidly gave his adhesion to the lessons of the Gospel.

*White.*

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#### NORMAN OPPRESSION. (1066—1076.)

THE whole country is again wrested from the Anglo-Saxons by new invaders. From the Tweed to the Land's End, and from the sea of Gaul to the Severn, the English population was subdued, and overawed by the presence of the army of their conquerors. There were no longer any free provinces, any masses of Englishmen united in arms, or under military organisation. A few separate bands, the remnant of the Saxon armies or garrisons, were to be met with here and there; soldiers who were without leaders, or chiefs without followers. The war was continued only by the successive pursuit after these partisans: the most considerable among them were solemnly judged and condemned, the rest were placed at the discretion of the foreign soldiers, who made them serfs on their acquired estates, or frequently subjected them to massacre under such circumstances of barbarity that an ancient historian, alluding to the same, refused to enter on the details, as being either inconceivable or hazardous to relate. Such of the vanquished as had any means left of expatriating them-

selves, repaired westward to the ports of Wales, or to those of Scotland, where they embarked, and went, as the old annals express it, to range through foreign kingdoms, exhibiting their sorrows and miseries in a state of exile. Denmark, Norway, and the countries where the Teutonic dialects were spoken, were in general the destination of the emigrants: some of the English fugitives, however, were seen to direct their course to the south of Europe, and crave an asylum among nations of entirely different origin and speaking a different language.

As to those Anglo-Saxons who would not or could not emigrate, many of them sought refuge in the forests with their families, and, if they were rich and powerful, with their servants and their vassals.

The great roads along which the Norman convoys passed were infested by their armed bands, and they took back from the conquerors what they had taken by force; thus recovering a ransom for their inheritances, or avenging by assassination the massacre of their fellow-countrymen. These refugees are called brigands by the historians friendly to the Conquest, who speak of them in their accounts as of men wilfully and wickedly armed against a lawful order of society. "Each day," say they, "was committed a number of thefts and murders caused by the natural villany of the people and the immense riches of this kingdom." But the native population considered they had a right to make the recapture of riches which had been taken from themselves; and, if they became robbers, it was for no other purpose than to recover their own property. The social order which they rose against, and the law which they violated, had no sanctity in their estimation; and thus the English word "outlaw," synonymous with banished man, robber, bandit, or brigand, thenceforward lost its disgraceful signification, and was employed by the conquered people in a more favorable light. Old narratives and legends, and the popular romances of the English, have shed a kind of poetic tint on

the character of the bold outlaw, and over the wandering and unrestrained life he led in the green woods and glades. In those romances the outlawed individual is always portrayed as the gayest and bravest of men; he is the king of the forest, and fears not the king of the country.

The north country especially, which had most obstinately resisted the invaders, became the land of the wanderers in arms, the last mode of protest, against power, by the vanquished. The vast forests in the province of York were the haunt of a numerous band who had for their chief a man named Sweyn, son of Sigg. In the midland counties, and near London, even under the walls of the Norman castles, various bands were also formed of these men, who, say the chroniclers of that age, rejecting slavery to the last, made the woods their abiding-place. The encounters with the conquerors were always sanguinary, and when they appeared in any inhabited place it was a pretext for the foreigner to redouble his oppressions therein; he punished the unarmed men for the mischief done to him by those in arms; and these again, in their turn, sometimes made terrible visits to those whom the vulgar opinion marked out as friends of the Normans.

Thus perpetual terror reigned throughout the country; for to the danger of falling by the sword of the foreigner, who considered himself as a demigod among brutes, and understood neither the prayers, nor the arguments, nor the excuses preferred in the language of the conquered people, was also added that of being regarded as traitors to their native land, or of being suspected of being such by the independent Saxons, who were as much maddened by their despair as the Normans were by their pride. Thus, no Englishman would venture even out of the neighbourhood of his own dwelling; but every Englishman who had taken the oath of peace and delivered hostages to the conqueror kept his house barred and fortified like a town in a state of siege. It was filled with arms of every kind, with bows

and arrows, axes, maces, heavy iron forks, and daggers; and the doors were bolted and barricaded. When the hour of rest arrived, at the time of making all fast, the head of the family repeated aloud the prayers in that age used at sea on the approach of a storm, and said, "The Lord bless and help us," to which all present answered, "Amen." This custom existed in England for more than two centuries after the Conquest. *Thierry.*

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#### THE FEUDAL SYSTEM. (1066—1485.)

"EVERY throne which standeth aright, standeth upon three pillars—the Priest—the Warrior—and the Laborer. The Priest prayeth day and night for the welfare of the people; the Warrior defendeth the people with his sword; the Laborer tilleth the earth, and worketh for the livelihood of all. And if any one of these three pillars be broken, the throne will be overturned." From the nature of the materials of history, the palace, the cathedral, and the castle, will always be the most prominent features in the picture; and we are therefore apt to forget that the indwellers of these proud and towering structures ultimately depend upon the cottage and the barn. All worldly wealth is derived from the fulness of the earth; and it is by the weal or woe of the peasant, that the prosperity of nations is principally to be defined. The importance of appreciating the real situation of the cultivator may be best illustrated by very homely imagery. Supposing that to-morrow each and every man in England, from the king downwards, were to be deprived by the wand of a magician of breakfast, dinner, and supper, without a coat to his back, or a bed to lie on; in this case it is very certain that all affairs would come to a stand. Of course such a state of *things*, as to the whole nation, is impossible; but it always

must exist with respect to a part of the community. So long as the hungry bellies are in the minority, there will be general peace and tranquillity, whatever the individual privations may be; but if, unluckily, the hungry happen to be in the majority, the country will always be disturbed and unhappy, notwithstanding the goodness of its constitution, or the excellence of its laws.

The *homage*, or 'becoming your Man,' was an obligation which the Germans brought with them from their forests. It was a fruit of the old oak, though somewhat matured, if I may use the expression, by cultivation. The lord was the protector of the 'man,' who, on his part, was bound to attend the superior to whom he had 'commended' himself, both in peace and in war. The price of this engagement might be a horse or a helmet, a shield of silver, or a purse of gold; and its duration was originally limited to the joint lives of the contracting parties. If the lord died, his son could not claim the submission of the vassal. On the other hand, if the vassal died, his child might choose any other lord. But he was bound, whilst the compact subsisted, to take his place in the hall of his superior, and to fight beneath his banner when it was unfurled; and so imperative was this obligation, that the vassal who abandoned his sovereign in the conflict rendered himself liable to capital punishment.

The subject of *land tenure* will be easily understood by the following comparison. A gentleman now lets a farm to his tenant, upon condition that the latter shall pay him so much money every year. If the rent be not paid the landlord seizes his tenant's stock, or ejects or drives him away from his farm. The squire reserves to himself the right of sporting over the fields, and there is an understanding that the tenant will do his best to preserve the game. The landlord also expects that the tenant should vote in his interest at the county election: if a body of *yeomanry be raised*, he considers that the tenant is bound 'join the troop under his command. And, lastly, sup-



posing that the tenant should not only pay his rent punctually, but duly perform his honorary engagements, and then die, leaving a son old enough to carry on the business of the farm, the landlord will probably renew his lease upon nearly the same terms.

In a similar transaction during the early ages of the feudal system, the landlord would have allowed the tenant to hold the farm, not upon condition of paying a money-rent, but of following him to the wars, at his (the tenant's) expense, for a certain number of days in the year. Instead of trusting to the honor or feeling of the tenant to obey his wishes, he would have secured the fidelity of the vassal by a solemn oath. Still the essence of the arrangement is not dissimilar: the landlord has parted with the *possession* of the land upon conditions; but the farm itself continues to be his *property*, and the tenant has only the right of *enjoying* that property.

*Palgrave.*

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### FEUDALISM.

LET us examine this society in itself, and see what part it has played in the history of civilisation. Let us first take feudalism in its most simple, its primitive, fundamental element; let us consider the case of a single possessor of a fief\* in his domain; let us see what will be the position and the duties of all those who compose the little society by which he is surrounded.

He establishes himself in an isolated, elevated situation, which his first care is to render safe and strong; he there constructs what he will call his castle. With whom does he establish himself? With his wife and children; perhaps some free men, who have not become proprietors, have attached themselves to his person, and continue to live with him at his table. These are the inhabitants of the interior

\* *Fief*, land held on condition of military service.

of the castle. All around, at the foot, are grouped a little population of colonists and serfs, who cultivate the land belonging to the holder of the fief. In the midst of this inferior population religion plants a church, and establishes a priest. This was the elementary feudal society, the feudal molecule, so to speak. It is this element which we have now to examine; we must do so in the two points of view from which it is necessary to regard all facts. What have been its results towards the development, first, of man, secondly, of society.

We are quite right in examining this little society which I have just described, on these two points, and in placing faith in the results, for it is the type, the faithful image, of the whole feudal society. The lord, the people on his domains, and the priest, are the features of feudalism, on a great as well as a small scale, separating from it royalty and the towns, which are distinct and foreign elements.

The first fact which strikes me in considering this little society, is the prodigious importance which the possessor of the fief must have had, in his own eyes and in the eyes of those who surrounded him. The sentiment of personality, of individual liberty, was supreme in the barbaric life. Here it was entirely different: it was no longer only the liberty of the man, of the warrior; it was the importance of the proprietor, the chief of the family, the master. This position necessarily gave rise to an impression of immense superiority, a superiority entirely personal, and very different from any we meet with in the course of other civilisations. What an influence such a situation must have exercised upon him who occupied it! What personal haughtiness, what prodigious pride, what insolence must have arisen in his soul! Above him, no superior of whom he was the representative and interpreter; beside him no equal; no powerful general law oppressed him; there was no external power which could control his will; he felt no curb but the limits of his strength and the presence of danger.

Such was the moral influence of this situation on the character of him who held it.

I proceed now to a second consequence, also more important, and too little considered, — the particular turn of the feudal family spirit.

Let us glance over the various family systems; we will first take the patriarchal family, of which the Bible and the oriental monuments give the type. This family was very numerous; it was a tribe. The chief, the patriarch, lived with his children, his near relatives, the various generations which were gathered around him, all his kindred and his servants, and he not only lived with them, but he had the same interests, the same occupations, he led the same life. Was not this the position of Abraham, of the patriarchs? Is it not that of the chiefs of the Arab tribes, who still keep up the form of the patriarchal life?

Another family system presents itself,—the *clan*, a small society, the type of which we must seek for in Scotland and Ireland, and through which a great portion of the European world has probably passed. This is no longer the patriarchal family. There is a great difference here between the situation of the chief and that of the rest of the population; he did not even lead the same life; the greater part tilled and served; he was idle, and a warrior. But their origin was the same; they all bore the same name; the ties of kindred, ancient traditions, mutual reminiscences, similar affections established between all the members of a clan a moral bond, a kind of equality.

These are the two principal types of the family life with which history furnishes us. Is this, then, the feudal family? Evidently not. It seems, at first, to have some affinity with the clan, but the difference is greater than the resemblance. The population which surrounded the holder of a fief was entirely unconnected with him; they did not bear his name; between them and him there was no affinity, no bond, either historical or moral. Neither was it the same

as the patriarchal family. The possessor of a fief did not lead the same life, did not engage in the same occupations as those who surrounded him; he was idle and a warrior, whilst the others were laborers. The feudal family was not numerous, it was not a tribe; it confined itself to the family; they lived apart from the rest of the population, in the interior of the castle.

The colonists and serfs had no part with them; their origin was different, the inequality in their position was prodigious.

Five or six individuals, in a situation at once superior and estranged from the rest, composed the feudal family. It must obviously have been invested with a peculiar character. It was narrow, concentrated, constantly on the defensive, constantly forced to distrust, or at least to avoid, even its retainers.

Domestic life would, of course, become of great importance. I am aware that its brutality of the passions, and the custom of the chief to spend his time in war or the chase, were great obstacles to the development of domestic life. But this obstacle would be overcome; the chief necessarily returned habitually to his home; he always found there his wife and children, and few besides them; they would remain his only permanent society; with them alone he would share his interests, his fate. It was impossible that domestic existence should not acquire great influence. Proofs of this abound. Was it not in the heart of the feudal family that the importance of women was developed! In all ancient societies, — I do not speak of those in which the family spirit did not exist, but of those where it was powerful, in the patriarchal life, for instance, — women did not hold nearly so high a place as they acquired in Europe under the feudal system. It was to the development, the preponderance of domestic manners, inevitable in feudalism, that they chiefly owed this change, this advance in their position.

A second fact, a fresh proof of the empire of the domestic life, equally characterises the feudal family; this is the spirit of inheritance, of perpetuation, which was evidently all-powerful. The spirit of hereditary right is inherent in the family spirit, but it has nowhere been so fully developed as in feudalism. This proceeded from the nature of the property with which the family was incorporated. The fief was not like any other property; it constantly needed a possessor who could defend it, work for it, acquit himself of the obligations inherited with the domain, and thus maintain it in its rank in the general association of the masters of the country. From this sprang a kind of identity between the actual possessor of the fief and the fief itself, and all the generations of its future possessors.

This circumstance contributed greatly to strengthen and draw closer the family ties already rendered so powerful by the nature of the feudal family.

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I now leave the seignorial dwelling, and descend to the population that surrounds it. Here everything has a different aspect. The nature of man is so good, so fertilising, that when a social position has lasted for some time, it establishes between those who are connected by it, whatever may be the conditions of the connection, a kind of moral bond, — sentiments of protection, benevolence, and affection. Thus it was in feudalism. No doubt in the course of time there may have sprung up some moral relations, some habits of affection, between the colonists and the possessor of the fief. But this must have happened in spite of their relative position, which was radically bad. There was nothing morally common between the possessor of the fief and the colonists; they were put on his domain, they were his property; and under this word property are comprised all the rights which we now call rights of public sovereignty, as well as the

rights of private property, the rights of imposing laws, taxes, and punishments, as well as that of disposing of, and selling. As far as this can be said of the relative position of man to man in any case, there were between the lord and the cultivators of his domains, no rights, no guarantees, no society.

This was, I fancy, the cause of that truly intense and inextinguishable hatred with which the people have at all times regarded the feudal system, the remembrance of its very name. It was not an unexampled case for men to submit to oppressive despotisms and become accustomed to them, even so far as almost to prefer them. Theocratic and monarchical despotism have more than once obtained the approbation, almost the affection, of the population submitted to them. Feudal despotism has always been repulsive, odious; it has oppressed the destinies, but never reigned over the souls of men. The reason is, that in the Theocracy and the monarchy, the power is exercised in virtue of certain persuasions common to the master and to his subjects; it is the representative, the minister of another power, superior to all human powers; it speaks and acts in the name of Divinity, or of a general idea, not in the name of man itself, of man alone. Feudal despotism is quite another thing; it is the power of an individual over an individual, the dominion of the personal and capricious will of man. It is, perhaps, the only tyranny which, to his eternal honor, man will never consent to accept. Whenever he sees in his ruler a mere man, when the will which oppresses him is only a human will, individual as his own, he is offended, and endures the yoke with indignation. Such was the true distinctive character of the feudal power, and such is the origin of the antipathy which it never ceased to inspire.

The religious element which was associated with it was little calculated to lighten the burden. I do not fancy that the influence of the priest was much in the little society

which I have described, nor that he was very successful in legitimating the connection between the inferior population and its lord. The Church had exercised a very great influence over European civilisation, but this it has done by proceeding in a general manner, by changing the general disposition of mankind. When we examine closely into the little feudal society, properly so called, we find the influence of the priest between the lord and the colonists to be hardly anything. Most frequently he was himself as rough and inferior as a serf, and very little able, either by situation or disposition, to oppose the arrogance of the lord. No doubt he was only called upon to sustain and develop some moral life in the inferior population : he was dear and useful to them on this account, and he probably diffused something of consolation and life ; but he could do, and did, I conceive, very little for their fortune.

I have examined the elementary feudal society ; I have placed before you the principal consequences which might accrue from it, either to the possessor of the fief himself, to his family, or to the population congregated around him. Let us now leave these narrow bounds. The population of the fief was not confined to the territory, there were other societies analogous or different to which it bore relation. What influence did this general society to which it belonged exercise over civilisation ?

I will make a short observation before replying ; it is true that both the possessor of the fief and the priest belonged to a general society, they had, at a distance, numerous relations. It was not the same with colonists and serfs ; every time that, to designate the rural population, at this period, we employ a general word, which seems to imply one and the same society — the word people, for example—we speak untruly. There was for this population no general society ; its existence was entirely local. Beyond the territory which they inhabited the colonists had no connection with any one, were neither bound to any one, nor

any thing. There was for them no common destiny, no common country; they did not form a people. When we speak of the feudal association as a whole, it is the possessors of fiefs only that are concerned. Let us see what were the relations of the petty feudal society with the general society with which it was connected, and what consequences these relations would probably have on the development of civilisation.

You know what ties bound the possessors of fiefs among themselves, what relations were attached to their property, what were the obligations of service on the one part, and protection on the other. I shall not enter into the details of these obligations, it is enough that you have a general idea of them. From them there were necessarily implanted in the minds of each possessor of a fief a certain number of moral ideas and sentiments—ideas of duty, sentiments of affection. It is obvious that the principle of fidelity, of devotion, of loyalty to engagements, and all the sentiments connected with these, must have been developed and maintained by the relations of the possessors of fiefs among themselves.

These obligations, duties, and sentiments endeavoured to convert themselves into rights and institutions. Every one knows that feudalism desired to regulate by law the extent of the services due from the possessor of the fief to his suzerain; what were the services he might expect in return; in what cases the vassal owed military or pecuniary aid to his suzerain; in what form the suzerain ought to obtain the consent of his vassals for services to which they were not bound by the simple possession of their fief. Attempts were made to place all these rights under the guarantee of institutions the object of which was to insure respect towards them. Thus the seignorial jurisdictions were to dispense justice between the possessors of fiefs, upon claims carried before their common suzerain. Thus, every lord of any importance assembled his vassals in par-



liament to treat with them on matters which required their consent or concurrence. There were, in short, a collection of political, judicial, and military powers, by which they attempted to organise the feudal system, to convert the relations of the possessors of fiefs into rights and institutions.

But these rights and institutions had no reality, no guarantee.

If we inquire what is the nature of a guarantee, we arrive at the perception that its fundamental character is the constant presence, in the midst of the society, of a will, a power, with the inclination and the ability to impose a law upon individual wills and powers, to make them observe the common rule, and respect the general right.

Well, this could not exist under the feudal system.

Doubtless the possessors of fiefs were not all equal among themselves; there were many more powerful than the rest; and many powerful enough to oppress the weaker. But there was not one, to begin with the highest suzerain, the king, who was in a condition to impose law on all the others, in a condition to compel obedience. Observe that all permanent means of power and action were wanting: there were no permanent troops, no permanent taxes, no permanent tribunals. The social powers and institutions were, in some sort, obliged to recommence, to be recreated each time they were needed. It was necessary to organise a tribunal for every process, an army for every war, a revenue whenever there was need of money, everything was occasional, accidental, special; there were no means of central, permanent, independent government. It is clear that, in such a system, no individual was capable of imposing his will on others, or of causing the general right to be respected by all.

The other system, that of free government, of a public power, was equally impracticable; it could never have arisen in the midst of feudalism. The reason is simple.

When we speak in the present day of a public power, of what we call the rights of sovereignty, the right of imposing laws, taxes, and punishments, we all know, and think, that these rights belong to no individual; that no one has, on his own account, the right to punish others, to impose on them a burden or a law. These are rights that pertain only to society in general, which are exercised in its name, which it holds not of itself but of the Most High. Thus, when an individual comes before the power which is invested with these rights, the sentiment which moves him, perhaps unconsciously, is, that he is in the presence of a public, legitimate authority, which has a mission to command him, and he is in a manner submissive, naturally, and involuntarily. It was quite otherwise in feudalism. The possessor of the fief was invested with all the rights of sovereignty in his domain, and over the men that occupied it; they were inherent to the domain, and formed part of his private property. What we now call public rights were then private rights; what are now public powers were then private powers. When a holder of a fief, after having exercised sovereignty in his own name, as proprietor, over all the population among whom he lived, went to an assembly, to a parliament held in the presence of his suzerain, a parliament not at all numerous, generally composed of his equals, or nearly so, he neither carried there, nor brought away with him, an idea of public power. Such an idea was a contradiction to his whole existence, to all his acts in his domains. He only saw there men invested with the same rights and in the same situation as himself, acting as he did, in virtue of their personal will. Nothing led or obliged him to recognise, in the highest department of the government, in the institutions which we call public, that character of superiority and generosity inherent to the idea which we form of political powers. And if he was discontented with the decision made there, he refused to concur in it, or appealed to force to resist it. Force was, under the feudal system,

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the true and habitual guarantee of right, if we may call a force a guarantee.

All rights appealed unceasingly to force to insure their being recognised and respected. No institution succeeded in doing this. This was so much felt that institutions were never applied to. If the seignorial courts and parliaments of vassals had been in a condition to act, we should meet with them in history more frequently than we do; their rarity proves their uselessness.

*Guizot.*

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#### CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES. (1272 — 1381.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the affection and good will which, during his life, Simon de Montfort had testified for all those of Saxon origin, there still existed an immense distance between the people and the sons of the Normans. Robert Grosse Tête, bishop of Lincoln, principal chaplain to the army of the barons, who was one of the most ardent promoters of the war against the king, reckoned only two languages in England,—Latin for men of letters, and French for the uneducated, in which language he himself, in his old age, wrote pious books for the use of the laity, making no account of the English language, or of those who spoke it. The poets of the same period, even those of English birth, composed all their verses in French, whenever they wished to derive from them either profit or honor. There was then only the class of ballad-singers and writers of romances for the artisan and peasantry to admire, that employed either pure English, or that language, mixed up of French and English, which served for the habitual communication between the higher and lower classes. This intermediate idiom, the gradual formation of which was a necessary result of the Conquest, first became current in

the cities where the population of the two races had become more intermingled, and where the inequality of conditions was less marked than in the rural districts. There it insensibly took the place of the Saxon tongue, which, being no longer spoken by any but the rudest and poorest part of the nation, fell as much below the new Anglo-Norman idiom as the latter was below the French, which was the language of the court, the aristocracy, and of all who had any pretences to refinement.

Notwithstanding the indignation of the descendants of the conquerors at the irresistible movement which tended to approximate to themselves the wealthier part of the conquered population, that movement sensibly manifested itself through the whole of the fourteenth century in those towns to which the royal charters had granted the right of electing their own magistrates in place of the Norman viscounts and seignorial bailiffs or seneschals. In these towns, which received the name of corporations, or bodies corporate, the members of the burgh, rendered powerful by their municipal organisation, now succeeded in obtaining for themselves much more respect than was hitherto shown towards the inhabitants of small towns and hamlets that remained under the immediate control of the royal authority; but a long time yet elapsed before that authority had for the citizens taken individually the same consideration, or evinced towards them those outward tokens of respect which it was willing to testify for the collective bodies of which they were members. The magistrates of London in the reign of Edward III. being admitted to take their places at the royal feasts, already were treated with that proper respect for constituted authorities which was a characteristic feature of the Anglo-Norman race. But the same king, who had allowed the mayor and aldermen to sit at the third table from his own, treated merely as Saxon serfs every individual of London who, being neither a knight nor an esquire, practised any trade or art. If, for instance, that king had a

mind to embellish his palace, or to signalise himself by decorating a church, instead of engaging the best painters in the city to come and work at a stipulated salary, he addressed to his first architect a royal commission in the following terms: "Be it known to you that we have commissioned our well-beloved William de Walsingham to take in our city of London as many painters as shall be necessary, to set them to work at our wages, and make them stay as long as needful. If he find any one of them rebellious, he shall arrest him and confine him in our prisons, there to remain until further orders."

Such, at the close of the fourteenth century, was the condition of those whom the French writers of the time call the villains of London; and as for the villains of the country, whom the Normans, gallicising old Saxon words, called bonds, cottiers, or cottagers, their individual oppressions were much greater than those of townspeople, and without any compensation, for they had no magistrates of their own choice, nor was there among them any one bearing the title of *sir* or *lord*. They differed from the inhabitants of the towns in this, that their servitude had rather become aggravated by the settlement and conformity of their relations with the lords of the manors to which they were attached, for the ancient right of conquest had subdivided itself into a multitude of rights less violent in appearance, but, as it were, surrounding the man who was subject to them with innumerable shackles. Foreign travellers visiting England about the end of the fifteenth century were astonished at the great number of serfs they beheld, and the excessive harshness of the servitude, when compared with what it was on the continent, and even with what it was in France. The word bondage in the Norman tongue expressed at that time all that was most wretched in the condition of humanity. Yet this word, to which the Conquest had given an unfavorable signification, was nothing more than a derivative from the Anglo-Danish

bond, which, before the invasion by the Normans, a free cultivator, and the father of a family living in country; and in this sense, joined to the Saxon word *denoted* the master of a house, the husband, or, going to modern English orthography, husband.

But the year 1381, all those who were called bonds in England, that is, all the cultivators, were serfs in body and obliged to pay heavy aids for the small portion of which served them to feed their families, and were not free to give up that portion of land without the consent of the lords, for whom they were obliged to do gratuitously tillage, the gardening, and the carriage of all commodities the lord could sell them, together with their houses, oxen, and implements of husbandry, their children, and their posterity, which, in the English deeds, was expressed in the following manner:—"Know that I have sold my knave, and all his offspring, born or to be born."

Resentment for the evils caused by the oppressions suffered at the hands of the barons, joined with a total change of the events which occasioned the elevation of powerful families, the members of which no longer called themselves Normans, but gentlemen, or gentilshommes, made the serfs of England to reflect on the injustice of personal servitude, independently of its historical

In the southern provinces, where the population was more numerous (and especially in the county of the inhabitants of which had preserved the vague notion of a treaty formerly concluded between them and even the Conqueror, for the maintenance of their franchises), there appeared at the beginning of the reign of Richard II. great symptoms of popular agitation. At a time of excessive expense for the court, and for all nobles, on account of wars in France, whither each repaired at his own proper cost, and strove to distinguish himself by the magnificence of his retinue and of his war. The proprietors of lordships and manors

loaded their farmers and serfs with capitations and exactions, setting forth as their pretext for every new demand the necessity they were under of going to fight the French in their own country, in order to prevent them from landing in England. But the peasantry exclaimed, "We are taxed to aid the knights and esquires of the country to defend their inheritances; we are their valets, and the beasts from which they shear the wool; at all events, if England were ruined, we should lose much less than they would." Hereafter followed the Wat Tyler insurrection. [*See Book the Third.*] *Thierry.*



#### AMALGAMATION OF THE NORMAN AND SAXON RACES. (1381—1485.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the great effort which the serfs made to escape all at once from servitude, and to destroy the distinction of conditions which had succeeded the distinction of races, the natural movement which tended gradually to render such a distinction less visible or obnoxious went on without interruption; and individual enfranchisement, which had begun to be granted long before that period, thenceforward became more frequent. The idea of the specific injustice of serfdom and agrestic slavery (whatever its origin, whether it had been an ancient or a recent institution), this great idea, which had been the uniting bond of the conspiracy of 1381, and which the instinct of liberty had implanted in the minds of the peasantry, before it was entertained by men of high and gentle station, was at length acknowledged as a principle of truth by the gentlemen themselves. In those moments of human life when reflection becomes calmer and more profound, when reason speaks more powerfully than interest and avarice, in the hour of domestic grief, of sickness, and of the danger of death, the then existing nobles, in like moments of doubt,

repented of their possession of serfs as a thing that was displeasing to God, who had created all men according to His own image. Many deeds of personal enfranchisement, drawn up and granted in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, bear the following preamble :—"Seeing that in the beginning God made all men by nature free, and that afterwards the law of nations placed certain of them under the yoke of servitude, we think it would be pious and meritorious in sight of God to liberate such persons to us subject in villanage, and to free them entirely from such services. Know, therefore, that we have freed and liberated from all yoke of servitude, —, our knaves, of the manor of —, them and all their children born or to be born."

This species of deed, which, during the fifteenth century, was very frequent, and of which we find no instance in anterior times, indicates the birth of a sort of public spirit contrary to the violent results of conquest, and which seems to have developed itself at one and the same time in the descendants of the Normans and in those of the English at the period when, in the minds of both, all clear tradition of the historical origin of their respective situations had been obliterated. About the same period, and swayed by the same circumstances, the Parliament of England took the form under which it has become celebrated in modern times, and separated permanently into two assemblies : one composed of the superior clergy, the earls, and the barons, convoked by special letters from the king ; the other of small feudatories, or the knights elected by the counties, united with the burgesses of the towns : these latter were elected by their peers, or those possessed of equal franchise with themselves, and sometimes were convoked arbitrarily by the sheriffs. This new political combination, by uniting the merchants, who were mostly of English race, in one house of assembly with the *feudal* tenants of Norman birth (or those who were presumed to be such by their being the actual possessors of manors and of knights' fees, or of the



military title) was a great step towards the destruction of the former distinction of races, and the establishment of a new order of things, under which all families were in future to take rank or to be classed solely according to their station and personal influence, or the value of their landed possessions. However, notwithstanding the sort of equality which the union of the burgesses and knights of the shires in a separate assembly seemed at the outset to establish between these two classes of men, that portion of the nation which was formerly held to be inferior, retained for some time longer the mark of its inferiority. It attended at the deliberations on war and peace, and political matters, without any part in the debate, or withdrew during the discussion of such state affairs; and its aid was called for only in voting the *tailages* and subsidies, required by the king to be levied upon goods and chattels.

The reign of Henry VII. may be considered as the period when the distinction of ranks ceased to correspond in a general manner with that of races, and as the commencement of the state of society at present existing in England.

*Thierry.*



## CHIVALRY.

THE best school of moral discipline which the Middle Ages afforded was the institution of chivalry. There is something perhaps to allow for the partiality of modern writers upon this interesting subject; yet our most sceptical criticism must assign a decisive influence to this great source of human improvement. The more deeply it is considered, the more we shall become sensible of its importance. There are, if I may so say, three powerful spirits which have from time to time moved over the face of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments and energies

of mankind. These are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and of honor. It was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three. And whatever high magnanimous energy the love of liberty or religious zeal has ever imparted, was equalled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved.

It appears probable that the custom of receiving arms at the age of manhood with some solemnity was of immemorial antiquity among the nations that overthrew the Roman Empire. For it is mentioned by Tacitus to have prevailed among their German ancestors; and his expressions might have been used with no great variation to describe the actual ceremonies of knighthood. There was even in that remote age a sort of public trial as to the fitness of the candidate, which, though perhaps confined to his bodily strength and activity, might be the germ of that refined investigation which was thought necessary in the perfect stage of chivalry. Proofs, though rare and incidental, might be adduced to show, that in the time of Charlemagne, and even earlier, the sons of monarchs at least did not assume manly arms without a regular investiture. And in the eleventh century, it is certain this was a general practice.

This ceremony, however, would perhaps of itself have done little towards forming that intrinsic principle which characterised the genuine chivalry. But in the reign of Charlemagne we find a military distinction that appears in fact as well as in name, to have given birth to that institution. Certain feudal tenants, and I suppose also allodial\* proprietors, were bound to serve on horseback equipped with the coat of mail. These were called Caballarii, from which the word chevaliers is an obvious corruption. But he who fought on horseback, and had been invested with peculiar arms in a solemn manner, wanted nothing more to render him a knight. Chivalry therefore may, in a general sense, be referred to the age of Charlemagne. We may,

\* *Allodial*, freehold — opposed to feudal.

however, go farther, and observe that these distinctive advantages above ordinary combatants were probably the sources of that remarkable valor and that keen thirst for glory which became the essential attributes of a knightly character. For confidence in our skill and strength is the usual foundation of courage; it is by feeling ourselves able to surmount common dangers that we become adventurous enough to encounter those of a more extraordinary nature, and to which more glory is attached. The reputation of superior personal prowess, so difficult to be attained in the course of modern warfare, and so liable to erroneous representations, was always within the reach of the stoutest knight, and was founded on claims which could be measured with much accuracy. Such is the subordination and mutual dependence in a modern army, that every man must be content to divide his glory with his comrades, his general or his soldiers. But the soul of chivalry was individual honor, coveted in so entire and absolute a perfection, that it must not be shared with an army or a nation. Most of the virtues it inspired were what we may call independent, as opposed to those which are founded upon social relations. The knights-errant of romance perform their best exploits from the love of renown, or from a sort of abstract sense of justice, rather than from any solicitude to promote the happiness of mankind. If these springs of action are less generally beneficial, they are, however, more connected with elevation of character than the systematic prudence of men accustomed to social life. This solitary and independent spirit of chivalry dwelt as it were upon a rock, disdaining injustice or falsehood from a consciousness of internal dignity.

In the first state of chivalry it was closely connected with the military service of fiefs. The *Caballarii* in the *Capitularies*\*, the *Milites* of the eleventh and twelfth centuries,

\* *Capitularies*, acts or body of laws passed in a chapter (of knights or canons); but also acts made by Charlemagne, &c., in assemblies of the people.

ere land-holders who followed their lord or sovereign into the field. A certain value of land was termed in England a knight's fee, or, in Normandy, *feudum loriceæ*, *fief de haurt*, from the coat of mail which it entitled and required the tenant to wear; a military tenure was said to be by *vice* in chivalry. To serve as knights, mounted and equipped, was the common duty of vassals; it implied no personal merit, it gave of itself a claim to no civil privileges. This knight-service founded upon a feudal obligation is to be carefully distinguished from that superior chivalry in which all was independent and voluntary. The latter, in fact, could hardly flourish in its full perfection till the military service of feudal tenure began to decline, namely, in the thirteenth century. The origin of this personal chivalry should incline to refer to the ancient usage of voluntary commendation.

Men commended themselves, that is, did homage and confessed attachment to a prince or lord; generally indeed for protection or the hope of reward, but sometimes probably for the sake of distinguishing themselves in his quarrels. When they received pay, which must have been the usual case, they were literally his soldiers, or stipendiary troops. Those who could afford to exert their valor without recompense were like the knights of whom we read in romance, who served a foreign master through love, or thirst of glory, or gratitude. The extreme poverty of the lower nobility, arising from the subdivision of fiefs, and the political generosity of rich lords, made this connection as strong as that of territorial dependence. A younger brother, leaving the paternal estate in which he took a slender share, might look for wealth and dignity in the service of a powerful count. Knighthood, which he could not claim as his legal right, became the object of his chief ambition. It raised him in the scale of society, equalling him in dress, in arms, and in title, to the rich landholders. As it was due to his merit, it did much more than equal him to those who had no pretensions

but from wealth ; and the territorial knights became by degrees ashamed of assuming the title till they could challenge it by real desert.

This class of noble and gallant cavaliers, serving commonly for pay, but on the most honorable footing, became far more numerous through the Crusades, a great epoch in the history of European society. In these wars, as all feudal service was out of the question, it was necessary for the richer barons to take into their pay as many knights as they could afford to maintain, speculating, so far as such motives operated, on an influence with the leaders of the expedition, and on a share of plunder proportioned to the number of their followers. During the period of the Crusades, we find the institution of chivalry acquire its full vigor as an order of personal nobility ; and its original connection with feudal tenure, if not altogether effaced, became in a great measure forgotten in the splendor and dignity of the new form which it wore.

The Crusades, however, changed in more than one respect the character of chivalry. Before that epoch it appears to have had no particular reference to religion. Ingulfus, indeed, tells us that the Anglo-Saxons preceded the ceremony of investiture by a confession of their sins and other pious rites, and they received the order at the hands of a priest instead of a knight. But this was derided by the Normans as effeminacy, and seems to have proceeded from the extreme devotion of the English before the Conquest. We can hardly perceive, indeed, why the assumption of arms to be used in butchering mankind should be treated as a religious ceremony. The clergy, to do them justice, constantly opposed the private wars in which the courage of those ages wasted itself. But the purposes for which men bore arms in a crusade so sanctified their use, that chivalry acquired the character as much of a religious as a military institution. For many centuries, the recovery of the Holy Land was constantly at the heart of a brave and

superstitious nobility, and every knight was supposed at his creation to pledge himself, as occasion should arise, to that cause. Meanwhile, the defence of God's law against infidels was his primary and standing duty. A knight, whenever present at mass, held the point of his sword before him while the Gospel was read, to signify his readiness to support it. Writers of the Middle Ages compare the knightly to the priestly character in an elaborate parallel, and the investiture of the one was supposed analogous to the ordination of the other. The ceremonies upon this occasion were almost wholly religious. The candidate passed nights in prayer, among priests in a church; he received the sacraments; he entered into a bath, and was clad with a white robe, in allusion to the presumed purification of his life; his sword was solemnly blessed; everything, in short, was contrived to identify his new condition with the defence of religion, or at least of the Church.

To this strong tincture of religion which entered into the composition of chivalry from the twelfth century, was added another ingredient equally distinguishing. A great respect for the female sex had always been a remarkable characteristic of the Northern nations. The German women were high-spirited and virtuous; qualities which might be causes or consequences of the veneration with which they were regarded. I am not sure that we could trace very minutely the condition of women for the period between the subversion of the Roman Empire and the first Crusade; but apparently, man did not grossly abuse his superiority; and in point of civil rights, and even as to the inheritance of property, the two sexes were placed perhaps as nearly on a level as the nature of such warlike societies would admit. There seems, however, to have been more roughness in the social intercourse between the sexes than we find in later periods. The spirit of gallantry, which became so animating a principle of chivalry, must be ascribed to the progressive refinement of society during the twelfth and two succeeding

centuries. In a rude state of manners, as among the lower people in all ages, woman has not full scope to display those fascinating graces by which nature has designed to counter-balance the strength and energy of mankind. Even where those jealous customs that degrade alike the two sexes have not prevailed, her lot is domestic seclusion; nor is she fit to share in the boisterous pastimes of drunken merriment, to which the intercourse of an unpolished people is confined. But as a taste for the more elegant enjoyments of wealth arises, a taste which it is always her policy and her delight to nourish, she obtains an ascendancy at first in the lighter hour, and from thence in the serious occupations of life. She chases, or brings into subjection the god of wine, a victory which might seem more ignoble, were it less difficult, and calls in the aid of divinities more propitious to her ambition. The love of becoming ornament is not perhaps to be regarded in the light of vanity; it is rather an instinct which woman has received from nature to give effect to those charms that are her defence; and when commerce began to minister more effectually to the wants of luxury, the rich furs of the North, the gay silks of Asia, the wrought gold of domestic manufacture illumined the halls of chivalry, and cast, as if by the spell of enchantment, that ineffable grace over beauty, which the choice and arrangement of dress is calculated to bestow. Courtesy had always been the proper attribute of knighthood; protection of the weak its legitimate duty; but these were heightened to a pitch of enthusiasm when woman became their object. There was little jealousy shown in the treatment of that sex, at least in France, the fountain of Chivalry; they were present at festivals, at tournaments, and sat promiscuously in the halls of their castles. The romance of *Perceforest* tells of a feast where eight hundred knights had each of them a lady eating off his plate. For to eat off the same plate was an usual mark of gallantry or friendship.

*Hallam.*

## EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES (1096 — 1270).

If we compare, at the era of the Crusades, the Latins of Europe with the Greeks and Arabians, their respective degrees of knowledge, industry, and art, our rude ancestors must be content with the third rank in the scale of nations. Their successive improvement and present superiority may be ascribed to a peculiar energy of character, to an active and imitative spirit, unknown to their more polished rivals, who at that time were in a stationary or retrograde state. With such a disposition, the Latins should have derived the most early and essential benefits from a series of events which opened to their eyes the prospect of the world, and introduced them to a long and frequent intercourse with the more cultivated regions of the East.

The first and most obvious progress was in trade and manufactures, in the arts which are strongly prompted by the thirst of wealth, the calls of necessity, and the gratification of the sense of vanity. Among the crowd of unthinking fanatics, a captive or a pilgrim might sometimes observe the superior refinements of Cairo and Constantinople; the first importer of windmills was the benefactor of nations; and if such blessings are enjoyed without any grateful remembrance, history has condescended to notice the more apparent luxuries of silk and sugar, which were transported into Italy from Greece and Egypt.

But the intellectual wants of the Athenians were more slowly felt and supplied; the ardor of studious curiosity was awakened in Europe by different causes and more recent events; and, in the age of the Crusades, they viewed with careless indifference the literature of the Greeks and Arabians; some rudiments of mathematical and medicinal knowledge might be imparted in practice and in figures; necessity might produce some interpreters for the grosser business of *merchants and soldiers*, but the commerce of the



Orientalists had not diffused the study and knowledge of their languages in the schools of Europe.

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The principle of the Crusades was, to speak the truth, a savage fanaticism; and the most important effects were analogous to the cause. Each pilgrim was ambitious to return with his sacred spoils, the relics of Greece and Palestine; and each relic was preceded and followed by a train of miracles and visions. The belief of the Catholics was corrupted by new legends, their practice by new superstitions; and the establishment of the Inquisition, the mendicant orders of monks and friars, the last abuse of indulgences, and the final progress of idolatry flowed from the baneful fountain of the holy war. The active spirit of the Latins preyed on the vitals of their reason and religion; and if the ninth and tenth centuries were the times of darkness, the thirteenth and fourteenth were the age of absurdity and fable.

In the profession of Christianity, in the cultivation of a fertile land, the northern conquerors of the Roman Empire insensibly mingled with the provincials, and rekindled the embers of the arts of antiquity. Their settlements, about the age of Charlemagne, had acquired some degree of order and stability, when they were overwhelmed by new swarms of invaders, the Normans, Saracens, and Hungarians, who replunged the western countries of Europe into their former state of anarchy and barbarism. About the eleventh century, the second tempest had subsided by the expulsion or conversion of the enemies of Christendom; the tide of civilisation, which had so long ebbed, began to flow with a steady and accelerated course, and a fairer prospect was opened to the hopes and efforts of the rising generation. Great was the increase and rapid the progress during the two hundred years of the Crusades; and some philosophers have applauded the propitious influence of these holy wars, which appear to me to have checked rather than forwarded

the maturity of Europe. The lives and labors of millions which were buried in the East would have been more profitably employed in the improvement of their native country: the accumulated stock of industry and wealth would have overflowed in navigation and trade, and the Latins would have become enriched and enlightened by a pure and friendly correspondence with the climates of the East.

In one respect, I can indeed perceive the accidental operation of the Crusades, not so much in producing a benefit as in removing an evil. The larger portion of the inhabitants of Europe were chained to the soil without freedom, or property, or knowledge; and the two orders of ecclesiastics and nobles, whose numbers were comparatively small, alone deserved the name of citizens and men. This oppressive system was supported by the arts of the clergy and the swords of the barons. The authority of the priests operated in the darker ages as a salutary antidote; they prevented the total extinction of letters, mitigated the fierceness of the times, sheltered the poor and defenceless, and preserved or revived the peace and order of civil society. But the independence, rapine, and discord, of the feudal lords were unmixed with any semblance of good; and every hope of industry and improvement was crushed by the iron weight of the martial aristocracy.

Among the causes that undermined that Gothic edifice, a conspicuous place must be allowed to the Crusades. The estates of the barons were dissipated, and their race was often extinguished in these costly and perilous expeditions. Their poverty extorted from their pride those charters of freedom which unlocked the fetters of the slave, secured the farm of the peasant and the shop of the artificer, and gradually restored a substance and a soul to the most numerous and useful part of the community. The conflagration which destroyed the tall and barren trees of the forest gave air and scope to the vegetation of the smaller and nutritive plants of the soil.

Gibbon.

## EXPULSION OF THE ENGLISH FROM FRANCE (1451).

CHARLES (VII.) had hitherto made no demonstrations against Aquitaine. The English appeared now to limit their hopes in the north to Normandy and Calais. The Duke of York, the son of the beheaded Richard, Earl of Cambridge, united in his person, after the extinction of the Mortimers, the hereditary pretensions of the house of Clarence. On the death of the Duke of Bedford, the king appointed his formidable kinsman, York, to the regency of France, perhaps for the purpose of giving the appearance of a unanimous contest of all English parties for national honor to the struggle still vainly maintained in France. The French offered to cede Normandy and Guienne as fiefs of the crown of France; but the arrogance of the victors was not yet tamed. Thirteen years, however, after the evacuation of Paris, Normandy, which the Plantagenets had never ceased to look on as their patrimony, was wrested from them; and, two years later, even the Gascon and Pyrenean provinces, alien from Paris by language, and united to it by no habits of common obedience, were reduced under the sway of the house of Valois. The people of Guienne showed a desire of obtaining English succour. Talbot, the most renowned of Henry's captains, and perhaps the only laurelled head remaining of those from whom the glory of Agincourt had been derived, was sent to Bordeaux to their assistance in the eightieth year of his age. A gleam of fame seemed to light up the brow of the aged hero; but though deserted by his ancient fortune as a commander, he died at the battle of Chatillon like a brave soldier.

Thus closed the last efforts of the Plantagenets to re-establish themselves in France, a contest which had lasted for a century; and with it happily ended all English projects of territorial aggrandisement on the continent of *Europe*, the success of which must have thrown a power

to the hands of English monarchs altogether irreconcilable with that liberty which is the peculiar and characteristic glory of England, the source of her greatness, the school of her virtues, and the nursery of her genius.

A historian who rests for a short space between the conclusion of the Plantagenet wars in France, and the commencement of the wars between the two branches of that family in England, may naturally look around him, reviewing some of the more important events which had passed, and casting his eye onward to the then unmarked preparations for the mighty changes which were to affect the mutual relations of states, modify their internal rule and constitution, and produce an influence on the character and lot of the European and even of the human race. A very few particulars only can be selected as specimens from so vast a mass.

The foundations of the political system of the European Commonwealth were now laid. A glance over the map of Europe as it existed in 1453 will satisfy an observer that the territories of the different nations were then fast approaching the shape and extent which they retain at this day. The English islanders had only one town on the continent remaining in their hands. The Moors of Spain were on the eve of being reduced under Christian authority. Italy had, indeed, lost her liberty, but had as yet escaped the ignominy of a foreign yoke. Muscovy was emerging from the long domination of the Tatars. Venice, Hungary, Poland, three states now placed under foreign masters, guarded the eastern frontier of Christendom against Ottoman barbarians, whom the absence of foresight, and mutual confidence, and a disregard for the general safety and honor which disgraced western governments, had just suffered to master Constantinople and to subjugate the Eastern Christians. France had consolidated the greater part of her central and commanding territories. In the transfer of the *Netherlands to the house of Austria* originated the French

jealousy of that power, then rising into importance in south-eastern Germany. The empire was daily becoming a looser confederacy under a nominal ruler whose small remains of authority every day contributed to lessen.

The internal, or constitutional, history of the European nations threatened in almost every continental country the establishment of absolute monarchy, from which the free and generous spirit of the northern barbarians did not protect their degenerate posterity. In the Netherlands, an ancient gentry, and burghers enriched by traffic, held their still limited princes in check. In Switzerland, the patricians of a few towns, together with the gallant peasantry of the Alpine valleys, escaped a master. But parliaments and diets, states-general and cortes, were gradually disappearing from view, or reduced from august assemblies to insignificant formalities; and Europe seemed on the eve of exhibiting nothing to the disgusted eye but the dead uniformity of imbecile despotism, dissolute courts, and cruelly oppressed nations.

In the mean time the almost unobserved advancement and diffusion of knowledge were preparing the way for discoveries, of which the full results will be contemplated only by unborn ages. The mariner's compass had conducted the Portuguese to distant points on the coast of Africa, and was about to lead them through the unploughed ocean to the famous regions of the East. Civilised men, hitherto cooped up on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, now visited the whole of their subject planet, and became its more undisputed sovereigns. The man was then born, who, with two undecked boats and one frail sloop, containing with difficulty a hundred and twenty persons, dared to stretch across an untraversed ocean, which had hitherto bounded the imaginations as well as the enterprises of men; and who, instead of that India renowned in legend of which he was in quest, laid open a new world, in the hands of the European race, one day to produce governments, laws,

manners, modes of civilisation, and states of society, almost as different from those of ancient Europe as its native plants and animals. Who could then, who can even now, foresee all the prodigious effects of these discoveries on the fortunes of mankind?

*Mackintosh.*



### THE WARS OF THE ROSES (1455 — 1485).

THE subject which I have now to treat of is the civil wars between the two branches of the Plantagenet family, from the origin of their contention down to the defeat and death of Richard the Third at the battle of Bosworth Field, when the body of that last of the Yorkists was stripped and thrown across a horse's back like a slaughtered wild beast, besmeared with blood and dirt, and thus carried to an unhonored burial at Leicester. So it was, that after more than three centuries of majestic rule, and after fourteen reigns, the dominion of the Plantagenet dynasty in England, the Saxon and the Norman race combined, passed away for ever.

Taken in its fullest extent, down to the battle of Bosworth Field, this civil war occupied a period of thirty years, embracing what one of the old English chroniclers has entitled, "the *troublous* season of King Henry the Sixth, the *prosperous* reign of King Edward the Fourth, the *painful* life of King Edward the Fifth, and the *tragical* doings of King Richard the Third." A struggle so protracted and so sanguinary as it was, has not been without permanent political consequences, which I will endeavour to indicate in the course of my remarks. But, however important were these remote results in the national progress, they do not give any interest to the story of the struggle itself. If the War of the Roses be considered by itself—separated on the one hand from the earlier

events with which it is morally connected by retribution for ancestral guilt, and, on the other hand, from the later times in which unlooked-for consequences are seen — there cannot, I think, be found an era of history more unsatisfactory. It is scarcely possible, it seems to me, to awaken in our minds any strong feeling on either side of this domestic war by the statement of the respective claims of the two parties. The particulars of the genealogical question are no sooner received into the mind than they are very apt to escape out of the memory. It is enough, however, to remember, for the purpose of understanding the issue, that both parties trace their claims back to a common ancestor, Edward the Third. There being no descendants from either the first or second son of that sovereign the controversy lay between the posterity of the third and fourth sons. The three Lancastrian kings, being descended from the fourth son, had occupied the throne for more than half a century, to the exclusion of the lineage of the third, to whom the rights of the Duke of Clarence had descended in due course of inheritance. Now a judgment on the respective merits of the Yorkist and Lancastrian claims can only be formed after determining whether the law of the English monarchy is an indefeasible, unalterable, hereditary right, or whether the rule of succession may undergo a change by the action of Parliament as the great national council. Historians, accordingly, are found with York or Lancaster predilections and prejudices as they respectively incline to the theory of the absolute, hereditary right of the monarch, or to that of the supremacy of the Parliament.

Besides the absence of intrinsic interest in the subject, a most vexatious obscurity envelopes the whole period of this civil war. It is very true, as has been said, that "the peculiar hardship in explaining the transactions of those days is, that we do not know what we have to explain, or whether we have anything to explain at all. We have to solve a theorem without a proposition." We have, indeed,

A considerable number of facts distinctly ascertained, but often utterly inexplicable; we know their dates, too, so that we can follow them in order of time; but, as to the sequence, the connection of one with the other, it is utter darkness. One can make his way through this region of history only as a man travels along in an unknown road in a dark and stormy night. There comes a flash of light, giving a lurid and momentary conception of what is near; and, finding to the knowledge thus gained, you venture onward into the dark, till you are startled by another flash that shows you, in a little distance, all your expectations of what lay before you are illusive, and that everything around you is wholly different from what it was just before. *Reed.*

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#### VIEW OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

the reign of Henry the Fifth that sovereign enjoyed a high degree the unanimous and affectionate allegiance his people; and let us, in the first place, consider whether there was anything in the character of his son, Henry the Sixth, that was calculated to alienate from him the duty and the love of his subjects. It may be truly said of this king that, having begun his reign in the months of infancy, carried forward into the years of manhood a most child-like spirit; the very innocence and simplicity of childhood never to have deserted him.

While the character of the king was negative upon the occasion, there were several causes which, in the course of events, proved positive agencies of disaffection to the Lancastrian dynasty. During the minority, while Bedford was absent in France, the administration at home was perplexed and discordant, and the protector, Gloucester, had to struggle with the factious ambition of his rival, Cardinal Beaufort.



The mysterious iniquity of the times begins to show itself, when the Duke of Gloucester is found dead in his bed, murdered, it was believed, but how, why, or by whom, no one to this day has discovered; so that the fact of murder has become a question. In a short space of time the aged rich cardinal expires; and Bedford is dead too; so that the great Lancastrian chiefs have passed away before the worst troubles of the reign begin. Whether or no Cade's rebellion was fomented by the Duke of York for the purpose of promoting his own aggrandisement out of the increased confusion is one of the multitude of uncertainties of the history. York's claim to the crown is not yet made; but the troubles of the reign next take the form of the feud between York and the Lancastrian chief, the Duke of Somerset. It is a dispute between them, that Shakspeare has made the subject of the scene in the Temple garden, in which the origin of the adoption of the respective badges of the two great parties is accounted for. The scene, however, is a purely dramatic creation, without historic authority, as far as is known; and I am not aware that history gives any explanation of the adoption of the white and red roses as the emblems of the Yorkists and Lancastrians respectively; in that scene York, being unable to obtain an oral expression of opinion respecting his hereditary rights, is represented saying:—

“Let him that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honors of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.”

And Somerset adds:—

“Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.”

The angry scene closes with Warwick's prediction:—

"This brawl to-day  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

Before the claim of the Duke of York to the throne was openly asserted, the thoughts of the nation were, during some years, habituated to look to him as the future sovereign in due course of inheritance, he being the heir presumptive, and Henry the Sixth being then childless. The Duke of York became still more prominent in connection with royalty, by being made protector during the disability of the king. To the eyes of the nation, and to his own, the crown was visible as his future possession, until the birth of the Prince of Wales, the son of Henry the Sixth, changed the prospect, and the throne could be reached by the family of York only by a revolutionary change.

The battle of St. Albans, which is regarded as the beginning of the civil war, appears to have been an unpremeditated conflict. The Yorkists gained the battle, and the king fell into their power. The fact of the battle is quite intelligible; but immediately after it, all that the triumphant Yorkists ask is pardon; they renew their oaths of fealty to King Henry, and appear perfectly satisfied, simply because Somerset was killed in the battle. Soon afterwards the gentle king reconciled the contending parties, and a solemn procession to St. Paul's Cathedral took place, in which the leaders of the two parties made a beautiful show of concord by walking hand in hand with each other. It was a very fine spectacle, but it was nothing more than a spectacle. The royal ambition in the soul of York was never quenched; and besides that, it was never forgotten that in the conflict at St. Albans, Somerset, and Clifford, and Northumberland, had fallen by the sword of their Yorkist foes; and now there was burning in the bosoms of their sons and retainers a lust for vengeance which years did not extinguish. Moreover, *there was the queen, the indomitable Margaret of*

Anjou, of whose character I shall speak presently. She was naturally suspicious of the adverse influences which she saw gathering round her husband's throne; and the Yorkists strongly reciprocated the feeling of jealousy as they came to know the might of that strong-witted woman.

The reconciliation endured but a little while, and then came another battle, the Yorkists again victorious; but to the great perplexity of the historical student, the victory is scarcely completed before the fortunes of the conquerors are suddenly depressed, one can hardly tell how or why: the Yorkist army disbands itself, and the leaders flee away to their strongholds.

It was then that the fortunes of the faction were relieved by perhaps the most remarkable personage in this war, Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, "the king-maker," as his successful prowess well entitled him to be styled. Warwick returned, rallied the disbanded army of the Yorkists, gained the battle of Northampton, drove the queen into exile, and brought his sovereign, helpless King Henry, captive to London, — the victorious noblemen all the while paying the show of respectable homage to the prisoner-king. Professions of allegiance were still studiously continued. It was civil war, and not yet a war of succession. But now another change comes over the character of the contest: for while the parliament was in session for the purpose of harmonising the dissensions, the Duke of York walked into Westminster Hall, and mounting on the throne, he placed his hands upon it and stood silent in that attitude. Every voice was hushed. The Primate of England, after a short pause, inquired whether he would visit the king, and the answer was, "I know of no one in this realm who ought not rather to visit me." These words, and the significant gesture, proclaimed for the first time, and in the presence of the assembled parliament, that Richard Plantagenet laid claim to the throne of England. The claim was soon formally submitted to parliament, and there was presented, for the

and last time in English history, the extraordinary spectacle of a king reigning and a king claiming confronted, were, and maintaining their rights in the presence of the council of the realm. When the subject was first brought to King Henry, he said, with a simplicity and earnestness that were impressive: "My father was king; his son was also king; I have worn the crown forty years in my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to my fathers. Now, then, can my right be disputed?" The decision of the lords in parliament was the timid and unsatisfactory refusal to compromise — that process by which men, in their dread of encountering either one of two dangers, bring both down upon themselves. Henry's possession of the crown was confirmed; but on his death, to the exclusion of his son, the house of York and his heirs were to succeed. This wretched compromise was the occasion of another solemn procession of the king to St. Paul's.

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It is at this crisis of the war that we may best turn to the character of Queen Margaret; for upon her was the cause of the Lancastrian succession now dependent. From Shakspeare and the chroniclers we receive a very harsh impression of the character of Margaret of Anjou, for they present her in pulsive if not hideous colors. She is portrayed unfeminine, arbitrary, revengeful, licentious; and even her energy and fortitude are distorted into unnatural ferocity and obduracy. I greatly distrust this representation — not because I am able to find historical authority for a different better character, but because there was so much that would almost irresistibly render the English judgment on the memory prejudiced and unjust. The marriage contract between her and *Henry the Sixth* stipulated for the cession of territory to her father, René of Anjou, that amiable but

perhaps somewhat fantastic person, who was happy in the pompous possession of three regal titles, without a rood of land in either of his kingdoms, Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; and who spent his days in a sort of pleasant dream of the innocent play of chivalry and the songs of troubadours.

Margaret came to England a Frenchwoman, to be the Queen of England just at the time when English pride was exasperated by French victories; and moreover, she was soon placed in the unnatural attitude of supplying by her character the feebleness of her husband's rule.

I dare say that, in her way of life, there may have been much that is revolting to our sense of female character; indeed it could not be otherwise, for a woman can hardly play a man's part in the work of the world without grievous detriment to her own nature. But one is still entitled to contemplate Queen Margaret, not as a vulgar and hideous Amazon, but as a woman under the dire necessity of mingling in scenes of war. After the parliamentary compromise, in which the succession of her son was sacrificed, we can behold her as a heroic matron warring for the rights of her child when the father's feeble hand could not defend them. She gathers an army, which the Duke of York, contemptuously encountering, pays a bloody penalty for the folly of rashly despising an enemy. He was slain at the battle of Wakefield; and, in as short a time as two months after he had walked in procession to St. Paul's as newly-declared heir apparent, his gory head, insulted with a paper crown, was set upon the gate of York.

After such a catastrophe, the reader of history naturally looks for the establishment of Lancastrian supremacy. But no; the rights of the Duke of York, and the feudal inheritance of vengeance for his death, pass to his son, the Earl of March, a youth of nineteen years of age; and from this time the war becomes more ferocious than ever, and with a deeper thirst for revenge. The warlike queen pursues her success by the rescue of her husband from his

captivity; but the young Duke of York enters London, and is proclaimed King Edward the Fourth.

The coronation of the new monarch was postponed until further hostilities should give him stronger possession of the throne. There were now two kings in the land — Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth — and the battle that soon followed between the two royal armies shows more impressively, perhaps, than any other in the war, to what fearful issues of carnage and bloodshed the passions of faction and civil war can drive men of the same kindred and the same homes. No foreigner shared in the strife; there were none but Englishmen present, and of them more than one hundred thousand were drawn up in no very unequal division in hostile array on the field of Towton. Both sovereigns were present, King Edward and King Henry — or perhaps we had better say Queen Margaret. Proclamation had been made that no quarter should be given, and withfully and fiercely was the order obeyed, so that it proved probably the bloodiest battle in British history. The desperate conflict lasted more than a day; and some idea may be formed of the slaughter when it is said the number of the Englishmen slain exceeded the sum of those who fell at Vimiera, Talavera, Albuera, Salamanca, Vittoria, five great battles of the Peninsular War, and at Waterloo combined. The enormous shedding of English blood was by English hands. The battle ended in the total rout of the Lancastrians, and the crown was firmly placed on the brow of Edward the Fourth.

So decided a victory, one would imagine, must have closed the contest; but no; for ten perilous years was the struggle continued, chiefly by the indomitable energy of Queen Margaret. Poor King Henry was betrayed and committed prisoner to the Tower of London, while his queen, eluding her enemies, was without difficulty followed in her rapid and unwearied movements, at one time rallying her *English partisans* and risking battle, again seeking

alliance and help from the King of France. Perils by land and perils by sea making up the wild story of her adventures, we hear of her at one time shipwrecked, and, at another, falling into the hands of a band of roving banditti. She struggled to the last—so long as she had a husband or a child whose rights were to be contended for.

The later years of the war are no less perplexed than the beginning; and I do not know that, in the events that follow, there is to be discovered anything specially characteristic of the age, or expressive of the spirit of the times, except the conduct of that great feudal lord, the Earl of Warwick. It was chiefly by him that Edward IV. had been helped to the throne; and when the king-maker found cause of quarrel with the monarch he turned his allegiance away, and the greatest of the Yorkist chieftains was afterwards an adherent of the Lancastrians. King Edward became the prisoner of the proud nobleman, and one of the extraordinary spectacles which England exhibited in this war, was that of two rival kings, each confined in prison and at the same time. The king-maker was strong enough to lift up the prostrate Lancaster. Edward IV. fled from the palace and the kingdom, and his imprisoned rival was led forth from the Tower to hear the streets of London resounding once more with the name of King Henry. This surprising restoration gave, however, but a brief respite to the Lancastrian family before its final overthrow. The fugitive Edward returned to recover the crown, and, as it proved, to extinguish the opposing dynasty. He landed at Ravenspur—the very place, as has been observed, where Bolingbroke, the Lancastrian progenitor, landed when he came to deprive Richard II. of the crown, and to usurp it for himself; so fatal was that spot to the Plantagenets, first of the one and then of the other line. The landing of Edward at Ravenspur has been compared to the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he came to shake the Bourbons again from the throne so lately restored to them. The comparison holds good as to the boldness and the rapidity

exploits; for, in about forty days, the counter-revolution of Edward was completed.

As regards the first reception and the final results, the tale fails. When Edward landed, he found that none would speak in his favor for dread of Warwick; and he could advance into the country only, as Bolingbroke had done, under the crafty plea that he came to claim no more than his duchy. The disguise was ere long thrown off: he fought and gained a battle in which his chief adversary, the great-maker Warwick, was left dead on the field. He entered London in triumph, was king again, and poor King Henry, of whom we never hear anything, except when something is done to him, was remanded to the Tower, never again to leave it alive.

The last convulsive effort of Queen Margaret was made at Tewkesbury, where the Lancastrian party met with its final defeat. The misery of the hapless queen was compounded by the barbarous murder of her only child, the young Prince of Wales, who was stabbed to death, it is supposed by the king's brothers Clarence and Glo'ster—the horrid deed which Shakspeare has fitly made one of the phantoms that haunted the death-dream of Clarence:—

“Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,  
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,  
‘Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury;  
Seize on him, furies, — take him into torment.’”

The murder of the old king, the harmless Henry, soon followed, the bloody release to his grieved spirit being given by the dagger of the Duke of Glo'ster—if popular belief is rightly rested on that one of the dark deeds which belong to the history of the Tower of London. The Lancastrian king and the Lancastrian heir having been destroyed, our great champion, the Queen Margaret of Anjou, is left alone; and, so far as the story of her life is connected with



the annals of England, the last image which we have of her is, as she stands in the tragic sublimity of woe, discrowned, widowed; childless, captive, and desolate.

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For sixteen years had the War of the Roses lasted, and eleven fierce and bloody battles had been fought by English with English alone within the narrow limits of England. Children had grown up with no other spectacle of their native land than as a battle-ground on which their countrymen were shedding one another's blood; and now that the war was at an end, at least so far as the undisturbed occupation of the throne of England was affected by it, the question naturally presents itself, What meaning had this war? Can it be possible that all this ferocity and havoc was significant of nothing more than the contest for the throne? Can it be that the mere question, which of two cousins should fill the throne,—whether Henry Plantagenet or Edward Plantagenet should wear the crown,—drove the multitudes of men to such fierce extremities of civil strife? Was all the misery and bloodshed of the war expended for no other consequence than a dubious settlement of succession? We should, indeed, study history very superficially if we thought so.

In the progress of constitutional freedom there was a great and permanent consequence of this civil war, which outweighs a thousandfold the importance of any right of York or Lancaster. It was a result which the combatants on neither side contended for, and, indeed, they could not have dreamed of it. It was this: the devastation of the war wrought the downfall of English feudalism, and thus effected a great revolution in the aristocratic element of the Constitution. The war was the unconscious death-struggle of the martial power of the nobility. It would seem as if feudalism was to display its greatest splendor immediately before it was extinguished, as if it were to rise to its highest prowess immediately before it fell into irretrievable ex-

haustion. As the sun of feudal power in England went down, it blazed forth with the light of a larger and redder orb through the clouds of war that gathered around its setting.

During the whole extent of England's history, under the Saxon, Dane, or Norman, the mightiest of her barons was the king-maker Warwick. It was his power that made Edward king and his that unmade him. It was his power that dethroned King Henry and his that restored him. Each monarch in turn became the prisoner and captive of this great earl. With princely revenues and estates, Warwick's vassals were an army; and some notion could be formed of the force he could, at will, bring armed into the field, from the fact that he is said to have daily feasted, at his numerous manors and castles, upwards of thirty thousand persons. The other nobles possessed, in their degree, the power of an armed feudal retinue, ready to follow their lord to battle in any cause of his choosing; and thus there was a baronial power of which modern England shows only the shadow. As the traveller now beholds the stately walls of Warwick Castle, or wanders amid the ruins of Kenilworth,

"Where battlement and moated gate  
Are objects only for the hand  
Of hoary Time to decorate,"

he can scarce with all the impulse given to his imagination call up the vision of the armed hosts which, some three hundred years ago, could, at a moment's summons, be gathered there in battle array.

The war of York and Lancaster was a self-exhausting contest of the nobles. At the battle of Northampton the order was given through the field to strike at the lords, knights, and esquires, rather than at the common people. In the course of the war eighty princes of the blood were killed, and the ancient nobility nearly annihilated. Reed.

## THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE fifteenth century belongs to those rare epochs in the history of the world, in which all the efforts of the human mind are invested with a determinate and common character, and manifest an unswerving direction towards a single object. The unity of these endeavours, the success with which they were crowned, and the vigor and activity displayed by entire nations, give grandeur and enduring splendor to the age of Columbus, of Sebastian Cabot, and of Vasco de Gama. Intervening between two different stages of cultivation, the fifteenth century forms a transition epoch belonging at once to the Middle Ages and to the commencement of modern times. It is the epoch of the greatest discoveries in geographical space, comprising almost all degrees of latitude, and almost every gradation of elevation of the earth's surface. To the inhabitants of Europe it doubled the works of Creation, while at the same time it offered to the intellect new and powerful incitements to the improvement of the national sciences in their physical and mathematical departments.

The world of objects now, as in Alexander's campaigns, but with yet more preponderating power, presented to the combining mind the separate forms of sensible objects, and the concurrent action of animating powers or forces. The scattered images offered to the contemplation of the senses, notwithstanding their number and diversity, were gradually fused into a concrete whole; terrestrial nature was conceived in its generality, no longer according to mere pre-sentiments or conjectures floating in varying forms before the eye of fancy, but as a result of actual observation. The vault of heaven also offered to the yet unassisted eye new regions, adorned with constellations before unseen. As I have already remarked, at no period has there been offered to mankind a greater abundance of new facts, or fuller ma-

is for the foundation of comparative physical geography. In addition, that never were geographical or physical discoveries more influential on human affairs. A larger field was opened, commerce was stimulated by a great increase in the medium of exchange, as well as by a large addition to the number of natural productions valued for their enjoyment; above all, there were laid the foundations of colonies, of a magnitude never before known; and through the agency of all these causes, extraordinary changes wrought in manners and customs, in the condition of mankind long experienced by a portion of mankind, and in the state awakening to political freedom.

Then a particular epoch thus stands out in the history of mankind as marked by important intellectual progress. We shall find on examination that preparations for this progress had been made during a long series of antecedent centuries. It does not appear to belong to the destinies of our race that all portions of it should suffer eclipse and stagnation at the same time. A preserving principle sustains the ever-living process of the progress of reason. The epoch of Columbus attained the fulfilment of its objects not only, because their attainment was the development of the fruitful germs which had been previously deposited by a host of highly gifted men, who formed as it were a long stream of light which we may trace throughout the whole of the time we have been called the Dark Ages. In the history of the contemplation of the universe the discovery of tropical America, by Christopher Columbus, Alonso de Hojeda, and Pedro Cabral, must not be regarded as an isolated event. Its influence on the extension of physical knowledge, and the enrichment of the world of ideas, cannot be justly ended, without casting a brief glance on the preceding centuries, which separate the age of the great nautical discoveries from the period when the scientific cultivation of the Arabians flourished. That which gave to the era of Columbus its distinctive character, as a series of uninter-

rupted and successful exertions for the attainment of new geographical discoveries or of an enlarged knowledge of the earth's surface, was prepared beforehand, slowly, and in various ways. It was so prepared by a small number of courageous men, who roused themselves at once to general freedom of independent thought, and to the investigation of particular natural phenomena; — and by the more extensive knowledge of Eastern Asia, which travelling merchants, and the monks who had been sent as ambassadors to the Mogul princes, circulated amongst those nations of south-western Europe who were most disposed to distant commerce and intercourse, and most eagerly desirous of discovering a shorter route to the Spice Islands. The fulfilment of the wishes which all these causes contributed to excite was in the most important degree facilitated towards the close of the fifteenth century, by advances in the art of navigation, the gradual improvement of nautical instruments, magnetical as well as astronomical; and finally, by the introduction of new methods of determining the ship's place.

Without entering into details in the history of the sciences, we must cite among those who had prepared the way for the epoch of Columbus and Gama, three great names, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Vincent of Beauvais. I have given these three in the order of time, — but the name of most importance, and which belongs to the most comprehensive genius, is unquestionably that of Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk of Ilchester, who studied in Oxford and in Paris. All three were in advance of their age, and acted powerfully upon it. From their greater aversion to empty abstractions, they first urged the necessity of experience and the propriety of augmenting the bases of knowledge, and its recognition through the medium of the senses. Thus, this direction of men's thoughts was at least indirectly influential on the cultivation of experimental natural knowledge.

*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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### THE ENGLISH CRIMINAL LAW IN THE PERIOD PRECEDING THE REFORMATION.

THE English criminal law was in its letter one of the most severe in Europe; in execution it was the most uncertain and irregular. There were no colonies to draw off the criminals; no galley system, as in France and Spain, to absorb them in penal servitude. The country would have laughed to scorn the proposal that it should tax itself to maintain able-bodied men in unemployed imprisonment; and, in the absence of graduated punishments, there was but one step to the gallows from the lash and the branding iron. But, as ever happens, the extreme character of the penalties for crime prevented the enforcement of them; and benefit of clergy on the one hand, and privilege of sanctuary on the other, reduced to a fraction the already small number of offenders whom juries could be found to convict. In earlier ages the terrors of the Church supplied the place of secular retribution, and excommunication was scarcely looked upon as preferable even to death. But in the corrupt period which preceded the Reformation, the consequences were the worst that can be conceived. Spasmodic intervals of extraordinary severity, when twenty thieves, as Sir Thomas More says, might be seen hanging on a single gibbet, were followed by periods when justice was, perhaps, scarcely executed at all.

The State endeavoured to maintain its authority against the immunities of the Church by increasing the harshness of the code. So long as these immunities subsisted, it had no other resource; but judges and magistrates shrank from inflicting penalties so enormously disproportioned to the offence. They could not easily send a poacher or a vagrant to the gallows while a notorious murderer was lounging in comfort in a neighbouring sanctuary, or having just read a sentence from a book at the bar in arrest of judgment.

had been set at liberty for a few shillings. I have met with many convictions for deer-stealing in the Correspondence of the reign of Henry VIII.; I have met with but one instance where the letter of the law was enforced against the offender, unless the minor crime had been accompanied with manslaughter and armed resistance. The leaders of a gang who had for many years infested Windsor Forest were at last taken and hanged. The vagrancy laws sound terribly severe; but, in the reports of the judges on their assizes, of which many remain in the State Paper Office, I have not found one single account of an execution under them. Felons of the worst kind never perhaps had easier opportunities. The parish constables were necessarily inefficient as a police; many of them were doubtless shaped after the model of Dogberry; if they bid a man stand and he would not stand, they would let him go, and thank God they were rid of a knave. There was a sanctuary within reach all over England, even under the very walls of Newgate, where escaped prisoners could secure themselves. The scarcely tolerable license of ordinary times had broken its last bonds during the agitations of the Reformation; and the audacity of the criminal classes had become so great, that organised gangs of them assembled at the gaol deliveries and quarter-sessions to overawe the authorities. Ambitious or violent knights and noblemen interfered to rescue or protect their own dependents. They alone were the guardians of the law, and they at their pleasure could suspend the law; while the habit of admitting plea of clergy, and of respecting precincts of sanctuary, had sunk so deeply into the practice of the country, that, although parliament might declare such privileges curtailed, yet in many districts custom long continued stronger than law. The English, like the Romans, were a people with whom legislation became strong only when it had stiffened into habit, and had entered slowly and formally into possession of their hearts and understandings. *Froude.*

## MARTIN LUTHER (1517).

LUTHER's birthplace was Eisleben in Saxony; he came into the world there on the 10th of November, 1483. It was an accident that gave this honor to Eisleben. His parents, poor mine-laborers in a village of that region, named Mohra, had gone to the Eisleben winter fair: in the tumult of this scene the Frau Luther was taken with travail, found refuge in some poor-house there, and the boy she bore was named Martin Luther.

Richter says of Luther's words: "His words are half-battles." They may be called so. The essential quality of him was, that he could fight and conquer; that he was a right piece of human valor. No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called braver, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic kindred, whose character is valor. His defiance of the "devils" in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken. It was a faith of Luther's, that there were devils, spiritual denizens of the pit, continually besetting men. Many times in his writings this turns up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg, where he sat translating one of the Psalms, he was worn down with long labor, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable image, which he took for the evil one, to forbid his work. Luther started up with fiend-defiance, flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared! The spot still remains there, a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition in a scientific sense: but the man's heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against Hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this earth or under it.

Fearless enough! "The devil is aware," writes he on



one occasion, "that this does not proceed out of fear in me. I have seen and defied innumerable devils. Duke George," of Leipzig, a great enemy of his, "Duke George is not equal to one devil, far short of a devil. If I had business at Leipzig, I would ride into Leipzig, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running." What a reservoir of dukes to ride into! At the same time they err greatly who imagine that this man's courage was ferocity, mere coarse, disobedient obstinacy and savagery, as many do. Far from that. There may be an absence of fear which arises from the absence of thought or affection, from the presence of hatred and stupid fury. We do not value the courage of the tiger highly! With Luther it was far otherwise; no accusation could be more unjust than this of mere ferocious violence brought against him. A most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as indeed the truly valiant heart ever is. The tiger before a stronger foe flies. The tiger is not what we call valiant, only fierce and cruel. I know few things more touching than those soft breathings of affection, soft as a child's or a mother's, in this great wild heart of Luther. So honest, unadulterated with any cant; homely, rude in their utterance, pure as water welling from the rock. What, in fact, was all that down-pressed mood of despair and reprobation, which he suffered in his youth, but the outcome of pre-eminent thoughtful gentleness, affections so keen and fine? It is the course such men as the poor poet Cowper fall into. Luther, to a slight observer, might have seemed a timid, weak man; modesty, affectionate, shrinking tenderness the chief distinction of him. It is a noble valor which is roused in a heart like this, once stirred up into defiance, all kindled into a heavenly blaze.

Once he looks out from his solitary Patmos, the castle of Coburg, in the middle of the night. The great vault of Immensity, long flights of clouds sailing through it, dumb, gaunt, huge,—who supports all that? "None ever saw

the pillars of it, yet it is supported." God supports it. We must know that God is great, that God is good, and just where we cannot see. Returning home from Leipzig once, he is struck by the beauty of the harvest fields. How stands, that golden yellow corn, on its fair taper stem, golden head bent, all rich and waving there,—the meek earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again, bread of man! In the garden at Wittenburg one evening at sunset, a little bird has perched for the night. "That little bird," says Luther, "above it are the stars and the Heaven of worlds; yet it has folded its little wings, trustfully to rest there as in its home: the Maker of all has given it too a home." Neither are mirthful turnings; there is a great, free, human heart in this man. Common speech of him has a rugged nobleness, idiomatic\*, expressive, genuine; gleams here and there with poetical tints. One feels him to be a great brother. His love of music, indeed, is not this, as it were, summary of all these affections in him? Many a wild extemporality he spoke forth from him in the tones of his lute. The devils fled from his flute, he says. Death—on the one hand, and such love of music on the other, I could call these the two opposite poles of a great nature: between these two all great things had room.

*Carlyle.*

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### THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

publication of the English translation of the Bible, with permission for its free use among the people, was accomplished in the year 1536, in the reign of Henry VIII. Before the Reformation two versions existed of the Bible in English,—two certainly, perhaps three. One was Wy-

\* *His translation of the Bible is only equalled by our own.*

cliffe's; another, based on Wycliffe's, but tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards, followed at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and there is said to have been a third, but no copy of *this* is known to survive, and the history of it is vague. The possession or use of these translations was prohibited by the Church under pain of death. They were extremely rare and little read; and it was not till Luther's great movement began in Germany, and his tracts and commentaries found their way into England, that a practical determination was awakened among the people to have before them, in their own tongue, the book on which their faith was built.

A person named William Tyndal felt his heart burdened to accomplish this great work for his country; and for assistance to a learned bishop, discovered rapidly the assistance which he would receive from the Church authorities would be a speedy elevation to martyrdom. He went across the Channel to Luther, and thence to Antwerp, and there, in the year 1526, achieved and printed the first edition of the New Testament. Copies were carried secretly to London, and circulated in thousands by the Christian Brothers. The council threatened; the bishop was anathematised. They opened subscriptions to buy up and burn the hated and dreaded volumes. They burnt them publicly at St. Paul's. The whip, the gaol, the stake did their worst, and their worst was nothing. Three editions were printed before 1530, and in that year a fresh instalment was completed. The Pentateuch was added to the New Testament, and afterwards, by Tyndal himself or under Tyndal's direction, the historical books, the Psalms and Prophets. At length the whole canon was translated, and published in separate portions.

All these were condemned with equal emphasis, but continued to spread. The progress of the evil had, in 1534, become so considerable as to be the subject of an angry protest to the crown from the episcopal bench. The

plained of the translations as inaccurate, — of unbecoming reflections on themselves in the prefaces and side-notes. They required stronger powers of repression, more frequent holocausts\*, a more efficient inquisitorial police. In Henry's reply they found that the waters of *their* life were poisoned at the spring. The king, too, was infected with the madness. The king would have the Bible in English; and directed them, if the translation was unsound, to prepare a better translation without delay. But the bishops remained for several years inactive, and at length the king's patience was exhausted. The legitimate methods having been tried in vain, he acted on his own responsibility. Miles Coverdale silently went abroad with a license from the Crown, with Tyndal's help collected and edited the scattered portions, and in 1536 there appeared in London, published under authority and dedicated to Henry VIII., the first complete copy of the English Bible. The fountain of the new opinions—so long dreaded, so long execrated—was thenceforth to lie open in every church in England; and the clergy were ordered not to permit only, but to encourage all men to resort to it and read. *Froude.*



#### CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE UNDER EDWARD VI.

FOLLOWING, boylike, the Platonic analogy between the body of the individual and the body politic, Edward saw in all men the members of a common organisation, where each was to work, and each ought to be contented with the moderate gratification of his own desires. The country required an order of gentlemen; but gentlemen should not have so much as they had in France, where the peasantry was of no value. In a well-ordered commonwealth no

\* *Holocausts, burnt sacrifices; wholesale burnings.*

one should have more than the proportion of the general stock would bear. In the body no member had too much or too little; in the commonwealth every man should have enough for healthy support, not enough for indulgence. Again, as every member of the body was obliged "to work and take pains," so there should be no unit in the commonwealth which was not "laborsome in his vocation." "The gentleman should do service in his country, the serving-man should wait diligently on his master, the artisan should work at his trade, the husbandman at his tillage, the merchant in passing the tempesta." The vagabond should be banished as "the superfluous humor of the body," "the spittle and filth which is put out by strength of nature."

Looking at England, however, as England was, the young king saw "all things out of order." "Farming gentlemen and clerking knights," neglecting their duties as overseers of the people, "were exercising the gain of living." "They would have their twenty miles square of their own land or of their own farms." Artificers and clothiers no longer worked honestly; the necessities of life had risen in price, and the laborers had raised their wages, "whereby to recompense the loss of things they bought." The country swarmed with vagabonds; and those who broke the laws escaped punishment by bribery or through foolish pity. The lawyers, and even the judges, were corrupt. Peace and order were violated by religious dissensions and universal neglect of the law. Offices of trust were bought and sold, benefices impropriated\*, tillage ground turned to pasture, "not considering the sustaining of men." The poor were robbed by the enclosures, and extravagance in dress and idle luxury of living were eating like ulcers into the state. These were the vices of the age; nor were they likely, as Edward thought, to yield in any way to the most correct formula of justification. The "medicines to

\* *Impropriated*, given over to laymen.

sure these sores" were to be looked for in good education, good laws, and "just execution of the laws without respect of persons, in the example of rulers, the punishment of misdoers, and the encouragement of the good." Corrupt magistrates should be deposed, seeing that those who were themselves guilty would not enforce the laws against their own faults; and all gentlemen and noblemen should be compelled to reside on their estates, and fulfil the duties of their place. Meanwhile, amidst discussions on the remedies of evils, the evils themselves for the most part continued. Discipline could not be restored. The king's abilities did not anticipate his majority; the revenues were still unpaid. Officials, indeed, in the interest of Northumberland were permitted to indemnify themselves for their services. Bishop Ponet, for instance, composed a catechism, which was ordered for general use, and was allowed a "monopoly of the printing." But ordinary persons, servants, artisans, tradesmen in public employment, "fed upon the chameleon's dish," and still cried in vain for their wages—it might be from prison. Prices of provisions would not abate. Vainly the Duke of Northumberland reprimanded the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall; vainly butchers' carts were seized and the meat was forfeited; vainly the dealers were threatened with the loss of their freedom and expulsion from the towns and cities; the distrust and hatred of the administration were too strong for menace.

*Froude.*



## THE PROTECTOR'S ERRORS.

SUCH was the result of an administration of something less than three years by the Duke of Somerset. He had found the country at peace, recruiting itself after a long and exhausting war. The struggle which he had reopened had cost, with the commotions of the summer, almost a million and a half, when the regular revenue was but 300,000*l.*, and of that sum a third was wasted on the expenses of the household. The confiscated church lands, intended to have been sold for public purposes, had been made away with, and the exchequer had been supplied by loans at interest of thirteen and fourteen per cent by a steadily maintained drain upon the currency. In return for the outlay he had to show Scotland utterly lost, the imperial alliance trifled away, the people at home mutinous, a rebellion extinguished by foreign mercenaries, in which 10,000 lives had been lost, the French conquests held by Henry VIII. as a guarantee for a repudiated debt on the point of being wrested from his hands, and of the two million crowns due for them, but a small fraction likely now to be forthcoming; finally, foreign war, with its coming obligations and uncertainties.

The blame was not wholly his. The Protector's power was probably less than it seemed to be, and the ill will, and perhaps the rival schemes of others, may have thwarted projects in themselves feasible. Yet it may be doubted whether, if he had been wholly free to pursue his own way, his blunders would not have been even more considerable; and by contemporary statesmen delicate allowances were not likely to be made for a ruler who had grasped at an authority which had not been intended for him, and had obtained it under conditions which he had violated. His intentions had been good, but there were so many of them *that he was betrayed by their very number.* He was po-

ular with the multitude, for he was the defender of the poor against the rich ; but the magnificent weakness of his character had aimed at achievements beyond his ability. He had attempted the work of a giant with the strength of a woman, and in his failures he was passionate and unmanageable ; while the princely name and the princely splendour which he affected, the vast fortune which he had amassed amidst the ruin of the national finances, and the place which was rising before the eyes of the world amidst the national defeats and misfortunes, combined to embitter the irritation with which the council regarded him.

In the presence, therefore, of the fruits of Somerset's mismanagement, it is idle to look for the causes of his deposition from power in private intrigue or personal ambition. Both intrigue and ambition there may have been ; but assuredly the remaining executors of the will of Henry III. would have been as negligent as Somerset was incapable, if they had allowed the interests of the nation to remain any longer in his hands. He had been sworn to do no matter of importance without their advice and consent ; he had acted alone, he had not sought their advice, and he would not listen to their remonstrances, and the consequences were before them. Warwick, Southampton, Russell, Herbert, St. John, Arundel, Paget, might possibly govern no better, but they had not failed as yet, and Somerset had failed. Their advice, if taken in time, would have saved Boulogne and perhaps prevented the rebellion ; and whether others were fit or unfit, the existing state of England was a fatal testimony of the incapacity of the Protector.

*Froude.*



## CRANMER'S RECANTATION.

[The archbishop had, after a stern and protracted refusal, been persuaded to renounce his convictions; and he is brought forth from the Tower to proclaim publicly his new faith.]

THE March morning broke wild and stormy.

The sermon intended to be preached at the stake was adjourned, in consequence of the wet, to St. Mary's, where a high stage was erected, on which Cranmer was to stand conspicuous. Peers, knights, doctors, students, priests, men-at-arms, and citizens, thronged the narrow aisles, and through the midst of them the archbishop was led in by the mayor. As he mounted the platform many of the spectators were in tears. He knelt and prayed silently, and Cole, the Provost of Eton, then took his place in the pulpit.

Although, by a strained interpretation of the law, it could be pretended that the time of grace had expired with the trial, yet, to put a man to death at all after recantation was a proceeding so violent and unusual that some excuse or some explanation was felt to be necessary.

Cole, therefore, first declared why it was expedient that the late archbishop should suffer, notwithstanding his reconciliation. One reason was, "for that he had been a great causer of all the altercations in the realm of England; and when the matter of the divorce between King Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine was commenced in the Court of Rome, he, having nothing to do with it, sate upon it as a judge, which was the entry to all the inconveniences which followed." Yet in that Mr. Cole excused him,—that he thought he did it not out of malice, but by the persuasion and advice of certain learned men.

Another occasion was, "for that he had been the great setter forth of all the heresy received into the Church in the latter times, had written in it, had disputed, had con-

tinued it even to the last hour, and it had never been seen, in the time of schism, that any man continuing so long had been pardoned, and that it was not to be remitted for example's sake."

"And other causes," Cole added, "moved the queen and council thereto, which were not meet and convenient for every one to understand."

The explanations being finished, the preacher exhorted his audience to take example from the spectacle before them, to fear God, and learn that there was no power against the Lord:—

There, in their presence, stood a man, one "of so high degree—sometime one of the chief prelates of the Church—an archbishop, the chief of the council, the second person of the realm; of long time, it might be thought, in great assurance, a king on his side;" and now, "notwithstanding all his authority and defence, debased from a high estate unto a low degree—of a councillor become a caitiff, and set it in so wretched estate that the poorest wretch would not change conditions with him."

Cranmer's own turn to speak was now come. When the prayer was finished, the preacher said, "Lest any man should doubt the sincerity of this man's repentance, you shall hear him speak before you.

"I pray you, Master Cranmer," he added, turning to him, "that you will now perform that you promised not long ago, that you would openly express the true and undoubted profession of your faith."

"I will do it," the archbishop answered.

"Good Christian people," he began, "my dear beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, I beseech you most heartily to pray for me to Almighty God that He will forgive me all my sins and offences, which be many and without number, and great above measure; one grieveth my conscience more than all the rest, whereof, God willing, I shall speak more; but how many or how great soever they be, I

beseech you to pray God of His mercy to pardon and forgive them all.

“For this you may be sure, that whosoever hateth his brother or sister, and goeth about maliciously to hinder or hurt him, surely, and without all doubt, God is not with that man, although he think himself never so much in God's favor.

“Next I exhort them that have great substance and riches of this world, that they may well consider and weigh these three sayings of the Scriptures. One is of our Saviour Christ himself, who saith that it is a hard thing for a rich man to come to heaven; a sore saying, and spoken of Him that knoweth the truth. The second is of St. John, whose saying is this: ‘He that hath the substance of this world, and seeth his brother in necessity, and shutteth up his compassion and mercy from him, how can he say he loveth God?’ The third is of St. James, who speaketh to the covetous and rich men after this manner: ‘Weep and howl for the misery which shall come upon you! your riches doth rot, your clothes be moth-eaten, your gold and silver is cankered and rusty, and the rust thereof shall bear witness against you, and consume you like fire; you gather and hoard up treasure of God's indignation against the last day.’ I tell them which be rich, ponder the sentences; for if ever they had occasion to show their charity they have now at this present, the poor people being so many and victuals so dear; for although I have been long in prison yet have I heard of the great penury of the poor.

The people listened breathless, “intending upon the conclusion.”

“And now I come to the great thing that troubled my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, to

save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written and signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall first be punished, for if I may come to the fire it shall be the first burnt."

So far the archbishop was allowed to continue before his astonished hearers could collect themselves. "Play the Christian man," Lord Williams at length was able to call; "remember yourself; do not dissemble." "Alas! my lord," the archbishop answered, "I have been a man that all my life loved plainness, and never dissembled till now, which I am most sorry for." He would have gone on, but cries now rose on all sides, "Pull him down!" "Stop his mouth!" "Away with him!" and he was borne off by the throng out of the church. The stake was a quarter of a mile distant, at the spot already consecrated by the deaths of Ridley and Latimer. Priests and monks "who did rue to see him go so wickedly to his death, ran after him, exhorting him, while time was, to remember himself." But Cranmer, having flung down the burden of his shame, had recovered his strength, and such words had no longer power to trouble him. He approached the stake with "a cheerful countenance," undressed in haste, and stood upright in his shirt. Soto and another Spanish friar continued expostulating; but finding they could effect nothing, one said in Latin to the other, "Let us go from him, for the devil is within him." An Oxford theologian — his name was Ely — being more clamorous, drew from him only the answer that, as touching his recantation, "he repented him right sore, because he knew that it was against the truth."

"Make short, make short!" Lord Williams cried hastily. The archbishop shook hands with his friends; Ely only drew back, calling, "Recant, recant!" and bidding others not approach him.

"This was the hand that wrote it," Cranmer said, ex-

tending his right arm; "this was the hand that wrote it, therefore it shall suffer first punishment." Before his body was touched, he held the offending member steadily in the flame, "and never stirred nor cried." The wood was dry and mercifully laid; the fire was rapid at its work, and he was soon dead. "His friends," said a Catholic bystander, "sorrowed for love, his enemies for pity, strangers for a common kind of humanity, whereby we are bound to one another."

So perished Cranmer. He was brought out, with the eyes of his soul blinded, to make sport for his enemies, and in his death he brought upon them a wider destruction than he had effected by his teaching while alive. Pole was appointed the next day to the see of Canterbury; but in other respects the court had over-reached themselves by their cruelty. Had they been content to accept the recantation, they would have left the archbishop to die broken-hearted, pointed at by the finger of pitying scorn; and the Reformation would have been disgraced in its champion. They were tempted, by an evil spirit of revenge, into an act unsanctioned even by their own bloody laws; and they gave him an opportunity of redeeming his fame, and of writing his name in the roll of martyrs. The worth of a man must be measured by his life, not by his failure under a single and peculiar trial. The Apostle, though forewarned, denied his Master on the first alarm of danger; yet that Master who knew his nature in its strength and its infirmity, chose him for the rock on which he would build His Church. *Froude.*

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## ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS (1603—1688).

THE groundwork of the national character has been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless school-boy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed around him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy

than is now felt for a galled horse or an overdriven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and watercasks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, one in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class doubtless has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

Yet, in spite of evidence, many still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as

they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare: but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilisation. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England, in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns; and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too, shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably



paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye-bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

*Macaulay.*

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#### OLIVER CROMWELL (1653—1658).

HALLAM truly says that, though it is impossible to rank Cromwell with Napoleon as a general, yet "his exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the effects of an original uneducated capacity." Bonaparte was trained in the best military schools; the army which he led to Italy was one of the finest that ever existed. Cromwell passed his youth and the prime of his manhood in a civil situation. He never looked on war till he was more than forty years old. He had first to form himself, and then to form his troops. Out of raw levies he created an army the bravest and the best disciplined, the most orderly in peace and the most terrible in war, that Europe had seen. He called this body into existence. He led it to conquest. He never fought a battle without gaining it. He never gained a battle without annihilating the force

l to him. Yet his victories were not the highest of his military system. The respect which his troops property, their attachment to the laws and religion country, their submission to the civil power, their discipline, their intelligence, their industry, are without —It was after the Restoration that the spirit which great leader had infused into his soldiers was most displayed. At the command of the established government, an established government which had no of enforcing obedience, fifty thousand soldiers, lacks no enemy had ever seen either in domestic or mental war, laid down their arms and retired into as of the people, thenceforward to be distinguished superior diligence, sobriety, and regularity in the of peace, from the other members of the community they had saved.

the general spirit and character of his administration, like Cromwell far superior to Napoleon. "In civil government," says Mr. Hallam, "there can be no adequate between one who had sucked only the dregs of a fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open." These expressions, it seems to us, the highest eulogium upon our great countryman.—

and philosophy did not teach the conqueror of to command his passions, or to pursue, as a first the happiness of his people. They did not prevent him from risking his fame and his power in a fanatic contest the principles of human nature and the laws of the world, against the rage of the winter and the of the sea. They did not exempt him from the of that most pernicious of superstitions, a precious fatalism. They did not preserve him from the of prosperity, or restrain him from indecent usness in adversity. On the other hand, the fanaticism of Cromwell never urged him on impracticable things, or confused his perception of the public good.

Our countryman, inferior to Napoleon in invention, was far superior to him in wisdom. The French emperor is among conquerors what Voltaire is among writers, a miraculous child. His splendid genius was frequently clouded by fits of humor as absurdly perverse as those of the pet of the nursery, who quarrels with his food and dashes his playthings to pieces. Cromwell was emphatically a *MAN*. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind, that equally diffused intellectual health, which, if our national partiality does not mislead us, has peculiarly characterised the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty. The cup which has intoxicated almost all others sobered him. His spirit, restless from its own buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it. He had nothing in common with that large class of men who distinguish themselves in subordinate posts, and whose incapacity becomes obvious as soon as the public voice summons them to take the lead. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince. Napoleon had a theatrical manner, in which the coarseness of a revolutionary guard-room was blended with the ceremony of the old Court of Versailles. Cromwell, by the confession even of his enemies, exhibited in his demeanour the simple and natural nobleness of a man neither ashamed of his origin nor vain of his elevation, of a man who had found his proper place in society, and who felt secure that he was competent to fill it. Easy, even to familiarity, where his own dignity was concerned, he was punctilious only for his country. His own character he left to take care of itself; he left it to be defended by his victories in war and his reforms in peace. But he was a jealous and implacable guardian of the public honor; and no sovereign ever carried to the throne so large a portion of

the best qualities of the middling orders, so strong a sympathy with the feelings and interests of his people. He was sometimes driven to arbitrary measures, but he had a high, stout, honest English heart. Hence it was that he loved to surround his throne with such men as Hale and Blake. Hence it was that he allowed so large a share of political liberty to his subjects; and that, even when an opposition dangerous to his power and to his person almost compelled him to govern by the sword, he was still anxious to leave a germ from which, at a more favorable season, free institutions might spring. We firmly believe that, if his first parliament had not commenced its debates by disputing his title, his government would have been as mild at home as it was energetic and able abroad. He was a soldier; he had risen by war. Had his ambition been of an impure or selfish kind, it could have been easy for him to plunge his country into continental hostilities on a large scale, and to dazzle the restless factions which he ruled by the splendor of his victories. Some of his enemies have sneeringly remarked, that in the successes obtained under his administration he had no personal share; as if a man who had raised himself from obscurity to empire solely by his military talents could have any unworthy reason for shrinking from military enterprise. This reproach is his highest glory. In the success of the English navy he could have no selfish interest. His triumphs added nothing to his fame; its increase added nothing to his means of overawing his enemies; its great end was not his friend. Yet he took a peculiar pleasure in encouraging that noble service which, of all the instruments employed by an English government, is the most potent for mischief and the most powerful for good. His administration was glorious, but with no vulgar glory. It was not one of those periods of overstrained and unavailing exertion which produce debility and languor. *He placed England at the head of the Protestant interest,*

and in the first rank of Christian powers. He taught every nation to value her friendship and to dread her enmity. But he did not squander her resources in a vain attempt to invest her with that supremacy which no power in the modern system of Europe can safely affect, or can long retain.

*Macaulay.*

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### WILLIAM OF ORANGE (1687).

THE place which William Henry, Prince of Orange, occupies in the history of England, and of mankind, is so great that it may be desirable to portray with some minuteness the strong lineaments of his character.

At the period of his arrival in England, he was in his thirty-seventh year; but both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counsellors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity — and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humored man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers.

Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler, and education had developed those quali-

ties in no common degree. With strong natural sense, and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy then supreme in the United Provinces.—The common people, fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated, whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the Republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interests, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood, he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity.

Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the court of Eng-

land ; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favor, and take away the sting of a refusal.

The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of important business ripened in him at a time of life when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. Since Octavius the world had seen no such instance of precocious statesmanship. Skilful diplomatists were surprised to hear the weighty observations which, at seventeen, the Prince made on public affairs ; and still more surprised to see a lad, in situations in which he might have been expected to betray strong passion, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen he sate among the fathers of the commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At twenty-three he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet ; he was the soul of a mighty coalition, and he had contended with honor in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age.

He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities ; but the strength of his emotions was not unsuspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any signs of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief ; but those who knew him well and saw him near were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that

anger deprived him of power over himself; but when he was really enraged the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again.

His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, cordial, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit at table many hours, and bear his full share in festive conversation.

*Macaulay.*

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### LA HOGUE (1692).

It was resolved that a camp should be formed on the coast of Normandy, and that in this camp all the Irish regiments which were in the French service should be assembled under their countryman Sarsfield. With them were to be joined about ten thousand French troops. A noble fleet of about eighty ships of the line was to convoy this force to the shores of England. In the dockyards both of Brittany and of Provence immense preparations were made. Forty-four men-of-war, some of which were among the finest that had ever been built, were assembled in the harbor of Brest under Tourville. The Count of Estrées, with thirty-five more, was to sail from Toulon. Ushant was fixed for the place of rendez-vous. The very day was named. In order that there might be no want either of seamen or of vessels



for the intended expedition, all maritime trade, all privateering was, for a time, interdicted by a royal mandate. Three hundred transports were collected near the spot where the troops were to embark. It was hoped that all would be ready early in the spring, before the English ships were half-rigged or half-manned, and before a single Dutch man-of-war was in the Channel.

But the extensive plan which had been formed in the winter had, in the course of the spring, been disconcerted by a succession of accidents such as are beyond the control of human wisdom. The time fixed for the assembling of all the maritime forces of France at Ushant had long elapsed; and not a single sail had appeared at the place of rendez-vous. The Atlantic squadron was still detained by bad weather in the port of Brest. The Mediterranean squadron, opposed by a strong west wind, was vainly struggling to pass the Pillars of Hercules. Two fine vessels had gone to pieces on the rocks of Ceuta. Meanwhile the admiralities of the allied powers had been active. Before the end of April the English fleet was ready to sail. Three noble ships, just launched from our dockyards, appeared for the first time on the water. William had been hastening the maritime preparations of the United Provinces, and his exertions had been successful.

The whole force of the confederate powers was assembled at Saint Helen's in the second week of May, more than ninety sail of the line, manned by between thirty and forty thousand of the finest seamen of the two great maritime nations.

On the 15th of May the masts of Tourville's squadron were seen from the cliffs of Portland. One messenger galloped with the news from Weymouth to London, and roused Whitehall at three in the morning. Another took the coast road, and carried the intelligence to Russell. All was ready; and on the morning of the 17th of May the allied fleet stood out to sea.

Tourville was within a few leagues of Barfleur when, before daybreak, on the morning of the 19th, he saw the great armament of the allies stretching along the eastern coast. He determined to bear down on them. By eight the two lines of battle were formed, but it was eleven before the firing began. It soon became plain that the English, from the admiral downward, were resolved to do their duty. Russell had visited all his ships and exhorted all his crews: "If your commanders play false," he said, "over-board with them, and with myself the first." There was no defection. There was no slackness. Carter was the first who broke the French line. He was struck by a splinter of one of his own yard-arms, and fell dying on the deck. He would not be carried below. He would not let go his sword. "Fight the ship," were his last words; "fight the ship as long as she can swim." The battle lasted till four in the afternoon. The roar of the guns was distinctly heard more than twenty miles off by the army which was encamped on the coast of Normandy. During the earlier part of the day the wind was favorable to the French: they were opposed to half of the allied fleet; and against that half they maintained the conflict with their usual courage and with more than their usual seamanship. After a hard and doubtful fight of five hours, Tourville thought that enough had been done to maintain the honor of the white flag, and began to draw off. But by this time, the wind had veered, and was with the allies. They were now able to avail themselves of their great superiority of force. They came on fast. The retreat of the French became a flight. Shortly their fleet was scattered far over the sea. About twenty of the smallest ships made their escape by a road which was too perilous for any courage but the courage of despair. In the double darkness of night and of a thick sea-fog, they ran, with all their sails spread, through the boiling waves and treacherous rocks of the Race of Alderney, and by a strange good-fortune, arrived without a single

disaster at Saint Maloes. The pursuers did not venture to follow the fugitives into that terrible strait, the place of innumerable shipwrecks.

Three ships which had fled to Cherburg were closely chased by an English squadron under the command of Delaval. He found them hauled up into shoal water, where no large man-of-war could get at them. He therefore determined to attack them with his fire-ships and boats. The service was gallantly and successfully performed. In a short time, the French admiral's ship the "Royal Sun" and her two consorts were burnt to ashes. Part of the crews escaped to the shore, and part fell into the hands of the English.

Russell, meanwhile, had blockaded La Hogue, and was preparing for an attack. On the afternoon of the 23rd of May all was ready. A flotilla, consisting of sloops, of fire-ships, and of two hundred boats, was entrusted to the command of Rooke. The whole armament was in the highest spirits. The rowers, flushed by success, and animated by the thought that they were going to fight under the eyes of the French and Irish troops, who had been assembled for the purpose of subjugating England, pulled manfully and with loud huzzas towards the six huge wooden castles which lay close to Fort Lissel. The French, though an eminently brave people, have always been more liable to sudden panics than their phlegmatic neighbours the English and Germans. On this day there was panic both in the fleet and in the army. Tourville ordered his sailors to man their boats, and would have led them to encounter the enemy in the bay. But his example and his exhortations were vain. His boats turned round and fled in confusion.

The great conflict which had raged during five days over a wide extent of sea and shore, ended at noon on the 24th of May. One English fire-ship had perished in its calling. *Sixteen* French men-of-war, all noble vessels, and eight of them three-deckers, had been sunk or burned down

the keel. The battle is called, from the place where it terminated, the battle of La Hogue.

The news was received in London with boundless exultation. In the fight on the open sea, indeed, the numerical superiority of the allies had been so great that they had little reason to boast of their success. But the courage and skill with which the crews of the English boats had, in a French harbor, in sight of a French army, and under the fire of French batteries, destroyed a fine fleet, amply justified the pride with which our fathers pronounced the name of La Hogue. That we may fully enter into their feelings, we must remember that this was the first great check that had ever been given to the arms of Louis XIV., and the first great victory that the English had gained over the French since the day of Agincourt. The public joy was therefore not only universal. During several days the bells of London pealed without ceasing. Flags were flying on all the steeples. Rows of candles were in all the windows. Bonfires were at all the corners of the streets. *Macaulay.*

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#### BATTLE OF BLENHEIM (1704).

HOLINGBROKE rightly says that, previous to the Revolution of 1688, during the whole progress that Louis XIV. made in obtaining such exorbitant power as gave him such well-founded hopes of acquiring at last to his family the Spanish monarchy, England had been either an idle spectator of what passed on the Continent, or a faint and uncertain ally against France, or a warm and sure ally on her side, or a partial mediator between her and the powers confederated together in their common defence. But though the court of England submitted to abet the usurpations of France, and the King of England stooped to be her pensioner, the crime was not national. *On the contrary, the nation cried out loudly against it, even whilst it was being committed.*

Holland alone, of all the European powers, opposed from the very beginning a steady and uniform resistance to the ambition and power of the French king. It was against Holland that the fiercest attacks of France were made; and though often, apparently, on the eve of complete success, they were always ultimately baffled by the stubborn bravery of the Dutch, and the heroism of their great leader, William of Orange. When he became King of England, the power of this country was thrown decidedly into the scale against France; but though the contest was thus rendered unequal, though William acted throughout "with invincible firmness, like a patriot and a hero," France had the general superiority in every war and in every treaty; and the commencement of the eighteenth century found the last league against her dissolved, all the forces of the confederates against her dispersed, and many disbanded; while France continued armed, with her veteran forces by sea and land increased, and held in readiness to act on all sides whenever the opportunity should arise for seizing on the great prizes which, from the very beginning of his reign, had never been lost sight of by her king.

It must be borne in mind, that the ambition of Louis in these wars was twofold. It had its immediate and its ulterior objects. Its immediate object was to conquer and annex to France the neighbouring provinces and towns that were most convenient for the increase of her strength: but the ulterior object of Louis, from the time of his marriage to the Spanish Infanta in 1659, was to acquire for the house of Bourbon the whole empire of Spain. A formal renunciation of all right to the Spanish succession had been made at the time of the marriage; but such renunciations were never of any practical effect, and many casuists and jurists of the age even held them to be intrinsically void. As time passed on, and the prospect of Charles II. of Spain dying without lineal heirs became more and more certain, so did the claims of the house of Bourbon to the Spanish crown

after his death become a matter of urgent interest to French ambition on the one hand, and to the other powers of Europe on the other. At length the unhappy King of Spain died. By his will he appointed Philip, Duke of Anjou, one of Louis XIV.'s grandsons, to succeed him on the throne of Spain, and strictly forbade any partition of his dominions. Louis well knew that a general European war would follow if he accepted for his house the crown thus bequeathed; but he had been preparing for this crisis throughout his reign. He sent his grandson into Spain as King Philip V. of that country, addressing to him on his departure the memorable words, "There are no longer any Pyrenees."

The empire, which now received the grandson of Louis as its king, comprised, besides Spain itself, the strongest part of the Netherlands, Sardinia, Sicily, Naples, the principality of Milan, and other possessions in Italy, the Philippines and Manilla Islands in Asia, and in the New World, besides California and Florida, the greatest part of Central and of Southern America. Philip was well received in Madrid, where he was crowned as King Philip V. in the beginning of 1701.

The distant portions of his empire sent in their adhesion; and the house of Bourbon, either by its French or Spanish troops, now had occupation both of the kingdom of Francis I. and of the fairest and amplest portion of the empire of the great rival of Francis, Charles V.

Loud was the wrath of Austria, whose princes were the rival claimants of the Bourbons for the empire of Spain. The indignation of our William III., though not equally loud, was far more deep and energetic. By his exertions a league against the house of Bourbon was formed between England, Holland, and the Austrian emperor, which was subsequently joined by the Kings of Portugal and Prussia, by the Duke of Savoy, and by Denmark. Indeed the alarm throughout Europe was now general and urgent. It was clear that Louis aimed at consolidating France and the Spanish dominions into one preponderating empire. At the

moment when Philip was departing to take possession of Spain, Louis had issued letters-patent in his favor, to the effect of preserving his rights to the throne of France. And Louis had himself obtained possession of the important frontier of the Spanish Netherlands with its numerous fortified cities, which were given up to his troops under pretence of securing them for the young King of Spain. Whether the formal union of the two crowns was likely to take place speedily or not, it was evident that the resources of the whole Spanish monarchy were now virtually at the French king's disposal.

The death of King William, on the 8th of March, 1702, at first seemed likely to paralyse the league against France; for, "notwithstanding the ill-success with which he made war generally, he was looked upon as the sole centre of union that could keep together the great confederacy then forming; and how much the French feared from his life had appeared a few years before in the extravagant and indecent joy they expressed on a false report of his death. A short time showed how vain the fears of some and the hopes of others were." Queen Anne, within three days after her accession, went down to the House of Lords, and there declared her resolution to support the measures planned by her predecessor, who had been "the great support, not only of these kingdoms, but of all Europe."

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War was formally declared by the allies against France on the 4th of May, 1702. The principal scenes of its operation were, at first, Flanders, the Upper Rhine, and North Italy. Marlborough headed the allied troops in Flanders during the first two years of the war, and took some towns from the enemy, but nothing decisive occurred; nor did any actions of importance take place during this period between the rival armies in Italy. But in the centre of that line from north to south, from the mouth of the Scheldt to

the mouth of the Po, along which the war was carried on, the generals of Louis XIV. acquired advantages, in 1703, which threatened one chief member of the Grand Alliance with utter destruction. France had obtained the important assistance of Bavaria as her confederate in the war. The elector of this powerful German state made himself master of the strong fortress of Ulm, and opened a communication with the French armies on the Upper Rhine. By this junction the troops of Louis were enabled to assail the emperor in the very heart of Germany. In the autumn of the year 1703, the combined armies of the elector and French king completely defeated the Imperialists in Bavaria; and in the following winter they made themselves masters of the important cities of Augsburg and Passau. Meanwhile the French army of the Upper Rhine and Moselle had beaten the allied armies opposed to them, and taken Treves and Landau. At the same time, the discontented in Hungary with Austria again broke out into open insurrection, so as to distract the attention and complete the terror of the emperor and his council at Vienna.

Marlborough had watched, with the deepest anxiety, the progress of the French arms on the Rhine and in Bavaria, and he saw the futility of carrying on a war of post and sieges in Flanders, while the death-blows to the empire were being dealt on the Danube. He resolved, therefore, to let the war in Flanders languish for a year, while he moved with all the disposable forces that he could collect to the central scenes of decisive operations.

Crossing the river Neckar, Marlborough marched in a south-eastern direction to Mundelshene, where he had his first personal interview with Prince Eugene, who was destined to be his colleague on so many glorious fields. Thence through a difficult and dangerous country, Marlborough continued his march against the Bavarians, whom he encountered on the 2nd of July, on the heights of the Schulenberg, near Donauwert. Marlborough stormed their



entrenched camp, crossed the Danube, took several places in Bavaria, and made himself completely master of the elector's dominions, except the fortified cities of Regensburg and Augsburg. But the elector's army, though defeated at Donauwert, was still numerous and strong. At last Marshal Tallard, when thoroughly apprised of the real nature of Marlborough's movements, crossed the Rhine and being suffered, through the supineness of the general at Stollhoffen, to march without loss through the Black Forest, he united his powerful army at Biberach near Augsburg, with that of the elector and the troops under Marshal Marsin, who had previously been operating with Bavarians. On the other hand, Marlborough re-crossed the Danube, and on the 11th of August brought his army with the Imperialist forces under Prince Eugene. The combined armies occupied a position near Heilbrunn a little higher up the left bank of the Danube than Donauwert, the scene of Marlborough's recent victory, and exactly on the ground where Marshal Villars and the elector had defeated an Austrian army in the preceding year. The French marshals and the elector were now in a little farther to the east, between Blenheim and Heilbrunn, and with the little stream of the Nebel between them and the troops of Marlborough and Eugene. The Bavarian army, consisted of above 60,000 men, and had sixty-one pieces of artillery. The army of the elector were about 56,000 strong, with fifty-two guns.

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Early in the morning of the 13th of August, the French left their own camp and marched towards the enemy. A thick haze covered the ground, and it was not till the allied right and centre had advanced nearly within the range of shot of the enemy that Tallard was aware of their approach. He made his preparations with what haste he could. At about eight o'clock a heavy fire of artillery was opened

French right on the advancing left wing of the British. Marlborough ordered up some of his batteries to reply to and while the columns that were to form the allied left centre deployed, and took up their proper stations in line, a warm cannonade was kept up by the guns on sides. The ground which Eugene's columns had to cross was peculiarly difficult, especially for the passage of artillery; and it was nearly mid-day before he could get his troops into line opposite to Lutzingen. During this interval, Marlborough ordered divine service to be performed by the chaplains at the head of each regiment, and rode along the lines and found both officers and men in the highest spirits, and waited impatiently for the signal for the attack. At length an aide-de-camp galloped up to the right with the welcome news that Eugene was in the rear. Marlborough instantly sent Lord Curtis with a brigade of infantry to assault the village of Blenheim, while he himself led the main body down the eastward slope of the valley of Nebel, and prepared to effect the passage of the stream. The assault on Blenheim, though bravely made, was repulsed with severe loss; and Marlborough, seeing how strongly that village was garrisoned, desisted from any further attempts to carry it, and bent all his efforts to breaking the enemy's line between Blenheim and Uterglau. Some temporary bridges had been prepared, planks and fascines had been collected; and by aid of these and a little strong bridge which crossed the Nebel, the hamlet called Uterglau, that lay in the centre of the line, Marlborough succeeded in getting several squadrons across the Nebel, though it was divided into several reaches, and the ground between them was soft, and, in places, little better than a mere marsh. But the French artillery was not idle. The cannon-balls plunged incessantly among the advancing squadrons of the allies; and the French cavalry rode frequently down from the high ridge to charge them before they had time to form

on the firm ground. It was only by supporting his men by fresh troops, and by bringing up infantry who checked the advance of the enemy's horse by their steady fire, that Marlborough was able to save his army in this quarter from a repulse, — a repulse which, after the failure of the attack upon Blenheim, would have been fatal to the allies. By degrees, his cavalry struggled over the blood-stained streams; the infantry were also now brought across, so as to keep in check the French troops who held Blenheim, and who, when no longer assailed in front, had begun to attack the allies on their left with considerable effect.

Marlborough thus succeeded in drawing up the whole left wing of his army beyond the Nebel, and was about to press forward with it when he was called away to another part of the field by a disaster that had befallen his centre. The Prince of Holstein, Beck, had, with eleven Hanoverian battalions, passed the Nebel opposite to Oberglau, when he was charged and utterly routed by the Irish brigade which held that village. The Irish drove the Hanoverians back with heavy slaughter, broke completely through the line of the allies, and nearly achieved a success as brilliant as that which the same brigade afterwards gained at Fontenoy. But at Blenheim their ardor in pursuit led them too far. Marlborough came up in person, and dashed in upon the exposed flank of the brigade with some squadrons of British cavalry. The Irish reeled back, and as they strove to regain the height of Oberglau, their column was raked through and through by the fire of three battalions of the allies which Marlborough had summoned up from the reserve. Marlborough having re-established the order and communications of the allies in this quarter, now, as he returned to his own left wing, sent to learn how his colleague fared against Marsin and the elector, and to inform Eugene of his own success.

Eugene had hitherto not been equally fortunate. He had made three attacks on the enemy opposed to him, and

had been thrice driven back. It was only by his own desperate personal exertions, and the remarkable steadiness of the regiments of Prussian infantry which were under him, that he was able to save his wing from being totally defeated. But it was on the southern part of the battle-field, on the ground which Marlborough had won beyond the Nebel with such difficulty, that the crisis of the battle was to be decided.

Like Hannibal, Marlborough relied principally on his cavalry for achieving his decisive successes, and it was by his cavalry that Blenheim, the greatest of his victories, was won. The battle had lasted till five in the afternoon, Marlborough had now eight thousand horsemen drawn up in two lines, and in the most perfect order, for a general attack on the enemy's line along the space between Blenheim and Oberglau. The infantry was drawn up in battalions in their rear, so as to support them if repulsed, and to keep in check the large masses of the French that still occupied the village of Blenheim. Tallard now interlaced his squadrons of cavalry with battalions of infantry; and Marlborough, by a corresponding movement, and the allied cavalry, strengthened and supported by foot and guns, advanced slowly from the lower ground near the Nebel up the slope to where the French cavalry, ten thousand strong, awaited them. On riding over the summit of the acclivity, the allies were received with so hot a fire from the French artillery and small arms, that at first the cavalry recoiled, but without abandoning the high ground. The guns and the infantry which they had brought with them maintained the contest with spirit and effect. The French fire seemed to slacken. Marlborough instantly ordered a charge along the line. The allied cavalry galloped forward at the enemy's squadrons, and the hearts of the French horsemen failed them. Discharging their carbines at an idle distance, they wheeled round and spurred from the field, leaving the nine infantry battalions of their comrades to be ridden down by the tax-

rent of the allied cavalry. The battle was now won. Tallard and Marsin, severed from each other, thought only of retreat. Tallard drew up the squadrons of horse which he had left, in a line extended towards Blenheim, and sent orders to the infantry in that village to come and join him without delay. But long ere his orders could be obeyed, the conquering squadrons of Marlborough had wheeled to the left, and thundered down on the feeble array of the French marshal. Part of the force which Tallard had drawn up for this last effort was driven into the Danube; part fled with their general to the village of Sonderheim, where they were soon surrounded by the victorious allies, and compelled to surrender. Meanwhile, Eugene had renewed his attack upon the Gallo-Bavarian left, and Marsin, finding his colleague utterly routed, and his own right flank uncovered, prepared to retreat. He and the elector succeeded in withdrawing a considerable part of their troops in tolerable order to Dillengen; but the large body of the French who garrisoned Blenheim were left exposed to certain destruction. Marlborough speedily occupied all the outlets from the village with his victorious troops, and then, collecting his artillery round it, he commenced a cannonade that speedily would have destroyed Blenheim itself and all who were in it. After several gallant but unsuccessful attempts to cut their way through the allies, the French in Blenheim were at length compelled to surrender at discretion; and twenty-four battalions and twelve squadrons, with all their officers, laid down their arms, and became the captives of Marlborough.

*Creasy.*



## WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

LET us endeavour to portray that extraordinary man, who at his outset was pitied for losing a cornetcy of horse\*, and who within twenty years had made himself the first man in England, and England the first country in the world. He had received from nature a tall and striking figure, fine line and noble features, and a glance of fire. Lord Waldegrave, after eulogising the clearness of his style, observes that his eye was as significant as his words. In a single look would sometimes disconcert an orator opposed to him. His voice most happily combined sweetness and strength. It was of silvery clearness, and even when it sank to a whisper it was distinctly heard; while the other tones, like the swell of some majestic organ, could reach and thrill above every other earthly sound. As to style, Demosthenes was his favorite study among the ancients; among the English, Bolingbroke and Barrow. But perhaps our best clue to Lord Chatham's own mental habits, more especially in the field of oratory, is afforded by those which he afterwards so successfully enjoined to his favorite son. It may be stated, on the authority of the present Lord Stanhope, that Mr. Pitt being asked to what he principally ascribed the two qualities for which his eloquence was most conspicuous,—namely, the lucid order of his reasonings and the ready choice of his words,—answered that he believed he owed the former to an early study of the Aristotelian logic, and the latter to his father's practice in making him every day, after reading over to himself some passage in the classics, translate it aloud and continuously into English prose.

Nor was Lord Chatham less solicitous as to his own ac-

\* Chatham had been deprived of his commission in the army for voting in the House of Commons against Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister.

tion and manner, which, according to Horace Walpole, was as studied and as successful as Garrick's; but his care of it appeared not only in his speeches, but even in society. It is observed by himself in one of his letters, that: "behaviour, though an external thing, which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded on considerable virtues," and he evidently thought very highly of the effect of both dress and address upon mankind. His very infirmities were managed to the best advantage, and it has been said of him that in his hands even his crutch could become a weapon of oratory. This striving for effect had, however, in some respects an unfavorable influence upon his talents, and, as it appeared to me, greatly injured all his written compositions. His private letters bear in general a forced and unnatural appearance, the style of homely culture, but here and there pieced with pompous epithets and swelling phrases. Thus also, in his oratory, his most elaborate speeches were the worst; and that speech which he delivered on the death of Wolfe, and probably intended as a masterpiece, was universally lamented as a failure.

But when, without forethought or any other preparation than those talents which nature had supplied and education cultivated, Chatham arose, stirred to anger by some sudden subterfuge of corruption or device of tyranny, there was heard an eloquence never surpassed either in ancient or modern times.

It was the highest power of expression ministering to the highest power of thought. Dr. Franklin declares that, in the course of his life, he had seen sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in Lord Chatham only had he seen both united. Yet so vivid and impetuous were his bursts of oratory, that they seemed even beyond his own control; instead of his ruling them they often ruled him, and flashed forth unbidden and smiting all before them. As in the oracles of old, it ap-

peared to be not he that spake, but the spirit of the deity within. In one debate, after he had just been apprised of an important secret of state, "I must not speak to-night," he whispered to Lord Shelbourne, "for when once I am up everything that is in my mind comes out." No man could grapple more powerfully with an argument; but he wisely remembered that a taunt is in general of far higher popular effect; nor did he, therefore, disdain (and in these he stood unrivalled) the keenest personal invectives. His ablest adversaries shrank before him crouching and silenced. But that which gave the brightest lustre, not only to the eloquence of Chatham but to his character, was his loftiness and nobleness of soul. If ever there has lived a man in modern times to whom the praise of a Roman spirit might be truly applied, that man beyond all doubt was William Pitt. He loved power, — but only as a patriot should, — because he knew and felt his own energies, and felt also that his country needed them, because he saw the public spirit languishing and the national glory declined; because his whole heart was burning to revive the one and to wreath the fresh laurels round the other. He loved fame, but it was the fame that follows, not the fame that is run after; not the fame that is gained by elbowing and thrusting, and all the little arts that bring forward little men, but the fame that a minister at length will, and must, wring from the very people whose prejudices he despises and whose passions he controls. The ends to which he employed both his power and his fame will best show his object in obtaining them.

I am far, however, from maintaining that Chatham's views were always wise, or his actions always praiseworthy. In several transactions of his life I look in vain for a steady and consistent compass of his course, and the horizon is too often clouded over with party spirit or personal resentments. But his principal defect, as I conceive, was a certain impracticability and waywardness of temper, that on some



occasions overmastered his judgment and hurried him along.

Yet, as I think, these frailties of temper should in justice be mainly ascribed to his broken health and to his secluded habits. When in society, Lord Chesterfield assures us that he was a most agreeable and lively companion, and had such a versatility of wit that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversations. But to such exertions his health and spirits were seldom equal, and he therefore usually confined himself to the intercourse of his family, by whom he was most tenderly beloved, and of a few obsequious friends, who put him under no constraint, who assented to every word he spoke, and never presumed to have an opinion of their own. Such seclusion is the worst of any in its effects upon the temper, but seclusion of all kinds is probably far less favorable to virtue than is commonly believed. When Whitefield questioned Conrade Matthew, who had been a hermit forty years amidst the forests of America, as to his inward trials and temptations, the old man quaintly but impressively replied: "Be assured that a single tree, which stands alone, is more exposed to storms, than one that grows among the rest." *Mahon.*

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### HENRY FOX.

THERE was one man, whose sharp and manly logic had often in debate been found a match for the lofty and impassioned rhetoric of Pitt, whose talents for jobbing were not inferior to his talents for debate, whose dauntless spirit shrunk from no difficulty or danger, and who was as little troubled with scruples as with fears. Henry Fox, or nobody, could weather any storm that was about to burst. Yet was he a person to whom the court, even in such an extremity, was unwilling to have recourse. He had always

is regarded as a Whig of the Whigs. He had been the friend and disciple of Walpole. He had long been connected by close ties with William, Duke of Cumberland, and the Tories he was more hated than any man living. Strong was their aversion from him, that when in the late autumn he attempted to form a party against the Duke of Newcastle, they had thrown all their weight into Newcastle's scale. By the Scots Fox was abhorred, as the confidential friend of the conqueror of Culloden. He was, on personal grounds, most obnoxious to the princess-mother. For he had immediately after her husband's death, advised the late king to take the education of her son, the heir-apparent, out of her hands. He had recently given, if possible, still deeper offence; for he had indulged, not without ground, the ambitious hope that his beautiful sister-in-law, the Lady Sarah Lennox, might be Queen of England. It had been observed that the king at one time rode every morning by the grounds of Holland House, and that on such occasions Lady Sarah, dressed like a shepherdess in masquerade, was making hay close to the road, which was then separated by no wall from the lawn. On account of the part which Fox had taken in this singular lover, he was the only member of the Privy Council who was not summoned to the meeting at which his Majesty announced his intended marriage with the Princess of Prussia.

Fox had many noble and amiable qualities, which in private life shone forth in full lustre, and made him dear to his children, to his dependents, and to his friends; but as a public man he had no title to esteem. In him the vices which were common to the whole school of Walpole appeared, not perhaps in their worst, but certainly in their most prominent form, for his parliamentary and official duties made all his faults conspicuous. His courage, his *gentle temper*, his contempt for appearances, led him to *do much that others*, quite as unscrupulous as himself.

covered with a decent veil. He was the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less.

He felt his unpopularity ; but he felt it after the fashion of strong minds. He became, not cautious but 'reckless, and faced the rage of the whole nation with a scowl of inflexible defiance. He was born with a sweet and generous temper ; but he had been goaded and baited into a savageness which was not natural to him, and which amazed and shocked those who knew him best. *Macaulay.*



## AMERICAN REVOLUTION (1775).

At the peace of 1763 \* the fame of England was exalted throughout Europe above that of all other nations. She

\* "1763. Treaty of Paris; which left the power of Prussia increased, and its military reputation greatly exalted.

"France, by the Treaty of Paris, ceded to England Canada and the island of Cape Breton, with the islands and coasts of the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. The boundaries between the two nations in North America were fixed by a line drawn along the middle of the Mississippi, from its source to its mouth. All on the left or eastern bank of that river was given up to England, except the city of New Orleans, which was reserved to France; as was also the liberty of the fisheries on a part of the coasts of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The islands of St. Peter and Miquelon were given them as a shelter for their fishermen, but without permission to raise fortifications. The islands of Martinique, Guadaloupe, Mariegalante, Desiderada, and St. Lucia, were surrendered to France; while Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, were ceded to England. This latter power retained her conquests on the Senegal, and restored to France the island of Goree, on the coast of Africa. France was put in possession of the forts and factories which belonged to her in the East Indies, on the coasts of Coromandel, Orissa, Malabar, and Bengal, under the restriction of keeping up no military force in Bengal.

"In Europe France restored all the conquests she had made in Germany, as also the island of Minorca. England gave up to her Belleisle on the coast of Brittany, while Dunkirk was kept in the same condition as had been determined by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The island of Cuba, with the Havannah, were restored to the King of Spain, who, on his part, ceded to England Florida, with Port Augustine and the Bay of Pensacola. The King of Portugal was restored to the same state in which he had been before the war. The colony of St. Sacramento, which the Spaniards had conquered, was given back to him.

"The peace of Paris, of which we have just now spoken, was the era of England's greatest prosperity. Her commerce and navigation extended over all parts of the globe, and were supported by a naval force, so much the more imposing as it was no longer counterbalanced by the maritime power of France, which had been almost

had triumphed over those whom she called her hereditary enemies, and retained half a continent as the monument of her victories. Her American dominions stretched without dispute from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay; and in her older possessions that dominion was rooted as firmly in the affections of the colonists as in their institutions and laws. The ambition of British statesmen might well be inflamed with the desire of connecting the mother country and her transatlantic empire by indissoluble bonds of mutual interest and common liberties.

By 1757 America had become the great object of European attention; Pitt, disregarding the churlish cavils of the lords of trade, at once pursued towards the colonies the generous policy which afterwards called forth all their strength, and insured their affections. He respected their liberties, and relied on their willing co-operation. Halifax was planning taxation by parliament, in which he was aided, among others, by Calvert, the secretary of Maryland, residing in England. In January, 1757, the British press defended the scheme, which had been "often mentioned in private, to introduce a stamp-duty on vellum and paper, to lower the duty upon foreign rum, sugar, and molasses, imported into the colonies." A revenue of more than sixty thousand pounds sterling annually was confidently promised from this source. The project of an American stamp-act was pressed upon Pitt himself. "With the enemy at their backs, with English bayonets at their breast, in the day of their distress, perhaps the Americans," thought he, "would submit to the imposition." *Bancroft.*

annihilated in the preceding war. The immense territories which that peace had secured her, both in Africa and America, opened up new channels for her industry; and what deserves specially to be remarked is, that she acquired at the same time vast and important possessions in the East Indies."

*Creary.*



## THE AMERICAN REVOLT (1773).

occasion for the renewal of the old quarrel\* between England and America, was supplied by an attempt on the part of the Imperial Parliament to revive the operation of colonial custom duties. This was done by a measure fatal in itself to the colonies; but, when was a people engaged in a generous struggle for freedom diverted by an unsuccessful attempt to practise on their selfish interest? Such a diversion was calculated still more to inflame their zeal, and, accordingly, it was defeated with scorn and indignation by American patriots.

The East India Company (on whose affairs I will not attempt to enlarge) having labored for several years under various difficulties, had at length been obliged to appeal to the Government for aid. One expedient for the relief of the Company was to force a market for their principal commodities, tea, of which they had a great quantity in stock, by repealing the export duty; and, as the colonial merchants' duty was much less than that which was levied at the British port, it was thought that such a reduction in the price of this important article as would be effected by drawback, must prove at once acceptable to the American consumer and beneficial to the Company. The measure, however, touching, as it immediately did, the sensitive point in the relations between Great Britain and her dependencies, was received with renewed demonstration of hostility and resentment. The people on the sea-

from 1764 the policy of the British Government was calculated to oppress the American colonies. The suppression of their contraband, long-permitted, traffic with the Spanish colonies was followed by the introduction of Excise duties, on the disputed plea that England is bound to maintain itself indirectly, if not directly. The Act had the same object; but both were withdrawn, though in protest regarding the principle, by the British Crown. [The measure explained in the text.]

board took measures to prevent the landing of a commodity which was to be branded with the obnoxious impost; and the arrival of the ships bearing these odious cargoes was cagerly expected. Three of the tea-ships entered the port of Boston; they were boarded by the insurgents, and the cargoes were thrown into the sea; but no other damage was done, nor was any violence offered to the ships' companies. No further attempt was made to land any portion of the large consignment of tea which had been shipped under the recent Act of Parliament.

The question of taxation was virtually settled by this signal failure to enforce the law, or rather by the absence of any attempt to protect the property of the merchants, who had made their ventures by the express authority, if not at the instance of the English Government. But the dispute was no longer a mere matter of Custom duties. The vigilance and address of the party which was bent on achieving the independence of their country, readily took advantage of any cause of offence, real or imaginary, accidental or designed, to inflame the irritation of the provinces. While the English tea-ships were being expelled from the ports of North America, a proceeding was taking place in England calculated to exasperate the colonists even more than the attempt to tax them without their consent.

Hutchison and Oliver, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, had, it seemed, at one period of the American disturbances, occasionally corresponded with Whately, the private secretary and confidential friend of Grenville. These letters fell into the hands of Franklin, then the American agent, and they were forthwith forwarded to the Committee of Correspondence, an association of the leading patriots of Boston, which had been formed in the autumn of the preceding year, for the purpose of *regular communication with the other colonies, and organising the opposition to the English Government.* The

committee, which consisted of twenty-one members, was duly restricted, in accordance with the terms upon which the papers were said to have been received, from printing them or allowing them to pass into general circulation. But it hardly required Franklin's great sense and deep knowledge of mankind to foresee that such a prohibition must be idle and illusory. One or two magnanimous patriots might perchance be found, who would decline to achieve the freedom of their country by questionable means; but that a score of zealots should refrain, in the very crisis of their cause, from a slight transgression, which would all but render it triumphant, was contrary to all experience of history and of human nature. The papers soon after their arrival were laid before the Colonial Assembly, which readily found a pretext for ordering them to be printed.

The selection of letters — for they had evidently been carefully selected — thirteen only in number, contained matter enough to inflame the excited passions of the people. It was confidently asserted in these papers, that the maintenance of the authority of the Crown was wholly incompatible with the continuance of free institutions in the colony; and the colonists themselves were pronounced unfit for the same degree of liberty which was accorded to the people of the parent state. Government was advised to put down the agitation for independence by military force; and there were even some phrases so ambiguously used, that by no very violent construction, they seemed to recommend the removal of the popular leaders by sinister means.

I have dwelt on this disastrous passage in the quarrel between England and her American dependencies, because, in common with most writers on the subject, I consider the breach to have been thenceforward irreparable. Up to this period, it is agreed on all hands that the dispute might have been accommodated, and the colony reconciled,



for the time at least, to British dominion. But those who had hitherto held aloof from the patriotic party, still confiding in the justice and generosity of the British nation, were now content to unite with their countrymen in obtaining, by other means, the redress which they had hitherto sought by remonstrance and supplication.

Measures were now adopted on both sides of the Atlantic tending to precipitate the rupture. Soon after the petition of the Boston Assembly had been disposed of, intelligence arrived in England of the refusal to admit the tea ships. This was considered an affair of such gravity that it was formally communicated by a message from the Crown to both Houses. A Bill was immediately introduced to close the port of Boston; and, after a faint show of opposition, was passed through its stages as rapidly as the forms of Parliament permitted. This arbitrary proceeding could be justified only on the assumption that the lawless destruction of the cargoes had been instigated or approved by the inhabitants of the town;—an assumption which was no doubt founded in fact; but it is hardly necessary to point out the gross error of the English Government in not previously demanding reparation from the local authorities. The House of Assembly had petitioned for the recall of Hutchinson. Their prayer was contemptuously rejected. But a few weeks afterwards Hutchinson was removed, and his successor was General Gage, the Commander-in-Chief in North America. At the same time a Bill was passed for quartering and billeting troops throughout the North American colonies.

*Massey.*



## WASHINGTON.

The Congress, in pursuance of the sovereign authority which they had assumed, proceeded to organise a general military force, which should be the army of the United Colonies. This army, recruited by compulsion, and put under regular military law, was to be placed under the command of a General-in-Chief; and the person selected to fill this all-important office was Washington — by common consent one of the most illustrious heroes that has adorned any age or country in the world. The American general was a native, and a considerable landholder, of the province of Virginia, in the legislative assembly of which he had long possessed a leading influence, acquired not by eloquence nor loud professions of patriotism, — for the one he did not possess, and the other he despised, — but by integrity, prudence, and aptitude for affairs. Though unwilling to provoke a conflict with Great Britain, he was determined to maintain what he considered the just claims of his country; and when he found there was no probability of obtaining the concession of those claims by reasoning and remonstrance, he was prepared to advise his countrymen to take up arms.

The military experience of Washington was necessarily limited. He had, however, seen some active service in his youth, in the early stages of the French war, and held the rank of colonel in the local militia. But the talents of a general are less dependent on education and experience than those of any other profession. They have been displayed in perfection by youths who have never heard a shot fired; and by men of middle age, whose former lives have been spent in civil employments or pacific leisure. Good sense, readiness, decision, are qualities of far more importance than *regimental knowledge*, or even the *experience of campaigns*, for the government of armies and

their conduct in the field. Still the duties which ton would have to discharge were as various and and the responsibility imposed upon him was a any which the boldest and ablest leaders of ma ever undertaken. He had to contend against t the power, and the pride of England incensed : sumption of her dependencies; his army would posed of raw recruits and of militia, to who service and the harassing routine of a soldier's unknown. He would have to meet battalions the best discipline of European warfare, on w dards were inscribed the names of famous battle by their prowess.

But the military difficulties were only half, a the less formidable half of the difficulties whic surmount. All probability was against the n of a union hastily cemented between provin separated, thinly spread over a vast contine hitherto held — many of them at least — little o course with each other, and differing in manner and race. Nothing could be more likely than th or indifference to the common cause, would be th of a protracted struggle. Any great military rev be hazardous to the Union. Even, after Bunk many of the militia-men returned to their h stringent measures were taken to prevent o deserting their colors. But it was, perhaps, fro gress itself that the greatest danger was to be ap. The power conferred on Washington could not be exercised, if any real control over it was ret popular assembly. Would the orators who ha

\* Properly Breed's Hill, the locale of the first serious the royal troops with the colonial militia. It is a rising g promontory on which Charlestown is situated, and comm on the opposite banks of the river (Charles). This war was gained by the British, though at an enormous nu

wayed the democracy of the provinces be content to relinquish their power to a military dictator? Might not some of the sober friends of freedom themselves be alarmed, lest they should create a too powerful benefactor to his country? Republics have always been jealous of their great men; and it was plain, that in the event of the struggle being carried to a successful issue, the United Provinces must either adopt a democratic form of government, or allow the great commander, under whose auspices their independence had been achieved, to assume the federal crown.

These, among other considerations, must have been present to the sagacious and reflective mind of Washington, when he decided upon obeying the call of his countrymen, to place himself at the head of their rebellion against great Britain. Ambition or enthusiasm, which are the ordinary stimulants to great and perilous enterprises, had little effect upon this eminent man. Good sense and judgment governed his words and actions; and satisfied with the condition in which the better part of his life had been already passed, he unwillingly quitted a private station for the call of public duty, and cheerfully returned to it when that duty had been discharged.

Washington was forty-three years of age when he assumed the command of the provincial army. His family had emigrated from England during the civil troubles, and settled in Virginia upon a small estate.\* He himself had an early life followed the profession of a land-surveyor, but having increased his fortune by marriage, he had retired from practice, and employed himself in the cultivation of his estate, and the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman. In this capacity he had acquired the esteem of his neighbours, and ultimately a lead in the affairs of the province.

*Massey.*

\* *Estate, i. e. Mount Vernon.*

## BATTLE OF SARATOGA (1777).

THE war which rent away the North American colonies from England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful to an Englishman to dwell on. It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it ended in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised a more important influence on the future of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777,—a defeat which rescued the revolted colonies from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the intervention of France and Spain to attack England in their turn, ensured the independence of the United States.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, classed together as the New England colonies, were the strongholds of the insurrection against the mother country. The feeling of resistance was less vehement and general in the central settlement of New York, and still less so in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the other colonies of the South. But although everywhere it was formidably active. But among the descendants of the stern Puritans that tradition of Cromwell and Vane breathed in all its fervor from the New Englanders that the first armed opposition to the British Crown had been offered, and it was this that the most stubborn determination to fight to the death rather than waive a single right or privilege, had been played. In 1775 they had succeeded in forcing the British troops to evacuate Boston, and the events of 1776 had shown New York (which the royalists occupied in that year) as the principal basis of operations for the armies of the revolution in the country.

A glance at the map will show that the Hud-

which falls into the Atlantic at New York, runs down from the north at the back of the New England States, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the coast of the Atlantic, along which the New England States are situated. Northward of the Hudson we see a small chain of lakes communicating with the Canadian frontiers. It is necessary to attend closely to these geographical points, in order to understand the plan of the operations which the English attempted in 1777, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated.

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province. The British ministry resolved to avail themselves in the next year of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defence, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely reinforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied, and led by select and experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson river. The British army from New York, or a detachment of it, was to make a simultaneous movement northward up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations all communication between the northern colonies and those of the centre and south would be cut off. An irresistible force would be concentrated so as to crush all further opposition in New England, and when this was done it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their

principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the south. At any rate it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the royalists, in number, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory. Without question the plan was ably formed, and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed, and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year. After the successful siege of Ticonderago, the British army moved southward along Lake George to Shenesborough, and thence slowly, and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson river, the Americans continuing to retire before them. Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson river on the 30th of July. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order, and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army of the south.

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The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great, but in the midst of their disasters none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga, and Arnold, a favorite leader of the Americans,

was despatched by Washington to act under him, with reinforcements of troops and guns from the main American army.

Notwithstanding various reverses on the part of the royal troops, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march, but having by unremitting exertions collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half-way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no farther.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia and gained other showy but unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skilful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for reinforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about 3000 of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships of war, under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river. The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged and seamed with creeks and watercourses; but after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of the



19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of the enemy under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field, but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five to six hundred men), and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by fieldworks and redoubts, and the Americans also improved their defences. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way with great difficulty to Burgoyne's camp, and brought information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up the river to Albany. Burgoyne in reply stated his hope that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive, and added that unless he received assistance before the 10th of October he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

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The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still. The right of the American position, that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success; and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavour to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of 1500 regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne

led his column on the attack. This column was composed of brave men, both English and German, and in particular it comprised one of the best bodies of grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the enemy's attention, and led his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates's camp, and then deployed his men into line. The grenadiers, under Major Ackland, were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the centre, and the English light infantry and the 24th Regiment on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked, and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, the American general, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The grenadiers, under Ackland, sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the centre, so as to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not engaged, but a mass of the enemy was observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The light infantry and the 24th now fell back, and formed an oblique second line, which enabled them to baffle this manœuvre, and also to succour their comrades in the left wing, the gallant grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three American regiments, and attacked the right flank of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat towards their camp; the left and centre were in complete disorder, but the light infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and

wounded on the field, and especially a large proportion of the artillerymen, who had stood to their guns till shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated; but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and courage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the light infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew towards evening, Arnold, having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack, but the English continued their obstinate resistance, and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman. The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defence of his post; but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition of which they were greatly in need. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of turning the right flank of the British and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity,

Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of position. With great skill he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile, he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson, to prevent the British from recrossing that river, and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and accordingly the troops were marched through a rainy and stormy night towards Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their baggage, to the enemy.

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga. Hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogised by many native historians, but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says :—

“ It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians; and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from ten thousand combatants to less than one half that number. Of this remnant little more than three thousand were English.

“ In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were 1

invested by an army of four times their own number, whose position extended three parts of a circle round them. These refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and, from the nature of the ground, they could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy's cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the line, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude."

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a convention.\*

*Creasy.*

\* Shortly after the convention, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. In December a treaty was arranged and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged *The Independent United States of America*. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France, and before long Holland took the same course; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was recognised by their ancient parent and recent enemy, England.

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## ANCIENT INDIA.

SKETCHES of a nation's infancy bear some resemblance to a modern album or note-book, where many pages are blank, whilst others are crowded with graphic detail; where a few highly-finished drawings are found amongst numerous slight outlines, and where fragments of eloquent poetry are interspersed with dry, prosaic autographs. Or we may vary the image, and compare the earliest attainable views of Hindoo life to a series of life-pictures, the first of which showed us the Patriarchs on the Indus writing hymns, invoking the gods, and making war on their predatory neighbours; whilst five classes of men filled up the frame. This five-fold division is not explained in the Veda\*, and commentators are not agreed upon the subject; but it was evidently headed by the patriarch kings or chieftains, who united in themselves the office of high-priest and sovereign; the second class was probably formed of warriors riding and driving horses; the third was in this case a class of priests; the fourth comprised those following agriculture, trade, and mechanics; and the fifth is supposed to have been the aboriginal race, who stole cattle, but who possessed fields, cities, and gold, tempting the intruders to aggression. We have no means of adding to what we may thus learn from the ancient hymns, for the Hindoos have no other writings of the same era, and neither Persia nor China afford chronicles referring to contiguous countries of such remote antiquity; and consequently when the Rig-Veda lets the curtain fall, a pause ensues of about six centuries.

At length, the same people, with their Vedas and their Sanskrit, come again upon the stage; but the scenery has changed, and we now behold them occupying the broad land of the Ganges, and possessing important towns in Oude

\* *Veda*, one of the six divisions of the *Sastra*.

and Tirhut. But we cannot at present advert to their political acquisitions, for our attention is at once riveted by a group of venerable persons upon whom the chief light of the picture is made to fall. They are sitting upon sacred kusa grass; their hair is shaved, their looks composed, and they are clothed in religious raiment peculiar to themselves; kings humbly take off their tiaras as they bow to the feet of the holy men; the merchant class make obeisance at a respectful distance; and the fourth and lowest class sweep the roads, uphold umbrellas, and wave the fans and fly-flappers. In this second picture we note great changes to have taken place, and especially the sharp separation which has been effected between civil and religious offices. The king, no longer permitted to invoke the gods, has resigned the first place of honor to the Brahmana, who are a new and sacred class, seeking to monopolise learning, power, and religion. The process by which this change was effected remains hidden behind the scenes, and we can only conjecture that many struggles and failures occurred before the Brahmana succeeded in establishing their claims to divine origin and the sole right of performing religious functions, and of exercising spiritual dominion. But at the same time we believe that the very word Brahman originated in philosophical speculation. In a passage of great eloquence, Dr. Müller describes man, in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, striving to solve the riddle of this world. He stares at the tent of heaven, and asks who supports it; he gives names to all the powers of nature; he invokes them; but still he feels that within his own breast there is a Power that wants a name, "a Power nearer to him than all the gods of Nature; a Power that is never mute when he prays, never absent when he fears and trembles: it seems to inspire his prayers, and yet to listen to them; it seems to live in him, and yet to support him and all around him. The only name he can find for this mysterious power is Brahmi, for *Brahmi* means originally force, will, wish, and the propul-

sive power of creation." Brahmans we imagine to have been men distinguished by their knowledge of Brahmi, who gradually became the most powerful section of the Hindoo people.

*Mrs. Speir.*



### MODERN INDIA.

IF the original conquerors of India were men of courage and patriotism, their numbers were so small that they failed to impress these characteristics upon the nation with which they eventually became amalgamated; and if, under them, India was united in one government, it certainly soon became broken up into a number of separate kingdoms, the want of union among which, added to the absence of national sympathy, and the cowardly character of the natives, made an invasion a matter of but little difficulty. Accordingly, from the time of the first establishment of Mahommedanism in Arabia and Persia, we find one force after another sweeping down upon the fertile plains of India, devastating, pillaging, and laying waste — and generally returning thereafter to the place whence they came. The first permanent establishment of the Mussulman supremacy was in the year 1206, under Kootub ood Deen. From this time forward various Mahommedan dynasties succeeded each other upon the throne of Delhi. The power of the emperors was more or less extended according to their energy, and much of their time was occupied in crushing the rebellions of their own subordinates in distant provinces. Few of them died quietly in their beds; and usurpation was their general title to the imperial power. The most remarkable Mahommedan invasion was that of Tamerlane, A.D. 1398. He was a Mogul Tartar chieftain, who subdued Persia, and finally extended his conquests to India. After stripping that country of all the treasures and jewels



could find, massacring hundreds of thousands in cold blood, burning Delhi under circumstances of the greatest cruelty and treachery, and overthrowing the existing Mussulman dynasty, he suddenly returned to Persia. His return was marked by the taking of Meerut, on which occasion he put "every soul within it to the sword." His course homeward was distinguished by similar ravages; "he marked his way with fire and sword, leaving anarchy, famine, and pestilence behind him."

After Tamerlane's invasion, there was no fixed government until, in 1526, Baber, his descendant of the sixth generation, who was the Sultan of Cabool, again invaded India, and founded the dynasty which has been ever since on the throne. Under the Emperor Akbar, who ruled from 1556 to 1605, the Mussulman empire in India reached its greatest extent. Akbar's sway extended over all that we now call India, and during his reign even the most remote provinces were submissive to the central authority at Delhi. Under the grandson of Akbar, Shah Jehan, whose reign began in 1627, the empire attained its greatest glory; and it was by this monarch that many of the principal architectural works of India were erected. Still the reign of Shah Jehan was far from peaceful and undisturbed. The fabric of Mahomedan supremacy gave evident tokens of how slight a foundation it possessed. The usual precautions which the emperor had taken, on ascending the throne, by putting to death his brother and all the other members of the imperial family, except his own descendants, did not suffice to prevent attempts at usurpation. He passed several years in endeavouring to subdue conflicting rebellions organised by his sons, whom he had made viceroys. The third son, Aurungzebe, after a double treachery to his father and to one of his revolted brothers, whose rebellion he had sworn to support, at length obtained the throne in 1658, and confined his father in a prison, where he dragged out the last years of his life. Aurungzebe's reign lasted fifty years. Under him

the empire, although outwardly as splendid as ever, became thoroughly pervaded by that incurable decay which, after his death, destroyed in a few years the vast and blood-cemented fabric of the Mogul power in India. Even during his lifetime disorganisation was prevented only by his constant vigilance, and the commanding power of his master-mind. After seizing the imperial power, Aurungzebe was for some time annoyed by his brothers, who continued to support by arms their pretensions to the throne. Finally, however, he overcame all opposition, and rid himself of his troublesome relatives by summary executions. *Minturn.*



#### THE EARLY PROGRESS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY (1698—1740).

UP to the time of Aurungzebe's death, our relations with India were very simple, and might be easily and rapidly described. The Mogul court was the one object which we had to observe, and in regard to which we had to act. To be on good terms with the Mogul emperors was to be prosperous and safe; to incur their displeasure was to be in danger and difficulty. The Company had troubles outside the pale of their Indian relations, opponents at home, foreign rivals on the seas, and interlopers on their own commercial grounds; but, as far as the powers of India were concerned, the Mogul sovereigns were supreme, and our affairs were simple accordingly. We had to maintain and improve our commercial privileges, to secure a permanent footing in the country; and, for the rest, to buy and sell to the best advantage. But a time of change must come, sooner or later; and the nature of the change which would ensue on the death of such a sovereign as Aurungzebe, after a reign of forty-nine years, might be foretold. His pretensions to second sight. When a ruler,

wise, efficient, strong in will, and imposing in his success, dies after a long reign, leaving several sons, a weak government, civil strife, and foreign war as consequence, may be only too confidently anticipated. In the case of Aurungzebe and his sons, the chances of the future were even worse than usual. The last of the great Moguls commanded everything but affection. He irritated his dependents and subjects while compelling them to admire his abilities and wisdom. He alienated the Hindoos (the great mass of his subjects) by constant checks and discouragements, while protecting them from Mussulman persecution. He was regarded by the faithful as a greater monarch than even Akbar; yet they gave him no such effectual support as enabled him to accomplish his schemes. He conquered the Deccan; yet, in his old age, he had more and more to dread from the Mahrattas; and, as he himself disclosed, he was borne down by anxiety as to what he might have to endure in life, and dread of what he might have to encounter after death. It must have been plain to all eyes that bad times were coming; and the British would have foreseen, if their wisdom had corresponded to their needs, that complications and embarrassments must arise, largely affecting, if not entirely changing, their relations with the Mogul Empire. In one instance by accident, and in another by a movement of foolish ambition, the British were on bad terms with Aurungzebe, some years before his death. In 1698, a pilgrim ship on its way to Mecca was taken by pirates, who were, or were said to be, English. The emperor ordered the arrest of the merchants at our factories, and the seizure of Bombay; but his own agents were favorable to their British neighbours, and admitted their plea of innocence; and if anything was done, it was only in the way of inflicting a fine. We have now to refer to the other case—that of the hostile movement in Bengal, in 1686, when the Company, strengthened by a few troops from home, hoped to obtain redress for losses and a terri-

torial footing by seizing and fortifying Chittagong. The scheme failed, through misadventure and mismanagement; and the incident was one which naturally deepened the emperor's distrust, and confirmed the jealous antipathy of the Nabob of Bengal to the English. The aged emperor's life was prolonged beyond the period of rivalry in England and strife in Parliament, which seemed likely to extinguish the Company's privileges altogether, and under which the trade of India was practically free from 1693 to 1698; and Aurungzebe was still living when the associations which had battled for the commerce of his empire at length joined their forces as "The United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies." While their old patron was failing in strength and spirits as he verged on his ninetieth year, the British merchants obtained the grant of Calcutta, as before mentioned, built Fort William, raised Bengal from its subjection to Bombay up to the rank of a presidency, and obtained from Parliament, in the form of an absolute prohibition of Indian manufactured goods for home consumption, a reversal of the free trade which had existed for several years, to the advantage of the public, and the discontent of the Company.

Then, after five years more, spent in establishing factories wherever they could be imposed, and in finding that many of them were more expensive than they were worth, the catastrophe arrived. Aurungzebe died in 1707; and with him the empire of the Moguls may be said to have passed away. Crimes of violence and treachery had been frequent before; now they occurred at the court of Delhi and its dependencies in an unintermitting series, and external foes used their opportunities; so that when Aurungzebe had been dead thirty years, the empire was just in the state of helplessness and corruption which had tempted Timur and Baber to invade it. The same thing

happened again. The greatest of Persian warriors, Nadir Shah, crossed the Indus towards the close of 1738, and was giving out his decrees from the Palace of Delhi in March 1739.

*Harriet Martineau.*

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### THE CONQUEST OF INDIA (1740—1752).

THE period last described was that of transition from the first phase of British life in India to another which had not been dreamed of by the earliest adventurers. The commercial character of our Eastern enterprise was now to merge in the military and territorial.

The first recognition of us as holders of territory was from the date of the patents granted to us by a descendant of Aurungzebe's, in 1717. There were thirty-four of these patents, which, collectively, secured great privileges to our trade in the way of exemption from duties and aggressions, while they gave us certain villages near Madras which had been the subject of dispute, and permitted the Company to rent the island of Diu, near Masulipatam, and to purchase the lordship of thirty-seven towns near Calcutta. We had before held, at Madras, a strip of coast, five miles long and one mile wide; at Bombay, a small island, all rock and salt marsh; and in Bengal, little more than the plot of ground on which Calcutta stood. By this great charter of 1717, as the English considered it, we became possessed of both banks of the river, for an extent of ten miles below Calcutta. The expectations of the merchants at home were unbounded, now that such a footing was obtained in the rich province of Bengal—all risks and burdens being at the same time removed, as far as the authority of the court of Delhi extended. The patents had been rather expensive, it is true, and so was the embassy which obtained them by bribes from the debased Mogul sovereign, Furucksur; and some of the

stipulations were evaded by the local rulers; but it was not doubted that the profits under the new system would soon pay for all. This did not turn out true, however. The commerce of the Company did not increase, even though the taste for tea became wonderfully developed in Europe. At any time within the following thirty years the commerce of the Company might be shown to have been nearly equalled by that of single firms in London.

Yet were the English people regarded in India, not exactly as "a nation of shopkeepers," for the natives had been told that Europe did not contain more than ten thousand men altogether — but as a sort of pedlar caste. The French had establishments, imitated from ours, as ours were from the Dutch — presidencies ruled by a governor, with the help of a council, composed of senior merchants, while the lower offices were filled by junior merchants, actors, and writers; and yet the French were regarded as a military people and admired accordingly, long before we were supposed to be anything but shopkeepers. The reason assigned for this contrasted estimate, is that the French were the first to discover the two great secrets of European strength in India: that European strength depended essentially on military *prestige*; and that the native soldier was susceptible of training in European discipline. While the new native soldiers, first retained at Bombay, and then at Madras, were still the disorderly ill-armed peons that they were when taken into pay, the French authorities were training and arming their native bands (as well as the blacks from Africa), and were not long in convincing their Mahratta neighbours that, however it might be with the English, there were other Europeans who were equal to war, and had a liking for it. The time was at hand for a change in Mogul and Mahratta public opinion in regard to the British.

*The French had two presidencies in the East — one at Isle of France and the other at Pondicherry. Their*

three factories in India were subject to the Pondicherry Government—one on the Malabar and another on the Coromandel coast; and a third, Chandernagore, on the Hooghly, twenty-three miles above Calcutta.

In 1732 commerce seemed to be under an evil star in that Bengal region. The English Government reduced their dividends that year, notwithstanding the splendid terms they had obtained from Delhi; and as for the French factory at Chandernagore, it was in a truly beggarly state. Commerce seemed to be extinct; there was not a vessel of any class at its wharf; and poverty and license divided the lives of the wretched inhabitants of the wooden hut which constituted the settlement. An able man arrived as manager, and stone dwellings rose up in the place of wooden huts, to the number of two thousand; and, instead of a dead stillness at the waterside, from twelve to fifteen vessels a day were coming and going. The hour and the man had arrived for the French; and the hour and the man were approaching for the English. While the great Dupleix was beginning his reforms there in the prime vigor of his years, a child in England was giving almost as much annoyance to his relations as he was here after to cause to Dupleix. The Spaniards say that "the thorn comes into the world point foremost." It was so in this case. The uncle of little Robert Clive, then in his seventh year, wrote a sad character of him. "Fighting, to which he is out of measure addicted," said his uncle, "gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." At the same date, there was born in a poor parsonage in Worcestershire a forlorn infant, the son of a father married at sixteen, and soon after dead, and of a mother who died in a few days after the orphan's birth, leaving him to the care of a grandfather sunk in trouble and poverty. No one living could then have divined what connection could exist among the destinies of these three. Nor would it have been easier to

guess seven years later. At that later date Dupleix had purchased no less than seventy vessels to carry his commodities to all parts of the known world, extinguishing in Bengal the English reputation for commercial ability, and bringing splendid returns to his own coffers. Robert Clive was then full of mischief — sitting on the spout at the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton Church, and levying a black-mail \* of apples and halfpence, with his rabble rout of naughty boys at his heels, on the tradesmen who feared for their windows. As for little Warren, the orphan, then seven years old, he was lying beside the brook which flows through the lands of his ancestry, and, as he himself told afterwards, making up his mind to the personal ambition of his life — to be, like his forefathers of several generations, Hastings of Daylesford. On these three — the ambitious and unscrupulous French manager, already at his work, the turbulent English schoolboy, and the romantic child, dreaming under the great ancestral oaks, while living and learning among ploughboys — the destinies of British India were to hang. Through them we were to hold India as a territory, and by a military tenure; and to have a policy there, perhaps as important to the human race in the long run as that of the mother-country — however much may be comprehended in that abstraction. *Ibid.*

\* *Black-mail*, a kind of tax levied by banditti—in return for which the property of the payers was secured from pillage.



## CLIVE.

[It is now little more than a century since the English began to establish themselves in any force upon the peninsula of India; and we at present possess in that country a more extensive territory and a more numerous population than any European power can boast of. In no instance has the genius of the English and their courage shone forth more conspicuously than in their contest with the French for the empire of India. The numbers on both sides were always inconsiderable, but the two nations were fairly matched in the cabinet and in the field: the struggle was long and obstinate, and at the conclusion the French remained masters of a dismantled town, and the English of the grandest and most extensive colony that the world has ever seen. And this splendid acquisition is due to the genius and daring of a single man.] *Times.*

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CLIVE had been only a few months in the army, when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix \* was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English company, and the young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did, indeed, return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he thus was wavering between a military and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French crowns, but there arose between the English and French companies trading to the East a war most eventful and important, a war in which the price was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

The empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so

\* The French commandant previously alluded to.

large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindostan amazed even travellers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi, dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys, who held their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul, ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand-Duke of Tuscany or the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of Oriental despotism, and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretences of the princes of the royal house produced a long series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. Fierce tribes of Hindoos, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the Government from the mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite, however, of much constant maladministration, in spite of occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy on the whole retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But throughout the long reign of Aurungzebe, the state, notwithstanding all that the vigor and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without co-operated with an incurable

decay which was fast proceeding within, and in a few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition.

A succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing opium, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, — the Peacock throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands, which border on the western sea-coast of India, poured forth a yet more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains, and soon after his death every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile vice-royalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which

was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettledrums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom, who still bore the imperial title, stooped to pay this ignominious black-mail. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar, and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme at a time when the ablest servants of the English company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest forces which the provinces of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline and guided by the tactics of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into splendid armies. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam. The arts, both of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with

such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival company, and continued to recognise Mahomed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahomed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England, and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colors flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness, and to heighten his glory. At this moment the valor and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that, unless some vigorous efforts were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favorite residence of the Nabob, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be

raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoy's armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy, but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

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From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so, and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them, and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they even been greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief

seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance, and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness abused the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found, but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor that dungeon would in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and

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by the constant waving of fans. The number of prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking, and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated, they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction,—not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer,—approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who even in that extremity retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A



pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the haram of the prince at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the meantime, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade any Englishman to dwell in the neighbourhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the com-

mand of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred Sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a prince who had more subjects than Louis XV. or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said, that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought.

He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with fire-locks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude

consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly one thousand were English; and all were led by English officers and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.\*

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. This insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

*Macaulay.*

\* *Primus in Indis*, first among the Indians, i. e. the Anglo-Indian regiments.

## WARREN HASTINGS (1774—1785).

THE first Governor-General of India must be "the eye of all observers," and his period of rule must be an era in the history, not only of the dependency itself but of the country to which it belonged. If it must need be so from the excitement of the public mind and the agitation under the agitating and disgusting news from Bengal in 1773, there was something in the mind and manner of the first Governor-General which rendered the crisis more marked, and the national interest more intense. His countenance not to be forgotten by any one who had seen it, full of intellectual serenity, thoughtful, sometimes melancholy, but resolved and confident. His figure small, yet anything but insignificant, in connection with his demeanour of natural dignity, a complexion which bore a life of toil, and a head which proved a capacity for a life of study. When he sailed for India the second time, in 1769, the impression of this countenance on the minds of men of a day of great men, and with it a high reputation for his literary and political cultivation. Johnson looked to him for the philosophy he quoted from his own learning, and our great scholars for that Oriental learning itself. Our statesmen could hardly have given him then or at any time, for comprehensive political views, his constant adequacy to the occasion, his evident familiarity with the native mind and modes of life, and his strict convictions of what ought to be done at a time when responsible parties were only too thankful to be told what ought to do, pointed out Warren Hastings as one for whom an office of high authority ought to be created at that time, if it did not otherwise exist. He at once showed, on the one hand, as has been seen, the mischief which had arisen at Madras from the conversion of traders into militaries.

political officials; and his being promoted to the highest post followed almost as a matter of course.

It should be borne in mind, in studying the history of this time, that the worst things we know of the miseries of the inhabitants are told in the form of lamentation and remonstrance expressed by the directors to their servants in India. The letters are extant in which they complained that every attempt they had made to reform abuses had increased them, and that the industrial classes were more oppressed for every effort to protect them. "Youths" were suffered to domineer over whole communities, even as sovereigns, and to enrich themselves by monopolies, at the expense of the natives on the one hand, and of the Company on the other. The native merchants no longer appeared in the markets; the products found their way to Europe through every channel but the British, and the Company must be ruined unless an able head and hand could inaugurate on the spot a new system, first legalised at home. Such are the complaints of the directors in their correspondence of April, 1773.

Who were these terrible "youths" who excited so much indignation in high quarters? They were the supervisors, afterwards collectors, a body of officials whose advent marked the transition of British India from being a new field of commerce to being a possession requiring political administration. The failure of Clive's plan of double government, under which all the old evils remained, while the authority to deal with them was abstracted, compelled a resort to some new method of obtaining the dues of the British establishment. The native collectors declared that they could not obtain money; the Mogul governors declared that they could not get their commands obeyed in the administration of criminal and civil justice; and the people meantime pleaded for protection from every kind of spoliation.

In 1769 it was decided that servants of the Company

should be dispersed throughout the country, each superintending a district from a central station whence he could observe and control the native officers in their work of collecting the revenue, and also of administering justice. As these overlookers were soon found to need overlooking themselves, two councils were appointed for the purpose, to sit at Moorshedabad and at Patna. No benefit being observable at the end of two years, and the supervisors' reports disclosing a fearful state of corruption and misery, the directors at home decided to take the whole affair into their hands, dispensing with all native intervention. Unaware that they were thus destroying the whole political structure of India, and causing a greater revolution than any invaders of the country were ever answerable for, they announced their decision, and desired their agents in Bengal to carry it out. The Council at Calcutta, of which Mr. Hastings was then the most active member, undertook the business, set aside old modes of letting lands and levying revenue, determined in three days what new one would answer best, and converted their supervisors into collectors, with power which enabled them to do what the directors complained of so bitterly in the spring of 1773. Their offices were now as much political as commercial, and the institution of the new scheme may be regarded as the half-way station between the commercial objects with which the Company entered the country, and the time (in 1834) when their commercial function had dissolved under the action of free trade principles, and they remained a body with purely territorial functions and attributes. *H. Martineau.*

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## POLICY OF HASTINGS.

THE internal administration of Warren Hastings, with all its blemishes, gives him a title to be considered as one of the most remarkable men in our history. He dissolved the double government. He transferred the direction of affairs to English hands. Out of a frightful anarchy he educed at least a rude and imperfect order. The whole organisation by which justice was dispensed, revenue collected, peace maintained throughout a territory not inferior in population to the dominions of Louis XVII. or of the Emperor Joseph, was formed and superintended by him. He boasted that every public office, without exception, which existed when he left Bengal, was his creation.

It is quite true that this system, after all the improvements suggested by the experience of sixty years, still needs improvement, and that it was at first far more defective than it now is. But whoever seriously considers what it is to construct from the beginning the whole of a machine so vast and complex as a government, will allow that what Hastings effected deserves high admiration. To compare the most celebrated European ministers to him seems to us as unjust as it would be to compare the best baker in London with Robinson Crusoe, who, before he could bake a single loaf, had to make his plough and his harrow, his fences and his scarecrows, his sickle and his flail, his mill and his oven.

The just fame of Hastings rises still higher when we reflect that he was not bred a statesman, that he was sent from school to a counting-house, and that he was employed during the prime of his manhood as a commercial agent, far from all intellectual society.

Nor must we forget that all, or almost all, to whom, when placed at the head of affairs, he could apply for assistance were persons who owed as little as himself, or less than



himself, to education. A minister in Europe finds himself, on the first day on which he commences his functions, surrounded by experienced public servants, the depositaries of official traditions. Hastings had no such help. His own reflection, his own energy, were to supply the place of all Downing Street and Somerset House. Having had no facilities for learning he was forced to teach. He had first to form himself and then to form his instruments, and this not in a single department, but in all the departments of the administration.

It must be added that, while engaged in this most arduous task, he was constantly trammelled by orders from home, and frequently borne down by a majority in Council. The preservation of an empire from a formidable combination of foreign enemies, the construction of a government in all its parts, were accomplished by him while every ship brought out bales of censure from his employers, and while the records of every consultation were filled with acrimonious minutes by his colleagues. But the temper of Hastings was equal to almost any trial. It was not sweet, but it was calm. Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations till a remedy could be found resembled the patience of stupidity. He seems to have been capable of resentment, bitter and long-enduring, yet his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder that it may be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was anything but policy.

The effect of this singular equanimity was that he always had the full command of all the resources of one of the most fertile minds that ever existed. Accordingly no complication of perils and embarrassments could perplex him. For every difficulty he had a contrivance ready, and, whatever may be thought of the justice and humanity of some of his contrivances, it is certain that they seldom failed to serve the purpose for which they were designed.

*Macaulay.*

## PENINSULAR WAR (1807—1813).\*

treaty of Tilsit gave Napoleon a commanding position among the potentates of Europe, but it unmasked the war of principles, bringing England and himself, the champions of liberty and privileges, into direct contact. Peace could not exist while both were strong; the French emperor had only the choice of his future battle-field; and as the fight at Trafalgar forbade the invasion of England, he with fertile resources purposed to sap her naval and commercial strength by surrounding the Continent against her manufactures. This continental system was however inoperative where not enforced by French troops. It failed in Portugal, British influence being paramount, notwithstanding the terror inspired by the emperor, because self-interest is lasting, fear momentary, wherefore Portugal was virtually an unguarded province of England, whence and from Gibraltar English commerce passed into Spain. To check this traffic by force was impossible, and otherwise impossible.

Main aim was to France what Portugal was to Great Britain. Friendship for England's enemy naturally followed the well-known seizure of the Spanish frigates in the time of peace. The French cause was, therefore, popular in Spain, and the emperor's court subservient; yet nothing could keep the people from a profitable contraband trade—they would not yield to foreign power what they refused to their own government. There was aristocratic enmity to Napoleon asleep in Spain; proclamation issued before the battle of Jena, and hastily

In May, 1804, Buonaparte created himself Emperor of France. How low he had received in his attempt to cut off the communication of England with India (B. III. p. 288) was repeated at Trafalgar (1805); yet his continental successes (Austerlitz and Jena) enabled him to plan a combination of all the European fleets. He failed ruefully for Denmark (1807). These events preceded the Peninsular War.

withdrawn after that action, indicated the true feelings of the Spanish court.

The state of affairs turned the emperor's thoughts towards the Peninsula, and a chain of strange events soon induced him to remove the Bourbons and place his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne. He thought the people, sick of an *effete* government, would be quiescent, and his uninterrupted good fortune, matchless genius, and vast power made him disregard ulterior consequences. Hence the cravings of his military and political system, the dangerous vicinity of a Bourbon dynasty, and still more the temptation offered by a miraculous folly, outrunning even his desires, urged him to a deed which, well accepted, would have proved beneficial to the people, but enforced contrary to their wishes, was unhallowed by justice or benevolence. In an evil hour for his own greatness and the happiness of others, he commenced the fatal project. Founded in violence, attended with fraud, it spread desolation through the Peninsula, was calamitous to France, destructive to himself, and the conflict between his hardy veterans and the vindictive race he insulted was of unmitigated ferocity, for the Spaniards defended their just cause with proverbial hereditary cruelty, while the French struck a terrible balance of barbarous actions.

Napoleon, although startled at the energy of the Peninsula, then bent his whole force to the work. England lent her power in opposition, and the two leading nations of the world were thus brought into contact when both were disturbed by angry passions, eager for great events, and of astonishing dominion. The French empire, including Upper Italy, the Confederation of the Rhine, Switzerland, the Duchy of Warsaw, and the dependant States of Holland and Naples, enabled Napoleon, through the conscription, to array an army numerous as the host which followed the Persian of old, and though, like it, gathered from many nations, trained with Roman discipline, and led with Carthaginian genius.

There seemed no reason, therefore, why Napoleon should fail to bring any war to a favorable conclusion, for by a happy combination of vigor and flattery, of order, discipline, and moral excitement, adapted to the genius of his people, he had created a power seemingly resistless. And it would have been so if applied to only one great object at a time, but this the ambition of the man, or rather the force of circumstances, did not permit.

England, omnipotent on the ocean, was little regarded as a military power; her enormous debt, yearly augmenting in an accelerated ratio, a necessary consequence of anticipating the national resources and dealing in a fictitious currency, was sapping her vital strength. Merchants and manufacturers were indeed thriving from incidental circumstances, but the laboring population suffered and degenerated; pauperism, and its sure attendant, crime, were augmenting in the land, and the community splitting into classes, one rich and arrogant, the other poor and discontented,—the first profiting, the second distressed by the war. Of Ireland it is unnecessary to speak; her wrongs, her misery, peculiar and unparalleled, are but too well known, too little regarded.

This comparative statement, so favorable to France, would, however, be a false criterion of relative strength with regard to the struggle in the Peninsula. A cause manifestly unjust is a heavy weight upon the operations of a general; it reconciles men to desertion, sanctifies want of zeal, furnishes pretexts for cowardice, renders hardships more irksome, dangers more obnoxious, glory less satisfactory to the mind of the soldier. The invasion of Spain, whatever its real origin, was an act of violence repugnant to the feelings of mankind; the French were burthened with a sense of its iniquity, the British exhilarated by a contrary sentiment. All the continental nations had smarted under the sword of Napoleon, yet none were crushed except Prussia; a common feeling of humiliation, the hope

revenge, the ready subsidies of England, were therefore bonds of union among their governments stronger than treaties; France could calculate on their fears, England on their self-love.

*Napier.*



### BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

WHEN Laborde's division arrived, the French force was not less than twenty thousand men, and the Duke of Dalmatia made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers. The British piquets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre; but Moore, observing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget, and then, throwing back the 4th Regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flank of the troops penetrating up the valley, while the 50th and 42nd Regiments met those breaking through Elvina. The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads, a severe scrambling

t ensued. The French were forced back with great , and the 50th Regiment, entering the village with the ring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, te beyond the houses. Seeing this, the general ordered a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line le by the advance of those regiments, whereupon the id, mistaking his intentions, retired, with the exception of grenadiers, and at that moment the enemy being rein-ed, renewed the fight beyond the village. Major Napier, manding the 50th, was wounded and taken prisoner, l Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which ng observed by the commander-in-chief, he addressed a animating words to the 42nd, and caused it to return to attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and line of the skirmishers being thus supported vigorously cked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, ile the 4th Regiment galled their flank; at the same e, the centre and left of the army also became engaged. rd was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued ng the line in the valley and on the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left ast by a cannon-shot; the shock threw him from his se with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying ensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the ops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, l he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was n the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was ttered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the s over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles the breast torn into long stripes, interlaced by their rel from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed a in a blanket his sword got entangled, and the hilt ered the wound; Captain Hardinge, a staff-officer, at-

tempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying: "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;*" and in that manner so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Notwithstanding this great disaster, the troops gained ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus turning the enemy, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted. On the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the 14th, carried Palavia which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favor of the British; and, when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French was falling back into confusion.

From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers; his blood flowed fast, and the torture of the wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said: "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said: "*You, Mr. James, know I always wished to die this way.*"

Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said: "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired

after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed: "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*"

In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honors, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valor, raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle. Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark, searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honor habitual to his mind were adorned by a subtle, playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigor of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

*Sir W. Napier.*

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**BATTLE OF TALAVERA.**

FROM nine o'clock in the morning until mid-day, the field of battle offered no appearance of hostility. The weather was intensely hot, and the troops on both sides mingled without fear or suspicion to quench their thirst at a little brook which divided the positions. Before one o'clock, however, the French soldiers were seen to gather round the eagles, and the rolling of drums was heard along the whole line. Half an hour later, Joseph's guards, the reserve, and the fourth corps were descried near the centre of the king's position marching to join the first corps; and soon the table-land and height on the French right, even to the valley, were covered with dark and lowering masses.

At this moment, some hundreds of English soldiers, employed to carry the wounded to the rear, returned in one body, and were by the French supposed to be Wilson's corps joining the army; nevertheless, the Duke of Belluno gave the signal for battle, and eighty pieces of artillery immediately sent a tempest of bullets before the light troops, who came on with the swiftness and violence of a hail-storm, closely followed by the broad black columns in all the majesty of war.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, from the summit of the hill on his left, viewed the whole field of battle. He saw the fourth corps rising forwards with the usual impetuosity of French soldiers, clearing the intersected ground in their front, and falling upon Campbell's division with infinite fury; yet that general, assisted by Mackenzie's brigade and two Spanish battalions, withstood their utmost efforts. The British soldiers, putting the French skirmishers aside, met the advancing columns with loud shouts, broke their front, lapped their flanks with fire, and giving no respite, pushed them back with a terrible carnage. Ten guns were taken,

but as Campbell prudently resolved not to break his line by a pursuit, the French rallied on their supports, and made head for another attack; then the British artillery and musketry played vehemently upon them, a Spanish cavalry regiment charged their flank, they retired in disorder, and the victory was secured in that quarter.

While this was passing on the English right, Villatte's division, preceded by the grenadiers, and supported by two regiments of light cavalry, was seen advancing up the great valley against the left; and beyond Villatte, Ruffin was discovered marching towards the mountain. Sir Arthur ordered Anson's brigade of cavalry, composed of the 23rd light dragoons and the first German hussars, to charge the head of these columns. They went off at a canter, increasing their speed as they advanced and riding headlong against the enemy; but in a few moments, a hollow cleft which was not perceptible at a distance, intervened, and at the same moment the French, throwing themselves into squares, opened their fire. Colonel Arentschild, commanding the hussars, an officer whom forty years' experience had made a master in his art, promptly reined up at the brink, exclaiming in his broken phrase, "*I will not kill you, my young mans!*" The 23rd found the chasm more practicable — the English blood is hot — and the regiment plunged down without a check, men and horses rolling over one another in dreadful confusion; yet the survivors, untamed, mounted the opposite bank by twos and threes; Colonel Seymour was severely wounded, but General Anson and Major Frederick Ponsonby, a hardy soldier, passing through the midst of Villatte's columns, which were pouring in a fire from each side, fell with inexpressible violence upon a brigade of French chasseurs in the rear. The combat was then fierce, yet short, for Victor, seeing the advance of the English, had detached his Polish lancers and Westphalia lighthorse to the support of Villatte, and these fresh men coming up when the 23rd, already

During this time the hill, the key of the position, was again attacked, and Lapisse, crossing the ravine, hurled his men hard upon the English centre; his artillery, aided by a great battery on the right, opened large gaps in the British ranks, and though the French came up to the rescue, and with the resolution to win, they were driven back. In the excitement of success the English guards advanced with reckless ardor, but the French reserves of infantry and dragoons advanced, their repulsed men faced the British batteries, smote the guards in flank and front so that they drew back, and at the same time the Grenadiers, sorely pressed, got into confusion: Hill and Campbell were fast on the extremities of the line, yet the British line was absolutely broken, and fortune seemed to have turned to the French. Suddenly the 48th, led by Colonel Mordaunt, was descried advancing through the vast disorder, which seemed sufficient to carry it away by a flank movement, wheeling back by companies that regiment let the British pass through, and then resuming its proud and steady line, fell on the flank of the victorious French, replying them with such a destructive musketry, and pressing them with such a firm, regular step, that their advance movement was checked. Then the guards advanced.

the hill, although a rough battle was going on there; and at the same time he directed Cotton's light cavalry to advance. These dispositions gained the day, the British became strongest at the decisive point; the French relaxed their efforts; the fire of the former grew hotter, and their ringing shouts—sure augury of success—were heard along the whole line. In the hands of a great general, Joseph's guards and the reserve might have restored the combat, but all combination was at an end on the king's side; the fourth corps, beaten on the French left with the loss of ten guns, was in confusion; the troops in the great valley on the French right, amazed at the furious charge of the 23rd, and awed by the sight of four distinct lines of cavalry still in reserve, remained stationary; no impression had been made on the Key Hill, Lapisse was mortally wounded, his division had given way in the centre, and the whole army finally retired to the position from whence it had descended to the attack. This retrograde movement was covered by skirmishers and an augmented fire of artillery. The British, exhausted by toil and want of food, reduced to less than fourteen thousand sabres and bayonets, could not pursue; the Spanish army was incapable of any evolution, and about six o'clock all hostility ceased, each army holding the position of the morning. The battle was scarcely over when the dry grass and shrubs taking fire, a volume of flames passed with inconceivable rapidity across a part of the field, scorching in its course the dead and the wounded.

*Napier.*



## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON understood his business. Here was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigor by the extraordinary unity of his action.

He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim, — money, troops, generals, and his own safety also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark.

He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not blood-thirsty, not cruel, — but woe to what thing or person stood in his way; not blood-thirsty, but not sparing of blood, — and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. "Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." — "Let him carry the battery." — "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" — "*Forward! FORWARD!*"

In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked everything, and spared nothing, — neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences (as large majorities of men seem to agree), certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough.

"The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an army ought always to be ready by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making." He never economised his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron — shells, balls, grape-shot — to annihilate all defence. He went to the edge of his possibility, so heartily bent was he on his object. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could; he came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops in the confusion of the struggle, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato, and at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner.

He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was as a new weapon. "My power would fall were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage. This vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the

inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defence consisted in being always the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations; the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse, and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed it is always those quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. The same prudence and good sense marked all his behaviour. His instructions to his secretary at the palace are worth remembering:—"During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost." His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of men. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

To these gifts of nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for "the hereditary donkeys," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said that, in their exile, "they had learned nothing, and forgot

nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service; but, also, was citizen before he was emperor, and so had the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discovered the information and justness of measurement of the middle class.

Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. When the expenses of the empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges, errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums. His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as captain and king only as far as the Revolution, or the interest of the industrious masses, found an organ and a leader in him.

In the social interests he knew the meaning and value of labor, and threw himself naturally on that side. The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled the troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document of his relation to his troops is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

*Emerson.*



## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(Oct. 25, 1854).\*

If the exhibition of the most brilliant valor, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected

\* "France had (1853) obtained from the Porte concessions in favor of the Latin Church at Jerusalem; and Russia sought similar indulgences in favor of the Greek Church at the same place. In the settlement of the conflicting claims of the two churches the Sultan appears to have been, in the estimate of the Czar, not so liberal or complaisant in his dealings with him as with the Emperor Napoleon. The Porte tendered amends for this apparent slight, and which seem to have been accepted, but not forgotten. Prince Menzikoff was despatched to Constantinople, and the object of his mission only partly disclosed; it was said to refer exclusively to the Jerusalem churches, but was found to involve questions far more important, and which the prince studiously concealed. The demands that Russia now made extended to all the Greek churches of Turkey, to which belonged several millions of its population, and the substitution of her own authority in place of that of the Porte in matters pertaining to ecclesiastical government. These demands were enforced with a threat of Russian coercion if not implicitly, and without the alteration of a word, complied with within the space of a week.

"To such insulting dictation submission, with national honor, was impossible. Compliance with Prince Menzikoff's peremptory note would have manifestly been subversive of the independence of Turkey, and made the Sultan only a vassal-partner with the Czar in the government of his dominions. Certain privileges had been conceded by the Porte to its Christian subjects, and were guaranteed by treaty with Russia; but what the Emperor now aspired to was to be Pope in Turkey as well as in his own territory, and to exercise the same indisputable authority in the East that the see of Rome in the Dark Ages exercised in western Europe. The Porte offered fresh securities for the religious privileges and immunities of Christians; but, this tender being made in concert with the great powers of Europe, not directly and specially with Russia, it was rejected. Following up the menace of self-redress, the Russian army crossed the boundary line of the Pruth, July 2nd, and in the same month took military possession of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces as a

lustre on the best days of chivalry, can afford full consolation for the disaster of this day, we can have no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

Several battalions of Russian infantry crossed the Tohernay, and they threatened the rear of our position and our communication with Balaklava. Their bands could be heard playing at night by the travellers along the Balaklava road to the camp, but they "showed" but little during the day, and kept up among the gorges and mountain passes, through which the roads to Inkerman, Simpheropol, and the south-east of the Crimea wind towards the interior. The position we occupied in reference to Balaklava was supposed by most people to be very strong—even impregnable. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable entrenchments. Below those entrenchments, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath, are four conical hillocks, one rising above the other as they recede from our lines; the furthest, which joins the chain of mountains opposite to our ridges, being named Canrobert's Hill, from the meeting there of that general with Lord Raglan after the march to Balaklava. On the top of each of these hills the Turks had thrown up earthen redoubts, defended by 250 men each, and armed with two or three guns, some heavy ship guns, lent by us to them, with one artilleryman in each redoubt to look after them. These hills cross the valley of Balaklava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on

'material guarantee' of Ottoman humiliation. This open violation of treaties, and defiance of the usages of civilised states, was met by the counter-approach of the combined fleets of England and France towards the Dardanelles. As the only alternative against unprovoked aggression, the Porte, September 27th, 1854, declared war against Russia, and the allied fleets advanced to their aid." Wade.

one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaklava with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand; immediately below he would behold the valley and plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side, he would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill, a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley, then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks, then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill. At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley there is an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and *plateaux* of rock. In outline and appearance this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trosachs. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava as they close in the entrance to the harbor on the right. The camp of the marines, pitched on the hill sides, more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea, is opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol and your right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town, and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the 93rd Highlanders.

At half-past seven o'clock this morning, an orderly came galloping in to the head-quarters' camp from Balaklava, with the news that at dawn a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley.

As the Russian cavalry on the left crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of about half a mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the

rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge — lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move forwards in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens, the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great, the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think,

it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of those Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians — evidently picked soldiers — their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours, it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart; the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at

the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons were flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip; in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the same character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

As the Russian cavalry retired, their infantry fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the

redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley on our left, as the ground was broken in front, and had halted.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan. (He is now dead and gone; God forbid I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honor, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his lordship.) When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them," or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death. It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry

carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous," and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part — discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death.

At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken — it is joined by the second — they never halt, or check their speed an instant — with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy — with a halo of flashing steel above their heads — and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into



the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale. Demi-gods could not have done what they had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these guns.

Russell.

## PROGRESS OF TRADE.

How trade has expanded since the Anglo-Saxon time, when Billingsgate was the sole London wharf for the discharge of ships' cargoes; how British commerce has grown from the small beginnings of the Norman period; how it has struggled on and augmented in spite of royal decrees and ordinances promulgated for its protection, in reality, fettering and crippling it in every direction, would require many pages.

One king prescribed the prices at which certain goods should be bought and sold; another declared in what places trade should be carried on; a third forbade merchants, under heavy penalties, to deal in more than one kind of merchandise. Foreign merchants were compelled, by another sovereign, to expend all the proceeds of the goods they sold in the purchase of English merchandise,—a kingly method of settling the balance of trade. Thus, law was heaped upon trade, until trade was almost overwhelmed and the merchant felt puzzled as to the legal mode of conducting his business. It need not therefore be matter for surprise that, in the days of the White and Red Rose the whole community did not transact as much business as is now done by any single high-class commercial firm in London, Manchester, or Liverpool. But science has brought facilities for trade, the bare mention of which tends to show its extent. Railways bring people and goods together which before were always separated. A cask of sugar, to get from Glasgow to Carlisle, had formerly to circumnavigate England in a ship; now it reaches its destination in a few hours by railway. Merchants living at a distance from one another corresponded for years and never once met. Now, the Glasgow, Liverpool, or United States merchant makes his journeys to London or to other centres of trade, as often as need arises. The introduction of the electric telegraph has also helped to work a great change in the mode of trans-

acting business. Instead of the day's operations being, as formerly, entirely carried on upon 'change, bargains are struck between Liverpool, London, and continental firms, of many thousand pounds' value—from morning till evening—through the agency of electric wires. A ship laden with coffee from Costa Rica, or sugar from the Brazils, arrives at some port in the English Channel, consigned to the order of a London merchant on account of a firm abroad. The captain does not come to an anchor and wait an exchange of posts with London for his orders, he simply puts his sails aback, pulls ashore in his boat, sends a few words by electric telegraph announcing his arrival, and, by the time he has finished a glass of grog at his favorite inn, a reply reaches him from town, to this effect: "The London market is depressed;—go on to Hamburg." At the end of an hour, from first stepping into his boat, he is making all sail for his new destination.

What would the shade of Edward III. say to the entry, inward and outward, of upwards of twenty thousand ships at the port of London alone! In his day, the customs' receipts amounted to about eight thousand pounds a year; while from that of Elizabeth, the state of comparative peace in which this country remained from her accession to the reign of Charles I., caused the customs' revenue of London to reach one hundred and nine thousand pounds in one year. A century later, it reached half a million sterling; in the year 1837, it amounted to ten millions and a quarter, being precisely half of the entire customs' revenue of the United Kingdom.

In 1853, upwards of four million tons of shipping were entered both ways, at the port of London alone, against one hundred and eighty thousand in the middle of the last century. The declared value of the goods exported from this country in 1849 was upwards of sixty-three millions sterling; showing that, within twenty years, our trade beyond sea had increased by fifty per cent. Thanks

to free trade, steam, and electricity, we are now advancing with more rapid strides; and we have accomplished, in four years, what had previously required twenty to bring about. In 1853 our exports amounted to nearly one hundred millions sterling, being an increase of more than fifty per cent upon the trade of 1849, and equalling the yearly revenue of the whole of continental Europe, with the exception of France.

Of our entire export trade, one third goes to the British colonies; and more than another third is shipped to the United States. In 1853, to various parts of the world, we did not fail to remark that the British manufactures and produce exported to the colony of Victoria amounted, within a few thousands, to the value of the whole of the imports to British India, viz., seven millions sterling. The population of the two being respectively two hundred and fifty thousand, and one hundred and forty millions, it follows that the proportionate consumption per head was twenty-eight pounds sterling in Victoria, and one shilling in British India. The ratio in which our manufactures are taken by different places is interesting and instructive. Thus gold-digging would appear to be a thirsty occupation, and gold-diggers a jovial community; seeing that one half of the wine and beer sent to this country is taken by the Australian colonists, — in other words, if they drink it all in one year, they will absorb two hundred thousand barrels of strong beer, and nearly one million and a half gallons of wine. This is exclusive of spirits, which were exported to Australia at the rate of seven gallons for each colonist. The chief occupations in Australia are those of shepherds, stock-keepers, and gold-diggers, and one would imagine such kinds of work, being none of the cleanest, would create a demand for the stoutest description of clothing. Yet it would appear that sheep are tended, cattle herded, and gold dug for in light evening costume; silks having been taken to the value of nearly half a million, and muslins and cam-

bricks to the extent of a million and a half yards; whilst, of "vulgar" fustians only one hundred and twenty-four thousand yards were required.

Queen Elizabeth found some difficulty in collecting and manning a few hundred ships to repel the Spanish armada. In the year 1853, Great Britain owned upwards of twenty-five thousand sailing vessels and thirteen hundred steamships, independently of the royal navy. But a better indication of the extraordinary rate at which commerce, in the most extended sense of that word, has advanced, exists in the increase of correspondence by post.

From a recently-published report of the Postmaster-General, it appears that, a century ago, the annual revenue of the Post-Office was only one hundred and forty thousand pounds. It now amounts to two millions and a half sterling. The increase in the transmission of money through the Post-office has been even more prodigious. Fifteen years ago, the number of money-orders issued from that establishment was one hundred and ninety thousand. Last year the number almost exceeds belief. It amounted to ten millions and a half. The centre of the British trade is the Royal Exchange. Although the most commercial people in the world, except the Dutch, we were the last to provide our merchants with a building suitable for the daily transaction of their business. To so late a period as the reign of Elizabeth, the merchants of London were wont to assemble in Lombard Street, where, in the open air, in all weathers, and at all seasons, they were content to gossip and make their bargains. In those familiar days, when our streets were wider and far less frequented, it may not have greatly interfered with the traffic of the city. Those open-air meetings had prevailed for several centuries, and it may appear still more singular that, at the present time, three centuries later, there are many of the larger manufacturing towns in the North possessing stately Exchanges, but where the dealers, brokers, and spinners, prefer assembling around

some time-honored iron pump, or about some decaying wooden post, in the badly-paved, weather-beaten street. The first Royal Exchange was erected by, and at the chief cost of, Sir Thomas Gresham, whose business-sign, the grass-hopper, still adorns the summit of the building. It consisted of two floors, in the upper of which was a species of bazaar, in which were exposed for sale every conceivable article, from Venetian silk to mouse-traps and Jews' trumpets. The royal Elizabeth, to encourage this new "burse," as it was termed, paid it a visit, and christened it the Royal Exchange. Sir Thomas, we read, aware of the importance of the occasion, went twice round the Upper Pawne, and besought the few vendors of goods already located there, "that they would furnish and adorn, with wares and wax-lights, as many shoppes as they coulde or woulde, and they shoulde have all those shoppes so furnished rent-free that yeare."

The effect of royal patronage was not less marked in those times than in the present day. The shops that were thus given rent-free paid within a year or two afterwards as much as four pounds ten shillings per annum, a large rental at that period; and traders were most solicitous for room in the Upper Pawne. The building was originally constructed of timber and slate, and it was no irreparable calamity that it fell amidst the general destruction of the Great Fire of 1666. Three years later, the second building was opened on the old site greatly improved in appearance, solidity, and utility. In January, 1838, this second Exchange was burnt down. Four years precisely from that date the first stone of the present building was laid by Prince Albert.

*Household Words.*



*Natural Science.*



*I take pleasure in persuading myself, that scientific subjects may be treated of in language at once dignified, grave, and animated, and that those who are restricted within the circumscribed limits of ordinary life, and have long remained strangers to an intimate communion with nature, may thus have opened to them one of the richest sources of enjoyment of which the human mind is capable.* HUMBOLDT.

## NATURAL SCIENCE.

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### ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE aim of science is the knowledge of the laws of Nature, whereby we acquire a dominion over Nature, and are thereby able so to apply her powers as to advance the well-being of society and exalt the condition of mankind. God has given to man a capacity to discover and comprehend the laws by which the universe is governed; and man is impelled by a healthy and natural impulse to exercise the faculties by which that knowledge can be acquired. Agreeably with the relations which have been instituted between our finite faculties and the phenomena that affect them, we arrive at demonstrations and convictions which are the most certain that our present state of being can have or act upon.

In regard to the period during which the globe allotted to man has revolved in its orbit, present evidence strains the mind to grasp such sum of past time with an effort like that by which it tries to realise the space dividing that orbit from the fixed stars and remoter nebulae.\* Yet, during all those eras that have passed since the Cambrian rocks were deposited which bear the impressed record of creative power, as it was then manifested, we know, through the interpreters of these "writings on stone," that the earth was vivified by the sun's light and heat, was fertilised by refreshing showers, and washed by tidal waves. No stagnation has been permitted to air or ocean. The vast body of waters not only moved, as a whole, in orderly

\* *Nebulae*, glittering white clouds, considered to be a system of stars.

oscillations, regulated, as now, by sun and moon, but were rippled and agitated by winds and storms. The atmosphere was healthily influenced by its horizontal currents, and by ever-varying clouds and vapors, rising, condensing, dissolving, and falling in endless vertical circulation. With these conditions of life, we know that life itself has been enjoyed throughout the same countless thousands of years; and that with life, from the beginning, there has been death.

Geology demonstrates that the creative force has not deserted this earth during any of her epochs of time; and that in respect to no one class of animals has the manifestation of that force been limited to one epoch. Not a fish that now lives but has come into being during a comparatively recent period; the existing species were preceded by other species, and these again by others still more different from the present. No existing genus of fishes can be traced beyond a moiety of known creative time. So the creation of every class of animals, reptiles, birds, or beasts, has been successive and continuous, from the earliest times at which we have evidence of their existence; creation ever compensating for extinction.

The science of chemistry, which gives us an insight into the hidden operations of Nature's laboratory, is daily advancing; and the present tendency of higher generalisations seems to be towards a reduction of the number of those bodies which are called "elementary;" it begins to be almost more than suspected that certain groups of so-called chemical elements are but modified forms of one another. Already natural processes can be more economically replaced by artificial ones in the formation of few organic compounds, the "valerianic acid," for example. It is impossible to foresee to what extent chemistry may not ultimately, in the production of things needful, supersede the present vital agencies of nature "by laying under contribution the accumulated forces of past ages, with

would thus enable us to obtain in a small manufactory, and in a few days, effects which can be realised from present natural agencies only when they are exerted upon vast areas of land, and through considerable periods of time."

Remote as the profound conceptions and subtle trains of thought seem to be from the needs of every-day life, the most astounding of the practical augmentation of man's power has sprung out of them. Nothing might seem less promising of profit than Oersted's painfully-pursued experiments, with his little magnets, voltaic pile, and bits of copper wire. Yet out of these has sprung the electric telegraph! Oersted himself saw such an application of his convertibility of electricity into magnetism, and made arrangements for testing that application to the instantaneous communications of signs through distances of a few miles. The resources of inventive genius have made it practicable for all distances, as we have already seen in the submergence and working of the electro-magnetic cord connecting the Old and the New World of the geographers. On the 6th of August, 1858, the laying down of upwards of 2000 nautical miles of the telegraphic cord, connecting Newfoundland and Ireland, was successfully completed; and on that day a message of thirty-one words was transmitted in thirty-five minutes, along the sinuosities of the submerged hills and valleys forming the bed of the vast Atlantic. The practicability of bringing America into electrical communication with Europe has been demonstrated; consequently a like power of instantaneous interchange of thought between the civilised inhabitants of every part of the globe becomes only a question of time. The benefits thence to ensue for the human race can be but inadequately foreseen. The strides made, in recent years, in various branches of natural history are no less astonishing. Since Bacon's day the chief steps by which natural history had advanced to the dignity of a science are associated with the names of Ray, Linnæus, Jussieu,

Buffon, and Cuvier. By the first two the phenomena were digested and classified according to artificial, but conveniently applicable methods,—of necessity the precursors of systems more expressive of the natural affinities of plants and animals. To perfect the natural system of plants has been the great aim of botanists since Jussieu; to obtain the same true insight into the relations of animals has stimulated the labors of zoologists since the writings of Cuvier. Three principles (of the common ground of which we may ultimately obtain a clearer insight) are now recognised to have governed the construction of animals—unity of plan, vegetative repetition, and fitness for purpose.

Observations on the geographical distribution of indigenous plants are generalised by dividing the horizontal range of vegetation into zones bounded by annual isothermal lines; by classifying plants according to the regions of altitude; and by classifying them by regions defined by the proportion of plant species peculiar to them. The modes of enunciating the laws of the geographical distribution of marine animals are very analogous to those which have been applied to the vegetable kingdom, which is as diversely developed on land as the animal kingdom in the sea. Certain horizontal areas or provinces have been characterised by the entire assemblage of animals and plants constituting their population.

The restrictive laws of geographical distribution seem least applicable to birds, yet, like the plants and marine animals, they are similarly distributed. The laws of geographical distribution, as affecting mammalian life, have been reduced to great exactness by observations continued since the time of Buffon.

The most elaborate and beautiful of created things, those manifesting life, have much to teach—much that comes home to the business of man, and also to the highest elements of his moral nature. The nation that gathers together thousands of corals, shells, insects, fishes, birds,

and beasts, and votes the requisite funds for preparing, preserving, housing, and arranging them, derives the smallest possible return for the outlay by merely gazing and wondering at the manifold variety and strangeness of such specimens of natural history. The simplest coral and the meanest insect may have something in its history worth knowing, and in some way profitable. Every organism is a character in which Divine wisdom is written, and which ought to be expounded.

Agriculture has of late years made unusual progress in this country, and much of that progress is due to the application of scientific principles; chiefly of those supplied by chemistry; in a less degree of zoology and physiology. Geology now teaches the precise nature and relations of soils—a knowledge of great practical importance in guiding the drainer of land in the modifications of his general rules of practice. Palæontology has brought to light unexpected sources of valuable manures, in phosphatic\* relics of ancient animal life, accumulated in astounding masses in certain localities of England, as, for instance, in the red crag of Suffolk and the greensands of Cambridge. But quantities of azotic†, ammoniacal‡, and phosphatic matters are still suffered to run to waste; and, as if to bring the wastefulness more home to the conviction, those products, so valuable when rightly administered, become a source of annoyance, unremunerative outlay, and disease, when imperfectly and irrationally disposed of. For the most part, thought is taken only how to get rid of these products in the easiest and quickest way.

In the operations of Nature there is generally a succes-

\* *Phosphatic*, bone—the base of which is phosphate of lime.

† *Azotic* or mephitic air, a constituent of the atmosphere, but, separated from oxygen, fatal to life. It exists largely in muscular fibre. Being the base of nitric acid, it is also called nitrogen.

‡ *Ammoniacal*, an alkaline air, chiefly used in a liquid form. It may be decomposed from all animal matters, except fat.

sion of processes co-ordinated for a given result; a peach is not directly developed as such from its elements; the seed would, *a priori*\*, give no idea of the tree, nor the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised germ of that flower of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the Creative wisdom, this far-seeing and provision of an ultimate result, through the successive operations of a co-ordinate series of seemingly very different conditions. The further man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach — though the distance be still immeasurable — to the Divine wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax; and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through the foreseen consequences the revenue is improved. Every practical application of the discoveries of science, as of the political economist, tends to the promotion of the public weal.

The steam-engine, in its manifold applications, the crime-decreasing gas-lamp, the lightning conductor, the electric telegraph, the law of storms and rules for the mariner's guidance in them, the power of rendering surgical operations painless, the measures for preserving public health and for preventing or mitigating epidemics — such are among the more important practical results of pure scientific research with which mankind have been blessed and states enriched. They are evidence unmistakeable of the close affinity between the aims and tendencies of science and those of true state policy. Owen.

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\* *A priori*, mode of reasoning from cause to effect, independently of actual experience. Its opposite — *a posteriori* — concerns itself with proofs based on antecedent knowledge.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

## STINGS.

PROBABLY at some period of your life you have been stung by a bee or wasp. I shall take it for granted that you have, and that having tested the potency of these warlike insects' weapons with one sense, you have a curiosity to examine them with another. The microscope shall aid your vision to investigate the morbidic implement. This is the sting of the honey-bee, which I have but this moment extracted. It consists of a dark-brown horny sheath, bulbous at the base, but suddenly diminishing, and then tapering to a fine point. This sheath is split entirely along the inferior edge, and by pressure with a needle I have been enabled to project the two lancets, which commonly lie within the sheath. These are two slender filaments of the like brown horny substance, of which the centre is tubular, and carries a fluid in which bubbles are visible. The extremity of each displays a beautiful mechanism, for it is thinned away into two thin blade-edges, of which one remains keen and knife-like, while the opposite edge is cut into several saw-teeth pointing backwards. The lancets do not appear to be united with the sheath in any part, but simply to lie in its groove; their basal portions pass out into the body behind the sheath, where you see a number of muscle-bands crowded around them: these, acting in various directions, and being inserted into the lancets at various points, exercise a complete control over their movements, projecting or retracting them at their will. But each lancet has a singular projection from its back, which appears to act in some way as a guide to its motion, probably preventing it from slipping aside when darted forth, for the bulbous part



of the sheath in which these projections work seems formed expressly to receive them.

Thus we see an apparatus beautifully contrived to enter the flesh of an enemy ; the two spears finely pointed, sharp-edged, and saw-toothed, adapted for piercing, cutting, and tearing ; the reverse direction of the teeth gives the weapon a hold in the flesh, and prevents it from being readily drawn out. Here is an elaborate store of power for the jactation of the javelins in the numerous muscle-bands ; here is a provision made for the precision of the impulse ; and, finally, here is a polished sheath for the reception of the weapons, and their preservation when not in actual use. All this is perfect ; but something still was wanting to render the weapons effective, and that something your experience has proved to be supplied.

The mere intromission of these points, incomparably finer and sharper than the finest needle that was ever polished in a Sheffield workshop, would produce no result appreciable to our feelings, and most surely would not be followed by the distressing agony attendant on the sting of a bee. We must look for something more than we have seen.

We need not be long in finding it. For here, at the base of the sheath, into which it enters by a narrow neck, lies a transparent pear-shaped bag, its surface covered all over, but especially towards the neck, with small glands set transversely. It is rounded behind, where it is entered by a very long and slender membranous tube, which, after many turns and windings, gradually thickening and becoming more evidently glandular, terminates in a blind end.

This is the apparatus for preparing and ejecting a powerful poison. The glandular end of the slender tube is the secreting organ : here the venom is prepared. The remainder of the tube is a duct for conveying it to the bag, a reservoir in which it is stored for the moment of use. By means of the neck it is thrown into the groove at the moment the sting is projected, the same muscles, probably,

that dart forward the weapon compressing the poison-bag, and causing it to pour forth its contents into the groove, whence it passes on between the two spears into the wound which they have made.

When this apparatus is not accompanied by a poison-reservoir, it is ancillary to the deposition of the eggs, and is hence called an *ovipositor*, and this is illustrated in the common gall-fly.

"There can be no doubt that the mother gall-fly makes a hole in the plant for the purpose of depositing her eggs. She is furnished with an admirable ovipositor for that express purpose, and Swammerdam actually saw a gall-fly thus depositing her eggs, and we have recently witnessed the same in several instances. In some of these insects the ovipositor is conspicuously long, even when the insect is at rest; but in others not above a line or two of it is visible till the belly of the insect be gently pressed. When this is done to the fly that produces the currant-gall of the oak, the ovipositor may be seen issuing from a sheath in form of a small curved needle, of a chestnut-brown color, and of a horny substance, and three times as long as it first appeared.

"What is most remarkable in this ovipositor is, that it is much longer than the whole body of the insect, in whose body it is lodged in a sheath; and, from its horny nature, it cannot be either shortened or lengthened. It is on this account that it is bent into the same curve as the body of the insect. The mechanism by which this is effected is similar to that of the tongue of the woodpeckers; which, though rather short, can be darted out far beyond the beak by means of a forked bone at the root of the tongue, which is thin and rolled up like the spring of a watch. The base of the ovipositor of the gall-fly is, in a similar way, placed near the anus, runs along the curvature of the back, makes a turn at the breast, and then, following the curve of the belly, appears again near where it originates.

"With this instrument the mother gall-fly pierces the

part of a plant which she selects; and, according to our older naturalists, 'ejects into the cavity a drop of her corroding liquor, and immediately lays an egg or more there, the circulation of the sap being thus interrupted and thrown by the poison into a fermentation that burns the contiguous parts and changes the natural color. The sap, turned from its proper channel, extravasates and flows round the eggs, while its surface is dried by the external air, and hardens into a vaulted form.' " *Gosse and Rennie.*

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#### CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD IN A FROG.

I HAVE here a living frog. You perceive that the web which connects the toes is exceedingly thin and translucent, yet arteries and veins meander through its delicate tissues, which are then clothed on both surfaces with the common skin. But you ask, how we can induce the frog to be so polite as to hold his paw up, and keep it steady for our scientific investigation. We will manage that without difficulty.

Most microscopes are furnished (among their accessory apparatus) with what is called a frog-plate, provided for this very demonstration. Here is mine. It is a thin plate of brass, two inches and a half broad and seven long, with a number of small holes pierced through it along the margins, and a large orifice near one end, which is covered with a plate of glass. This is to be froggy's bed during the operation, for we must make him as comfortable as circumstances will admit. Well, then, we take this strip of linen, damp it, and proceed to wrap up our unconscious subject. When we have passed two or three folds round him, we pass a tape round the whole, with just sufficient tightness to keep him from struggling. One hind-leg must project from the linen, and we now pass a needle of thread twice or thrice through the drapery and round the small of this free leg, so as to prevent him from retracting it.

Here, then, he lies, swathed like a mummy, with one little cold foot protruded. Lay him carefully on the brass plate, so that the webbed toes shall stretch across the glass. Now, then, we pass another tape through the marginal holes and over the body to bind it to the brass, of course taking care not to cut the animal, but only using just as much force as is needful to prevent his wriggings. Now a bit of thread round each toe, with which we tie it to as many of the holes, so as to expand the web across the glass. A drop of cold water now upon the swathes to keep him cool, and a touch of the same with a feather upon the toes to prevent them from drying (which must be repeated at intervals during the examination), and he is ready. What a striking spectacle is now presented to us, as with a power of three hundred diameters we gaze on the web of the foot! There is an area of clear, colorless tissue filling the field, marked all over with delicate angular lines, something like scales; this is the tessellated epithelium\* of the surface. Our attention is caught by a number of black spots, often taking fantastic forms, but generally somewhat starlike; these are pigment-cells, on which the color of the animal's skin is dependent. But the most prominent feature is the blood. Wide rivers, with tortuous course, roll across the area, with many smaller streams meandering among them, some pursuing an independent course below the larger, and others branching out of them or joining them at different angles. The larger rivers are of a deep orange-red hue, the smaller faintly tinged with reddish yellow. In some of these channels the stream rolls with a majestic evenness; in others it shoots along with headlong impetuosity, and in some it is sluggish or even quite stagnant. By looking with a steady gaze, we see that in all cases the stream is made up of a multitude of thin reddish disks, of exactly the same dimensions and appearance as those

\* *Epithelium*, the cuticle — under the true skin.

we saw just now in the frog's blood ; only that here, being in motion, we see very distinctly, as they are rolled over each other, that they *are* disks and not spherules ; for they forcibly remind us of counters, such as are used for play, supposing they were made out of pale red glass.

It is charming to watch one of these streams, selecting one of medium size, where the density is not too great to see the individual disks ; and, fixing our eye on the point where a branch issues from one side of the channel, mark the disks shoot by one after another, some pursuing their main course, and others turning aside into the branch, perhaps so small as to allow of only a single disk to pass at once.

The streams do not pursue the same uniform direction. The larger ones do, indeed, and their course is from the extremity of the toes towards the body. These are the veins ; but the smaller streamlets flow in any direction, and frequently send out side-branches, which presently return into the stream from which they issued, or unite with others in a very irregular network. These are the capillaries which feed the veins, and which are themselves fed by the arteries, whose course is in the opposite direction, viz., from the body. These, however, are with difficulty seen ; they are more deeply seated in the tissues, and are less spread over the webs, being generally placed along the borders of the toes ; they are, moreover, fewer and smaller than the veins, but the blood in them usually flows with more impetuous rapidity. The variations in the impetus of the current which we observe in the same vessel are probably owing to the mental emotions of the animal : alarm at its unusual position, and at the confinement which it feels when it endeavours to move, may suspend the action of the heart, and thus cause an interruption in the flow, or analogous emotions may quicken the pulse. We will, however, now release our little prisoner, who, though glad to be at liberty, is, as you see, none the worse for his temporary imprisonment.

Gosse.

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## THE WEALTH OF THE SEA.

THE ancients characterised the land as their *Alma parens* \*; yet how much more worthy does the ocean seem of this title! The dweller on the earth must sow the seed, plant trees, or turn the soil with his plough before he can gather in the grain that is to nourish him, or pluck the fruit that is to quench his thirst. Months, nay years, may pass before his labors will be recompensed, and perhaps at the very moment when he is about to reap the reward of his toil, a blast of wind, or a hail-storm, comes utterly to destroy his hopes. The ocean demands no such protracted waiting, and gives birth to no such painful disappointments. The tide falls!—to work! to work! both young and old! there is room for all, and labor proportioned to every age and to every degree of strength.

The men and their sturdy helpmates, spade in hand, turn up the sand, which has been covered by the sea for some hours, and soon their baskets are filled with cockles, razor-fishes, and venuses†, which although less delicate, are more nourishing than oysters; besides these, there is also the sand-eel, a little fish which is held in high esteem, but which is not as easily captured as the shell-fish, for it loves to hide itself under the sand, where it moves about with marvellous agility. During this time the young girls are dropping their pocket-like nets into the pools which have been left by the retiring tide, busily employed in collecting shrimps or in catching some lobster or crab, or, perchance, even some stray shore-fish which has been arrested before it could regain its distant place of retreat. Others, armed with a stick, terminating in a strong hook, scrape the sand below the stones and hollows of the rock,

\* *Alma parens*, or *mater*, foster-mother. [Also applied to a university.]

† Refer to table, p. 463, for the classification of this and other groups.

and from time to time draw forth a conger-eel with glistening skin, or some cuttle-fish or calamary, which vainly attempts to escape by shrouding itself in a cloud of ink. The children in the meantime gather from the rocks limpets, periwinkles, whelks, roaring buckies, ormers, or mussels, which hang clustering together like bunches of grapes, suspended by the threads of the byssus \*, which the animal weaves for itself. For two or three hours the beach is full of life and activity, whilst a whole population pours forth to seek its daily food ; but soon the waves return towards the shore, the tide rises, and all hasten homeward, certain that the sea will replace the bounteous gifts which it is taking from them, and that in a few hours they may come forth again to reap a harvest which has needed no season of planting or of sowing.

*Quatrefoies.*

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#### THE MARGIN OF THE SEA.

THE boundaries of the ocean are not invariable ; while in some parts it encroaches upon the land, in others it retreats from the expanding coast. In many places we find the sea perpetually gnawing and undermining cliffs and rocks ; and sometimes swelling with sudden rage it devours a broad expanse of plain, and changes fertile meads into a dreary waste of waters. The Goodwin Sands, notorious for the loss of many a noble vessel, were once a large tract of low ground belonging to Earl Goodwin, father of Harold, the last of our Saxon kings ; and being afterwards enjoyed by the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, the whole surface was drowned by the abbot's neglect to repair the wall which defended it from the sea. In spite of the endeavours of the Dutch to protect their flat land by dykes against the inundatory waters, the storm-flood has more than once burst through these artificial boundaries, and converted large districts into inland seas.

\* *Byssus*, a substance secreted by molluscs for the purpose stated

But the spaces which in this manner the dry land has gradually or suddenly lost, or still loses, to the chafing ocean are largely compensated for in other places by the vast accumulations of mud and sand which so many rivers continually carry along with them into the sea. Thus at the mouths of the Nile, of the Ganges, and of the Mississippi, large alluvial plains have been deposited, which now form some of the most fruitful portions of the globe. The whole Delta of Egypt, Bengal, and Louisiana, have thus gradually emerged from the waters.

The volcanic powers, which once caused the highest mountain chains to rise from the glowing bosom of the earth, are still uninterruptedly active in changing its surface, and are gradually displacing the present boundaries of sea and land, upheaving some parts and causing others to subside.

On the coast of Sweden it has been ascertained that iron rings fixed to rocks which formerly served for the fastening of boats are at present much too high. Flat cliffs on which, according to ancient documents, seals used to be clubbed while enjoying the warm sunbeam, are now quite out of the reach of these amphibious animals. In the years 1731, 1752, and 1755, marks were hewn in some conspicuous rocks, which after the lapse of half a century were found to have risen about two feet higher above the level of the sea. This phenomenon is confined to part of the coast, so that it is clearly the result of a local and slowly progressive upheaving.

Whilst a great part of Scandinavia is thus slowly but steadily rising, the shores of Chili have been found to rise convulsively under the influence of mighty volcanic shocks. Thus after the great earthquake of 1822 the whole coast, for the length of a hundred miles, was found to be three or four feet higher than before, and a further elevation was observed after the earthquake of Feb. 21st, 1835.

*Whilst to the north of Wolstenholme Sound Kane re-*



marked signs of elevation, a converse depression was observed as he proceeded southwards along the coast of Greenland, Esquimaux huts being seen washed by the sea. The axis of oscillation must be somewhere about  $77^{\circ}$  N. lat.

At Keeling Island, in the Indian Ocean, Mr. Darwin found evidence of subsidence. On every side of the lagoon, in which the water is as tranquil as in the most sheltered lake, old cocoa-nut trees were undermined and falling. The foundation-posts of a store-house on the beach, which the inhabitants had said stood seven years before just above high-water mark, were now daily washed by the tide. Earthquakes had been repeatedly remarked by the inhabitants, so that Darwin no longer doubted concerning the cause which made the trees to fall, and the store-house to be washed by the daily tide.

On the columns of the temple of Serapis, near Puzzuoli, the astonished naturalist sees holes scooped out by pholades and lithodomas, twenty-four feet above the present level of the sea. These animals are marine testacea that have the power of burying themselves in stone, and cannot live beyond the reach of low water. How then have they been able to scoop out those hieroglyphic marks so far above the level of their usual abodes? for surely marble originally defective was never used for the construction of so proud an edifice. Alternate depressions and elevations of the soil afford us the only key to the enigma. Earthquakes and oscillations, so frequent in that volcanic region, must first have lowered the temple into the sea, where it was acted upon by the sacrilegious molluscs, and then again their upheaving powers must have raised it to its present elevation. Thus, even the solid earth changes its features, and reminds us of the mutability of all created things.

*Ibid.*

## THE INHABITANTS OF THE SEA.

WE dive into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, and it opens to us the most wondrous enchantments of the fairy tales of our childhood's dreams.

The coloring surpasses everything: vivid green alternates with brown and yellow; rich tints of purple, from pale red-brown to the deepest blue; brilliant rosy, yellow, or peach-colored nullipores\* overgrow the decaying masses, and are themselves interwoven with the pearl-colored plates of the reptipores†, resembling the most delicate ivory carvings. Close by wave the yellow and lilac fans, perforated like trellis-work, of the gorgonias.‡ The clear sand at the bottom is covered with the thousand strange forms and tints of sea-urchins and star-fishes. The leaf-like flustras and escharas§ adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of the corals; the yellow, green, and purple-striped limpets cling like monstrous cochineal insects upon their trunks. Like gigantic cactus-blossoms, sparkling in the most ardent colors, the sea-anemones expand their crowns of tentacles upon the broken rocks, or more modestly embellish the bottom, looking like beds of variegated ranunculuses.|| Around the blossoms of the coral shrubs play the humming-birds of the ocean, — little fish sparkling with red or blue metallic glitter, or gleaming in golden green, or in the brightest silvery lustre. Softly, like spirits of the deep, the delicate milk-white or bluish bells of the jelly-fishes float through this charmed home, and the flaming

\* *Nullipores*, see note, p. 444.

† *Reptipores*, ditto.

‡ *Gorgonias*, a genus of *Ceratophyta*, family *Corticati*, class *Polypi*.

§ *Flustras* and *escharas*, belonging to the *Molluscoida*; see table, p. 463.

|| *Ranunculuses*, crowfoot and spearwort; of a poisonous character.

yellow, black, and vermillion-striped coquille\* chase their prey; there the land-fish shoots snake-like through the thicket, like a long silver ribbon, glittering with rosy and azure hues. Then come the fabulous cuttle-fish, decked in all colors of the rainbow, but marked by no definite outline, appearing and disappearing, intercouring, joining company, and parting again, in most fantastic ways; and all this in the most rapid change, and amid the most wonderful play of light and shade, altered by every breath of wind, and every slight curling of the surface of the ocean. When day declines, and the shades of night lay hold upon the deep, millions of glowing sparks, little microscopic medusas and crustaceans, dance like glow-worms through the gloom. The sea-feather, which by daylight is vermillion-colored, waves in a greenish phosphorescent light. Every corner of it is lustrous. Parts which by day were dull and brown, and retreated from the sight amid the universal brilliancy of color, are now radiant in the most wonderful play of green, yellow, and red light; and to complete the wonders of the enchanted night, the silver disk of the moon-fish moves, slightly luminous, among the crowd of little sparkling stars.

The most luxuriant vegetation of a tropical landscape cannot unfold as great wealth of form, while in the variety and splendor of color it would stand far behind this garden-landscape, which is strangely composed exclusively of animals, and not of plants; for, characteristic as the luxuriant development of vegetation of the temperate zone is of the sea-bottom, the fulness and multiplicity of the marine fauna is just as prominent in the regions of the tropics. Whatever is beautiful, wondrous, or uncommon in the great classes of fish and echinoderms, jelly-fishes and polypes, and the molluscs of all kinds, is crowded into the warm and crystal waters of the tropical ocean, — rests in the white sands, clothes the rough cliffs, clings where the room is

\* Coquille, or coquille, the cockle.

already occupied, like a parasite upon the first-comers, or swims through the shallows and depths of the element — while the mass of the vegetation is of a far inferior magnitude. It is peculiar in relation to this that the law valid on land holds good with reference to the sea; for the polar seas swarm with whales, seals, sea-birds, fishes, and countless numbers of the lower animals, even where every trace of vegetation has long vanished in the eternal frozen ice, and the cool sea fosters no seaweed: that this law, I say, holds good also for the sea, in the directions of its depths; for when we descend, vegetable life vanishes much sooner than the animals, even from the depths to which no ray of light is capable of penetrating, the sounding-lead brings up news at least of living infusoria. *Schleiden.*

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### SUBMARINE VIEWS.

WHEN the sea is perfectly clear and transparent, it allows the eye to distinguish objects at a very great depth. Near Mindora, in the Indian Ocean, the spotted corals are plainly visible under twenty-five fathoms of water. The crystalline clearness of the Caribbean Sea excited the admiration of Columbus, who in the pursuit of his great discoveries ever retained an open eye for the beauties of nature. "In passing over these splendidly adorned grounds," says Schöpfung, "where marine life shows itself in an endless variety of forms, the boat, suspended over the purest crystal, seems to float in the air, so that a person unaccustomed to the scene easily becomes giddy. On the clear sandy bottom appear thousands of sea-stars, sea-urchins, molluscs, and fishes of a brilliancy of color unknown in our temperate seas. Burning red, intense blue, lively green, and golden yellow perpetually vary; the spectator floats over groves of sea-plants, gorgonias, corals, alcyoniums, fla-

bellums, and sponges, that afford no less delight to the eye, and are no less gently agitated by the heaving waters, than the most beautiful garden on earth when a gentle breeze passes through the waving boughs."

With equal enthusiasm De Quatrefages expatiates on the beauties of the submarine landscapes on the coast of Sicily. "The surface of the waters, smooth and even like a mirror, enabled the eye to penetrate to an incredible depth, and to recognise the smallest objects. Deceived by this wonderful transparency, it often happened that I wished to seize some annelide or medusa, which seemed to swim but a few inches from the surface. Then the boatman smiled, took a net fastened to a long pole, and, to my great astonishment, plunged it deep into the water before it could attain the object which I had supposed to be within my reach. The admirable clearness of the waters produced another deception of a most agreeable kind. Leaning over the boat, we glided over plains, dales, and hillocks, which in some places naked and in others carpeted with green or with brownish shrubbery, reminded us of the prospects of the land. Our eye distinguished the smallest inequalities of the piled-up rocks, plunged more than a hundred feet deep into their cavernous hollows, and everywhere the undulations of the sand, the abrupt edges of the stone-blocks, and the tufts of algæ were so sharply defined, that the wonderful illusion made us forget the reality of the scene. Between us and those lovely pictures we saw no more the intervening waters that enveloped them as in an atmosphere and carried our boat upon their bosom. It was as if we were hanging in a vacant space, or looking down like birds hovering in the air upon a charming prospect. Strangely formed animals peopled these submarine regions, and lent them a peculiar character. Fishes, sometimes isolated like the sparrows of our groves, or uniting in flocks like our pigeons or swallows, roamed among the crags, wandered through the thickets of the sea-plants, and shot away like arrows as

our boat passed over them. Caryophyllias, gorgonias, and a thousand other zoophytes unfolded their sensitive petals, and could hardly be distinguished from the real plants with whose fronds their branches intertwined. Enormous dark blue holothurians crept along upon the sandy bottom, or slowly climbed the rocks, on which crimson sea-stars spread out immoveably their long radiating arms. Molluscs dragged themselves lazily along, while crabs, resembling huge spiders, ran against them in their oblique and rapid progress, or attacked them with their formidable claws. Other crustaceans, analogous to our lobsters or shrimps, gambolled among the fuci, sought for a moment the surface waters to enjoy the light of heaven, and then by one mighty stroke of their muscular tail, instantly disappeared again in the obscure recesses of the deep. Among these animals, whose shapes reminded us of familiar forms, appeared other species, belonging to types unknown in our colder latitudes: *Salpæ*, strange molluscs of glassy transparency, that, linked together, form swimming chains; great *Beroës*, similar to living enamel; *Diphyæ*, hardly to be distinguished from the pure element in which they move; and, finally, *Stephanomiæ*\*, animated garlands woven of crystal and flowers, and which, still more delicate than the latter, disappear as they wither, and do not even leave a cloud behind them in the vase, which a few moments before their glassy bodies had nearly entirely filled.

*Schöpfung und Quatrefages.*

\* See table, p. 463, for the classification of this and the above groups.

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## WONDERS OF THE SEA.

THE oceanic world with its marine creation in no way resembles the world revealed to us in the interior of continents; nor can our streams, ponds, or rivers, however large, afford us any idea of it. Side by side with those colossal monsters which man learns to overcome within the dreary depths of ocean; side by side with innumerable productions that minister to our wants or our luxuries, and whose history is familiar to very children; side by side with these dwell widely differing and strangely organised races, whose very existence is known only to a few. To observe these creatures we need enter upon no perilous enterprise such as the capture of the whale demands; we require no immense nets such as are used in catching the tunny, herring, or mackerel; we need no heavy dredge to scrape the bottom of the sea and detach from its rocky sides the millions of oysters which daily load our tables; none of these are required; we need only walk along the shores from which the sea has just retreated. An indifferent or careless observer might, indeed, perceive nothing more than sand, mud, and stones. But pause a moment, stoop, and look down at your feet, and everywhere you will see life teeming around you in the form of myriads of strangely shaped and marvellously organised beings. First there are bodies formed like stones, then there are stones which have been in turn transferred from the animal to the vegetable kingdom\*; here we meet with plants so nearly allied to animals that they have long been classed amongst them†; next we encounter animals,

\* The greater part of the *Nullipores*, which were at one time ranked amongst plants, and subsequently among the *Polypes*, by the side of the *Millepores*, have been found to be mere stony concretions.

† The *Corallina*, which has successively been placed in the three kingdoms of nature, is decidedly an alga, and consequently a plant.

which so closely resemble plants in respect to their stems, branches, and buds, that naturalists for ages believed in their vegetable nature. On every side the sands and mud have been disturbed, tracked, burrowed, and pierced by marine worms; the stones are covered with molluscs, polypes, and zoophytes of every kind, and even the very rocks seem rent asunder to furnish a retreat within their narrow crevices for entire families of living beings.

In physical science man controls, to a certain extent, the object of his investigations. Thus, for instance, in the examination of a machine he may successively study each of the parts, consider their respective actions, and judge of the effect of the whole. It is very different, however, in the case of the natural sciences generally, and especially of zoology. Here we must wait and watch. The multiplicity of vital acts in animals which occupy the highest places in the scale of being too frequently conceals the truth from us, while it is impossible for us to imitate the physicist in isolating a single phenomenon; for when we do this, the whole is lost to our inquiry, and the animal ceases to exist. But in proportion as we descend the scale of being, we find that organisation is simplified, and that life, without being altered in its essential nature, is to a certain degree modified in its manifestations. The animal machine, if we may use the expression, is shown to us piece by piece, as if to reveal the action of its several parts, and to demonstrate to us the great laws of physiology apart from all accessory phenomena. These laws are the same for the highest mammal and the lowest zoophyte; the same for man, whose complicated anatomy has been studied for ages past, and for the sponge, whose organs appear to be blended into one sole living homogeneous mass, the smallest particle of which participates in all the properties accorded to the entire organism. It will be readily conceived how *much interest attaches to observations such as these, which nature itself seems to have prepared for us.* Quatrefoiges.



## ANNELIDS.

THE wandering annelids occupied my special attention during my earliest explorations. Hitherto I had only known this numerous family of animals (commonly designated sea-worms) through engravings; but, although I had formed a tolerably exact idea of their organisation, I had not the slightest conception how many points of interest attached themselves to a study of these forms. When I had once surprised within their obscure retreats the polynoe with its broad brown scales; the phyllodoce, with its hundred bright-green rings; the eunice, with its purple crest; the terebella, surrounded by a cloud of innumerable livid cables, which serve it in the place of arms; and when I had seen displayed before my eyes the rich fan of the sabella, and the enamelled collar of the serpula, I no longer smiled, as I had formerly done, at the thought of a naturalist having endowed two of these creatures with the charming names of Matilda and Herminia. These despised creatures seemed to me now no less worthy of a naturalist's homage than the most brilliant insect or the fairest flower. Let no one cite the violet as a pattern of modesty! the coquette! See how she shows from afar her fresh turf-green leaves, and scatters abroad the sweet perfume which invites you to gather her! More skilful than her rival she knows that mystery is the greatest of all attractions and that the rose itself loses by displaying her charms in broad daylight; therefore it is that she seeks the obscurity of our woods and the friendly shelter of the hedge-side; but, like Virgil's shepherdess, she only conceals herself for the sake of being sought for. Now turn to the annelids. What do they lack when compared with the most splendid inhabitants of earth or air? yet they shun the light, they withdraw themselves from our view, but with no design.

attract; and the naturalist alone knows where to seek the strange wonders which are hidden within the recesses of the rock and beneath the sandy beds of the ocean.

You may smile at my enthusiasm if you will, but come and judge for yourself. All is prepared! Our firmly adjusted microscope is furnished with its lenses, which magnify thirty diameters. Our lamp gives a light almost as white as that of a jet of gas, while a large lens, mounted upon a moveable foot, receives the rays of light and concentrates them upon our field of view. We have just placed upon the stage of our instrument a little trough filled with sea-water, in which an eunice is disporting itself. See how indignant it is at its captivity; how its numerous rings contract, elongate, twist into a spiral coil, and at every movement emit flashes of light, in which all the tints of the prism are blended in the brightest metallic reflections. It is impossible in the midst of this tumultuous agitation to distinguish anything definitely. But it is more quiet now; lose no time, therefore, in examining it; see how it crawls along the bottom of the vessel, with its thousand feet moving rapidly forward and emitting bundles of darts from the broad knobs with which they are furnished. See what beautiful plumes adorn the sides of the body; these are the branchiæ, or organs of respiration, which become vermilion as they are swelled by the blood, whose course you may trace along the whole length of the great dorsal vessel. Look at that head enamelled with the brightest colors;—here are the five antennæ, delicate organs of touch, and here, in the midst of them, is the mouth, which, at first sight, seems merely like an irregularly puckered opening. But watch it for a few moments, see how it opens and protrudes a large proboscis, furnished with three pairs of jaws, and possessing a diameter which equals that of the body, within which it is enclosed as in a living sheath. Well! is it not wonderful? Is there any animal which can contend with it for the prize of decora-

tion? the corslet of the brightest beetle, the speckled wings of the butterfly, the sparkling throat of the humming-bird, would all look pale when compared with the play of light flashing in large patches over the rings of its body, glowing in its golden threads and sparkling over its amber and coral fringes.

*Ibid.*



### THE CUTTLE-FISH.

SOME of my most interesting recollections of the cuttle-fish are associated with the captures and dissection of a single specimen. The creature, in swimming, darts through the water much in the manner that a boy slides down an ice-crusted declivity, feet foremost;—the lower or nether extremities go first, and the head behind: it follows its tail instead of being followed by it; and this curious peculiarity in its mode of progression, though, of course, on the whole, the mode best adapted to its conformation and instincts, sometimes proves fatal to it in calm weather, when not a ripple breaks upon the pebbles, to warn that the shore is near. An enemy appears: the creature ejects its cloud of ink, like a sharp-shooter discharging his rifle as he retreats; and then, darting away, tail foremost, under cover of the cloud, it grounds itself high upon the beach and perishes there. I was walking, one very calm day along the Cromarty shore, a little to the west of the town when I heard a peculiar sound—a *squelch*, if I may employ such a word—and saw that a large loligo, fully a foot and a half in length, had thrown itself high and dry upon the beach. I laid hold of it by its sheath or sack; and the loligo, in turn, laid hold of the pebbles, apparently to render its abduction as difficult as possible, just as I have seen a boy, when borne off against his will by a stronger than himself, grasping fast to door-posts and furniture

The pebbles were hard and smooth, but the creature raised them very readily with his suckers. I subjected one of my hands to its grasp, and it seized fast hold; but though the suckers were still employed, it made use of them on a different principle. Around the circular rim of each there is a fringe of minute thorns, hooked somewhat like those of the wild rose. In clinging to the hard polished pebbles, these were overlapped by a fleshy membrane, much in the manner that the cushions of a cat's paw overlap its claws when the animal is in a state of tranquillity; and by means of the projecting membrane, the hollow interior was rendered air-tight, and the vacuum completed: but in dealing with the hand—a soft substance—the thorns were laid bare, like the claws of a cat when stretched out in anger, and at least a thousand minute prickles were fixed in the skin at once. They failed to penetrate it, for they were short, and individually not strong; but, acting together by hundreds, they took at least a very firm hold.

What follows may be deemed barbarous; but the men who gulp down at a sitting half-a-hundred live oysters to gratify their taste, may surely forgive me the destruction of a single mollusc to gratify my curiosity! I cut open the sack of the creature with a sharp penknife, and laid bare the viscera. What a sight for Harvey, when prosecuting, in the earlier stages, his grand discovery of the circulation! *There*, in the centre, was the yellow muscular heart, propelling into the transparent, tubular arteries, the *yellow* blood. Beat—beat—beat:—I could see the whole as in a glass model; and all I lacked were powers of vision nice enough to enable me to detect the fluid passing through the minuter arterial branches, and then returning by the veins to the *two* other hearts of the creature; for, strange to say, it is furnished with three. There in the midst I saw the yellow heart, and, lying altogether detached from it, two other deep-colored hearts at the sides. I cut a little deeper. *There* was the gizzard-like stomach, filled with

fragments of minute mussel and crab shells ; and inserted in the spongy, conical, yellowish-colored somewhat resembling in form a Florence flask, whose bag distended, with its deep dark sepia — the pigment sold under that name in our color-shop — extensively used in landscape drawing by the then dissected and laid open the circular or ring that surrounds the creature's parrot-like beak. *thinking* part had no other vocation than simple care of the mouth and its pertinents — almost the employment, however, of not a few brains of a much higher order. I next laid open the huge eyes. Curious organs, more simply in their structure of the true fishes, but admirably adapted, I do the purposes of seeing. A camera obscura may be as consisting of two parts — a lens in front, and a chamber behind ; but in the eyes of fishes, as in the human eye, we find a third part added : the in the middle, a darkened chamber behind, an anterior chamber, or rather vestibule, in front. Now, the vestibule — the cornea — is wanting in the eye of fish. The lens is placed in front, and the darkening behind. The construction of the organ is that of a camera obscura. I found something worthy to be noted, too, on the peculiar style in which the chamber is lined. In the higher animals it may be described as lined with black velvet — the black pigment which is of the deepest black ; but in the cuttle-fish it is lined with velvet, not of a black, but of a dark brown. There is something interesting in marking the departure from an invariable condition of eyes in the perfect structure, and in then tracing the peculiarities through almost every shade of color, to the like eye-specks of the pecten, and the still more extraordinary red eye-specks of the star-fish. After examining the eyes, I next laid open, in all its length, from

the point of the sack, the dorsal bone of the creature — its internal shell, I should rather say, for bone it has none. The form of the shell in this species is that of a feather, equally developed in the web on both sides. It gives rigidity to the body, and furnishes the muscles with a fulcrum; and we find it composed, like all other *shells*, of a mixture of animal matter and carbonate of lime. Such was the lesson taught me in a single walk. *H. Miller.*

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### THE NEMERTES.

If we would observe the extreme limit to which degradation of type may attain in the articulata, we must descend to the class of worms, properly so called. Here great size is often associated with extreme simplicity of organisation; a circumstance which is nowhere else exhibited in so high a degree, not excepting even the radiata. The Nemertes\* presents a very remarkable instance of this. Figure to yourself an animal from thirty to forty feet in length, and only five or six lines in width, flat as a ribband, of a brown or violet color, and smooth and shining as varnished leather. This gigantic worm lurks under stones and in the hollows of rocks, where it may be met with rolled into a ball and coiled into a thousand seemingly inextricable knots, which it is incessantly loosening and tightening by the contraction of its muscles. This animal is nourished by sucking the anomia, a kind of small oyster, which attaches itself to various substances under water. When it has exhausted the food around it, or when it wishes to change its position, it extends its long, dark-colored, ribband-like body, which is terminated by a head, bearing some resemblance to that of a serpent, although it has neither the large mouth nor the formidable teeth of the latter animal. In observing it in motion, the eye is unable to detect any contraction, or

\* *Nemertes*, i. e. *N. Borlasii*.

any apparent cause by which it is enabled to move, is only by the aid of the microscope that we learn the nemertes glides through the water by means of exceedingly fine vibratile cilia, which are protruded from every part of the surface of the body. It pauses, gently moves from side to side, as if endeavouring to investigate the ground, and at length succeeds in finding a stone to suit its purpose, lying perhaps some fifteen or twenty feet from its retreat. It then begins to unwind its coils, in order to arrange itself in its new domicile, and in proportion as the knot is loosened another forms at the opposite extremity. We may remark that the contractility of the tissues of this animal is so great, that a nemertes thirty feet long scarcely exhibits one-tenth of this length after being immersed in alcohol, when it will be found to measure no more than two and a half or three feet.

All the great apparatus of life is represented in the organisation of the nemertes, although it is here reduced to its simplest expression. The nervous system does not consist of that cesophageal ring, which has long been regarded as characteristic of the type. Here it is composed simply of two lateral ganglia, whence proceed two cords, which tend to the extremity of the body, and give off very small threads. Two large vessels, placed on either side, accompany these nervous trunks, a third winds along the median line; all three are simple, without ramification of any kind. The mouth consists of a circular opening which is scarcely visible, and opens into a long tube perforated by a constriction from the intestine, which terminates in a *cul-de-sac*. Thus the same opening serves for the introduction of the food, and for the rejection of the digested residue. As if to compensate for the low state of development in these organs, the ovaries, when placed on either side of the body, are of very considerable dimensions. This very circumstance, however, is only an indication of the inferiority of the animal. T

graded species are besides exposed to a thousand chances of destruction in the earlier period of their existence; at a more advanced age, they usually serve for the food of higher forms of animals. Hence nature has provided largely for their multiplication. Many of them literally become transformed into ovigerous sacs. Thus, for instance, in the case of a nemertes, measuring from eight to ten feet in length, we cannot estimate the number of ova at less than four or five hundred thousand.

*Quatrefages.*

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### THE WORM.

AN examination of the diverse modes in which locomotion is performed among animals, and the various organs and modifications of organs that subserve this important purpose, should form an interesting chapter in natural history. You have two feet, your dog has four; in the bird two of these are converted into wings, with which it rises into the air; in the fish all of them are become fins, with which it strikes the water. But it is in the invertebrate classes that we discover the strongest variations. The poulpe "flops" awkwardly but vigorously along by the alternate contractions and expansions of the web that unites its arms; the snail glides evenly over the herbage by means of its muscular disk; the scallop leaps about by puffs of water driven from its appressed lips; the lobster shoots several yards in a second by the blow of its tail upon the water; the gossamer spider floats among the clouds upon a balloon that it has spun from its own body; the centipede winds slowly along upon a hundred pairs of feet; the beetle darts like an arrow upon three; and the butterfly sails on the atmosphere with those painted fans which are properly "*aërial gills.*" How elegantly does the planaria swim by



the undulation of its thin body, and the *medusa* by the pumping forth of the water held within its umbrella! How wondrously does the *echinus* glide along the side of the tank on its hundreds of sucking-disks! How beautiful, and at the same time how effective, are the ciliary wheels of the *brachionus*.

I am now going to show you some other examples of travelling machinery in a humble and despised, but far from uninteresting class of animals—the worms. Here is an earth-worm upon the garden border. With what rapidity it winds along, and now it pokes its sharp nose into the ground, and now it has disappeared! If your eye could follow it, you would see that it makes its way through the compact earth not less easily nor less rapidly than it wound along the surface. If you take it into your hand, you perceive no feet, wings, fins, or limbs of any kind; only this long cylinder of soft flesh, divided into numerous successive rings, and tapering to each extremity. The very snout which you saw enter so easily into the substance of the soil, is no hard bony point, but formed of the same soft yielding flesh as the other parts. And yet with no other implement does the lithe worm penetrate whithersoever it will through the ground. How does it effect this?

The fineness of the point to which the muzzle can be drawn is the first essential. This can be so attenuated that the grains of adherent soil can readily be separated by it, and then its action is that of the wedge. The body being drawn into the crevice thus made, the particles are separated still farther. Now another provision comes in; the whole surface of the skin secretes and throws off a quantity of tenacious mucus or slime, as you will immediately perceive if you handle the worm; this has the double effect of causing the pressed particles of soil to adhere together, and then to form a cylindrical wall, of which they are the bricks, and the slime the mortar, and also of greasing, as it were,

the whole interior of the burrow or passage thus made, so that the worm can travel to and fro in it without impediment; while the fact that the slime is continually poured forth afresh prevents the least atom of earth from adhering to its body. This you have doubtless observed, or may observe in a moment, if you will take the trouble to thrust a spade into the ground and give it two or three shakes. You will presently see on all sides the alarmed earth-worms coming swiftly to the surface, and will notice how perfectly sleek and clean they are.

But these contrivances are only accessories: we have not yet discovered the secret of the easy movement. The mere elongation of the snout is no explanation of the disappearance of the worm in the burrow; for you will naturally and reasonably say that this elongation cannot extend beyond a certain limit; and what then? No further progress can be made unless the hinder parts of the body are, by contraction, drawn up towards the elongated front,—but what holds the front in place meanwhile? Why, when the muscles contract, does not the taper wedge-like muzzle slip back and lose the ground it had gained?

This we will now look at. I take up this worm and put it in a narrow glass cell, where we may watch its movements. It presently begins to elongate and contract its body vigorously, apparently alarmed at its unwonted position; and the mucus is thrown off in copious abundance. We apply a low microscopic power to it, and catch glimpses, now and again, as it writhes about, of a number of tiny points protruded and retracted with rhythmical symmetry through the skin. Its mobility precludes our discerning much more than that these points are very numerous, that they are arranged in four longitudinal lines, running along the ventral side of the animal,—two lines on each side,—and that in each line there is a point protruded from each of the many rings of which the worm's body is made up.

In order to see a little more of these organs we must sacrifice a worm; having killed it, and divided the body in the middle, I cut off, with sharp scissors, a small transverse portion, say two or three rings, and press the fragment between plates of glass.

Now, with a higher magnifying power, we discern in the midst of the translucent flesh the points in question. They are not, however, single; but each protrusile organ consists of a pair of transparent, brittle, glassy rods, shaped like an italic *s*, of which the recurved lines are directed backwards when thrust out from the skin.

The mode in which these assist the progression of the worm is well described by Professor Rymer Jones:—"The attenuated rings in the neighbourhood of the mouth are first insinuated between the particles of the earth, which, from their conical shape, they penetrate like a sharp wedge; in this position they are firmly retained by numerous recurved spines appended to the different segments; the hinder parts of the body are then drawn forward by a longitudinal contraction of the whole animal—a movement which not only prepares the creature for advancing further into the soil, but by swelling out the anterior segments forcibly dilates the passage into which the head had been already thrust: the spines upon the hinder rings then take a firm hold upon the sides of the hole thus formed; and, preventing any retrograde movement, the head is again forced forward through the yielding mould; so that, by a repetition of the process, the animal is able to advance with the greatest apparent ease through substances which it would at first seem utterly impossible for so helpless a being to penetrate."

*Gosse.*



## VIVISECTION, OR THE DIVIDED LIFE.

A BROWN lizard, nearly five inches in length, startled by our approach, ran hurriedly across the path; and our guide, possessed by the general Highland belief that the creature is poisonous, and injures cattle, struck at it with a switch, and cut it in two immediately behind the hinder legs. The upper half, containing all that anatomists regard as the vitals, heart, brain, and viscera, all the main nerves, and all the larger arteries, lay stunned by the blow, as if dead; nor did it manifest any signs of vitality so long as we remained beside it; whereas the lower half, as if the whole life of the animal had retired into it, continued dancing upon the moss for a full minute after, like a young eel scooped out of some stream and thrown upon the bank, and then lay wriggling.

There are few things more curious in the province of the naturalist than the phenomenon of what may be termed divided life — vitality broken into two, and yet continuing to exist as vitality in both the dissevered pieces. We see in the nobler animals mere glimpses of the phenomena — mere indications of it, doubtfully apparent for at most a few minutes. The blood drawn from the human arm by the lancet continues to live in the cup until it has cooled and begun to coagulate; and when head and body have parted company under the guillotine, both exhibit for a brief space such unequivocal signs of life, that the question arose in France during the horrors of the Revolution, whether there might not be some glimmering of consciousness attendant at the same time on the fearfully opening and shutting eyes and mouth of the one, and the beating heart and jerking neck of the other. The lower we descend in the scale of being, the more striking the instances which we receive of this divisibility of the vital principle. I have seen the two halves of the heart of a ray\* pulsating for a full quarter of

\* The type of the "radiata." See Table, p. 463.

an hour after they had been separated from the body and from each other. The blood circulates in the hind leg of a frog for many minutes after the removal of the heart, which meanwhile keeps up an independent motion of its own. Vitality can be so divided in the earth-worm, that each of the severed parts carries life enough away to set it up as an independent animal; while the polypus, a creature of still more imperfect organisation, and with the vivacious principle more equally diffused over it, may be multiplied by its pieces nearly as readily as a gooseberry bush by its slips. It was sufficiently curious, however, to see, in the case of this brown lizard, the least vital half of the creature so much more vivacious, apparently, than the half which contained the heart and brain. It is not improbable, however, that the presence of these organs had only the effect of rendering the upper portion, which contained them, more capable of being thrown into a state of insensibility. A blow dealt on the head of one of the vertebrata at once renders it insensible. It is after this mode the fisherman kills the salmon captured in his weir, and a single blow, when well directed, is always sufficient, but no single blow has the same effect on the earth-worm; and here it was vitality in the inferior portion of the reptile — the earth-worm portion of it, if I may so speak — that refused to participate in the state of syncope into which the vitality of the brain seems to impart to the whole system in connexion with it an aptitude for dying suddenly, — a susceptibility of instant death, which would be wanting without it. The heart of the rabbit continues to beat regularly long after the brain has been removed by careful excision, if respiration be artificially kept up; but if, instead of amputating the head, the brain be crushed in its place by a sudden blow of a hammer, the heart ceases its motion at once. And such seemed to be the principle illustrated here. But why the agonised dancing on the sword of the inferior part of the reptile? Why its after painful writhing and wriggling?

The young eel scooped from the stream, whose motions it resembled, is impressed by terror and can feel pain; was it also impressed by terror or susceptibility of suffering? We see in the case of both exactly the same signs, the dancing, the writhing, the wriggling; but are we to interpret them after the same manner? In the small red-headed earth-worm divided by Spalanzani, that in three months got upper extremities to its lower part, and lower extremities in as many weeks to its upper part, the divided blow must have dealt duplicate feelings — pain and terror to the portion below, and pain and terror to the portion above — so far, at least, as a creature so low in the scale was susceptible of these feelings; but are we to hold that the leaping, wriggling tail of the reptile possessed in any degree a similar susceptibility? I can propound the riddle, but who shall solve it? H. Miller.

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### THE MODE OF PROPAGATION OF THE SYLLIS,

It was formerly believed, in accordance with the observations of the old Danish zoologist, Müller, that these little errant annelids, which are only from two to three inches long, were *fissiparous*; that is to say, that one individual being first single and entire, could separate into two halves, each of which acquiring rapidly either a head or a tail, became a perfect animal, destined to live precisely in the same manner as the original being from which it had sprung. This mode of generation, which is common enough in simple animals, was very remarkable in the case of the genus *Syllis*, in which the organisation is of a somewhat complicated kind. It must be remembered, however, that very different conditions prevail among the animals of this genus.

When a *syllis* is about to reproduce itself, a number of

rings become developed at its posterior extremity, the first ring being soon organised into a head, provided with eyes and antennæ. The two annelids, parent and offspring, continue, however, to be united by the skin and the intestine, in such a manner that the latter animal lives solely upon the remains of the food swallowed by the former. During this period of its existence the newly-formed syllis betrays by its movements that it enjoys an independent life and will; for I have often been able to detect a struggle between the two, each wishing to go its own way. In these cases, the one which had sprouted like a bud from the primary stock was almost always vanquished, and finally compelled to follow its parent, although on this younger animal alone depend the preservation and continuance of the species. After the lapse of a certain time, it might be observed to become filled so rapidly with ova that the diameter of its body was almost doubled, whilst not a single egg could be detected in the interior of the body of the primary animal.

When the eggs have attained a certain degree of development, the division is completely effected, and the new syllis finally enjoys its liberty. Soon, however, the eggs increase so much that they rupture the body, and the animal dies; while the germs which were contained within it escape, and are diffused in all directions. All these phenomena are accomplished precisely in the same manner in the males. They also produce buds, which become developed into perfect animals; but here the individuals of the secondary formation contain, in the place of eggs, that mysterious liquid, whose contact, like the torch of Prometheus, seems to awaken life. Like their sisters, they live only a few days, and perish in fulfilling the task assigned to them by nature. This, I believe, is the first known example of animals of independent life being formed solely to serve as reproductive machines.

Quatrefages.

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## THE MELICERTA.

WHAT is more interesting than an examination, by means of a first-rate microscope, of a tiny atom, that inhabits almost every clear ditch, — the *melicerta*? The smallest point that you can make with the finest steel pen would be too coarse and large to represent its natural dimensions; yet it inhabits a snug little house of its own construction which it has built up stone by stone, cementing each with perfect symmetry, and with all the skill of an accomplished mason as it proceeded. It collects the material for its mortar, and mingles it; it collects material for its bricks, and moulds them; and this with a precision only equalled by the skill with which it lays them when they are made. As might be supposed, with such duty to perform, the little animal is furnished with an apparatus quite unique, a set of machinery, to which, were we to examine thousands of reptiles and fishes, and then, by way of supplement, five hundred thousand species of insects to boot, — we should find no parallel.

The whole apparatus is exquisitely beautiful, the head of the pellucid and colorless animal unfolds into a broad transparent disk, the edge of which is moulded into four rounded segments, not unlike the flower of the heart's-ease, supposing the fifth petal to be absolute. The entire margin of this flower-like disk is set with fine vibratile cilia, the current produced by which runs uniformly in one direction. Thus there is a strong and rapid jet of water around the edge of the disk, following all its irregularities of outline, and carrying with it the floating particles of matter, which are drawn into the stream. At every circumvolution of this current, however, as its particles arrive in succession at one particular point, viz., the great depression between the two uppermost petals, a portion of these escape from the revolving direction and pass off in a line along the summit



of the face towards the front, till they merge in a curious cup-shaped cavity seated on what you may call the chin.

This tiny cup is the mould in which the bricks are made, one by one, as they are wanted for use. The hemispherical interior is ciliated, and hence the contents are maintained in rapid rotation. These contents are the atoms of sedimentary and similar matter, which have been gradually accumulated in the progress of the ciliary current; and these, by the rotation with the cup, becoming consolidated probably also with the aid of a viscid secretion elaborated for the purpose, form a globular pellet which, as soon as made, is deposited by a sudden inflection of the animal on the edge of the tube or case at the exact spot where it is wanted. The entire process of making and depositing a pellet occupies about three minutes. I say nothing about the other system of organs contained in this living atom: the arrangements destined to subserve the purposes of digestion, circulation, respiration, reproduction, locomotion, sensation, &c., though these are more or less clearly distinguishable in the tissues of the animal, which is as translucent as glass. For the moment, I ask attention only to the elaborate conformation of organs, which I have briefly described, for the special purpose of building a dwelling. No description that I could draw up, however, could convey any idea approaching to that which would be invoked by one good sight of the little creature actually at work; a most charming spectacle, and one which from the commonness of the animal and its ready performance of its functions under the microscope, is very easy to be attained.

*Gosse.*



SYNOPSIS OF THE CLASSIFICATION OF ANIMALS.

# Two Sub-kingdoms.

## ANIMAL KINGDOM.

- { Vertebrata.
- { Invertebrata.

### Four Classes.

- { Mammalia.
- { Aves.
- { Reptilia.
- { Pisces.

### Three Divisions.

- Sub-kingdom of the { Articulata.
- INVERTEBRATA. { Mollusca.
- { Radiata.

### Two Sub-divisions.

- Division of { True Articulata.
- ARTICULATA. { Vermes.

### Five Classes.

### EXAMPLES.

- Sub-division of { Insecta . . . Beetles, Butterflies, Flies.
- TRUE { Myriapoda . . . Scolopendra, Centipede.
- ARTICULATA. { Arachnida . . . Spiders, Scorpions, Mites.
- { Crustacea . . . Crayfish, Crabs, Wood-lice.
- { Cirrhopoda . . . Acorn-shells.

### Seven Classes.

- Sub-division of { Annelida . . . Sabella, Hermella, and almost
- VERMES. { all the Marine Worms.
- { Rotifera . . . Rotifer, Hydatina.
- { Gephyria . . . Sipunculus, Echiurus.
- { Lumbricini . . . Earth-worm, Nais.
- { Hirudinae . . . Leeches, Branchellion.
- { Turbellaria . . . Planaria, Nemertes.
- { Helminthes . . . Intestinal Worms.

### Two Sub-divisions.

- Division of { True Mollusca.
- MOLLUSCA. { Molluscoida.

### Five Classes.

### EXAMPLES.

- Sub-division of the { Cephalopoda { Cuttle-fish, Octopus, Calamary.
- TRUE MOLLUSCA. { Pteropoda . . . Hyalea, Clio.
- { Gasteropoda . . . Snails, Slugs, Whelks, Cowries.
- { Acephala . . . Oysters, Mussels, Ship-worms.
- { Brachlopoda . . . Terebratulata, Lingula.

### Two Classes.

- Sub-division of the { Tunicata . . . Biphora, Simple and Compound
- MOLLUSCOIDA. { Ascidians.
- { Bryozoa . . . Plumatella, Alcyonella, Eschara, Flustra.

### Two Sub-divisions.

- Division of the { Radiated Zoophytes.
- RADIATA or { Globular Zoophytes.
- ZOOPHYTES. {

### Three Classes.

- Sub-division of the { Echinodermata . . . Sea-urchins, Star-fishes, Holo-
- RADIATED { thurias.
- ZOOPHYTES. { Acalephæ . . . Jelly-fishes, Beroës, Stephano-
- { Polypi . . . Coral-animals, Sea Anemones,
- { Fresh-water Hydras.

### Two Classes.

- Sub-division of the { Porifera . . . The Sponges.
- GLOBULAR { Infusoria . . . Monads, Volvocæ, Amœbæ.
- ZOOPHYTES. {

Quatrefores.

## PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

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### THE TIDES.

It is not without opposing efforts on the part of the other heavenly bodies that the earth maintains its shape : these efforts indeed are ceaseless, and are put forth most powerfully by the moon by reason of its smaller distance, and by the sun by virtue of its enormous mass. It is true that these forces are unable to draw the solid parts of the earth straightway from their places ; but they are strong enough to set up some peculiar periodic movements in the readily lifted masses of the air and of the sea. Those of the atmosphere are not easily seen, and are almost masked by other regular and irregular currents. Those of the sea, however, meet our view at once ; they consist in an alternate rising and falling of its surface, each recurring regularly twice in every day, and are generally known as the *ebb* and *flow* of the water, or, shortly, as the *tides*.

On all sea-coasts, where the tides are felt, the waters are found at all times, even when the air is quite calm and clear, to be in restless motion. Great waves are ever rolling in, and breaking on rocky shores into foam and spray. All parts of the coast-wall that can be loosed from their hold, are step by step torn off by their ceaseless attack ; and the firmest rocks are slowly worn and ground away by the sea-sand driven in the water. Numbers, too, of plants and of animals living in the sea, such as shell-fish, with the remains of fishes, are thrown up and left upon the beach.

It is only on flat or gently sloping shores of narrow-mouthed gulfs, running far up into the land, or on coasts where the force of the ocean-swell is broken by sand-banks, or by reefs of rock at some distance from the land, that this violence of the breakers is assuaged or altogether calmed.

If you have ever been at the sea-side at a place where the tides are strong, and where the shore slants gently to the water, you must have remarked that every wave as it comes in runs several paces upward on the beach, and, immediately retreating, leaves uncovered again much of the surface which it had just overflowed, perhaps by many feet, until the next wave arriving plays the same part again. If the tide is rising you will observe that the retreating water does not fall quite to its former level, and that almost every fresh wave rolls a little higher up than did the one before it. The advance is scarcely perceived at first, but step by step it becomes more evident. About three hours after the moment of lowest ebb the rise of the tide is strongest; then again it becomes slower and slower, till, after three hours more, the flood-tide has reached its greatest height, at which it remains a short time without perceptible change. The fall of the tide begins as slowly as the flow, then the water retreats more quickly, and then again more slowly; and once more, after six hours, the ebb has reached its lowest; and there, again for a short time, its level is kept unchanged.

There are many places on the English shores where you may see the effect of these changes shown in striking contrasts of scenery; perhaps at none more beautifully than at Ilfracombe, in Devonshire. But at St. Malo, on the French coast, you may witness this wonderful phenomenon even on a grander scale.

At low tide St. Malo itself seems to be surrounded on three sides with wild craggy rocks, which are covered with mussels and sea-weed, and among which start up the lofty walls of the town. The level places between the cliffs are covered with a layer of fine sand, firm enough for walking, and formed almost entirely of powdered mussel-shells. Here and there are pools containing water, which its taste, as well as the number of little crabs, mussels, and star-fish, which may be found in it, show to be sea-water left behind

by the tide. A fringe of sea-weed marks upon the rocks the line which must be reached by the sea, whose roar is now only heard from a distance. And now, but a few hours later, how changed the scene! The town is almost entirely surrounded by the sea, the waves of which are beating round the walls, breaking at their feet, and throwing the spray sometimes to their very top. The only communication with the land is now afforded by a long causeway, which you see at once to be the work of man, and which is no broader than the road which runs along it. On the side of this causeway towards the open sea, the rolling surge is striving against the barrier which meets it, dashing up in breakers thirty or forty feet high, and drenching with spray the wanderer who may tarry on the road.

The many cliffs which had been remarked before are now hidden under water, all but a few of the highest points of rocks, which you could have reached on foot before, but which now are islands in the sea. The other side of the mole is also washed by the sea. But here the fury of the waves is less, for it has been spent upon all the rocks and islets without; and as the flood has here run up far into the land—having had besides, after passing between the cliffs, to find its way around the town—it retains but little of its former force. Here is the harbor of St. Malo, quite dry at low water, and at flood tide a great lake roomy enough for several thousand vessels, which, however, you will not see within it.

#### OCEAN CURRENTS.

PERPETUAL motion and change is the grand law to which the whole of the created universe is subject, and immutable stability is nowhere to be found but in the Eternal mind that rules and governs all things. The stars, which were supposed to be fixed to the canopy of heaven, are restless

wanderers through the illimitable regions of space. The hardest rocks melt away under the corroding influence of time, for the elements never cease gnawing at their surface, and dislocating the atoms of which they are composed. Our body appears to us unchanged since yesterday, and yet how many of the particles which formed its substance have, within these few short hours, been cast off and replaced by others. We fancy ourselves at rest, and yet a torrent of blood, propelled by an indefatigable heart, is constantly flowing through all our arteries and veins.

A similar external appearance of tranquillity might deceive the superficial observer, when sailing over the vast expanse of ocean, at a time when the winds are asleep, and its surface is unruffled by a wave. But how great would be his error! For every atom of the boundless sea is constantly moving and changing its place; from the depth to the surface, or from the surface to the depth; from the frozen pole to the burning equator, or from the torrid zone to the Arctic Ocean; now rising in the air in the form of invisible vapors, and then again descending upon our fields in fertilising showers.

The waters are, in fact, the greatest travellers on earth; they know all the secrets of the submarine world; climb the peaks of inaccessible mountains, shame the flight of the condor as he towers over the summits of the Andes, and penetrate deeper into the bowels of the earth than the miner has ever sunk his shaft.

Leaving their wanderings through the regions of air for the present, I shall now describe the principal ocean currents, the simple but powerful agencies by which they are set in motion, their importance in the economy of nature, and their influence on the climate of different countries.

Even in the torrid zone, the waters of the ocean, like a false friend, are warm merely on the surface, and of almost icy coldness at a considerable depth. This low tempera-

ture cannot be owing to any refrigerating influence at the bottom of the sea, as the internal warmth of the earth increases in proportion to its depth, and the waters of profound lakes, in a southern climate, never show the same degree of cold as those of the vast ocean.

The phenomenon can thus only arise from a constant submarine current of cold water from the poles to the line, and, strange as it may seem, its primary cause is to be sought for in the *warming* rays of the *sun*, which, as we all know, distributes heat in a very unequal manner over the surface of the globe.

Heat expands all liquid bodies, and renders them lighter; cold increases their weight by condensation. In consequence of this physical law, the waters of the tropical seas, rendered buoyant by the heat of a vertical sun, must necessarily rise and spread over the surface of the ocean to the north and south, whilst colder and heavier streams from the higher latitudes flow towards the equator along the bottom of the ocean to replace them as they ascend.

In this manner, the unequal action of the sun calls forth a general and constant movement of the waters from the poles to the equator, and from the equator to the poles; and this perpetual migration is one of the chief causes by which their purity is maintained. These opposite currents would necessarily flow direct to the north or south, were they not deflected from their course by the rotation of the earth, which gradually gives them a westerly or easterly direction.

The unequal influence of the sun in different parts of the globe, and the rotation of the earth, are, however, not the only causes by which the course of ocean-currents is determined.

Violent storms move the waters to a considerable depth, and retard the flow of rivers, and thus it is to be expected that continuous winds, even of moderate strength, must have a tendency to impel the waters in the same direction.

The steady trade-winds of the tropical zone, and the prevailing westerly winds in higher latitudes, consequently unite their influence with that of the above-mentioned causes, in driving the waters of the tropical seas to the west, and those of the temperate zones to the east.

The tides also, which on the high seas generally move from east to west, promote the flow of the ocean in the same direction, and thus contribute to the westerly current of the tropical seas.

Nor must we forget that the obstacles which the ocean-currents meet on their way; such as intervening lines of coast, sand-banks, submarine ridges, or mountain chains, have a great influence upon their course, and may even give them a diametrically opposite direction to that which they would otherwise have followed.

*Hartwig.*



### THE GULF STREAM.

THERE is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon.

Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that their line of junction with the common seawater may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea; so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and the reluctance, on the part of those of the *Gulf Stream* to mingle with the common water of the sea.



It is a custom often practised by sea-faring people to throw a bottle overboard with a paper, stating the time and place at which it is done. In the absence of other information as to currents, that afforded by these mute little navigators is of great value. They leave no tracks behind them, it is true, and their routes cannot be ascertained. But knowing where they were cast, and seeing where they are found, some idea may be formed as to their course. Straight lines may at least be drawn, showing the shortest distance from the beginning to the end of their voyage, with the time elapsed. Captain Beechey has prepared a chart, representing, in this way, the tracks of more than one hundred bottles. From this, it appears that the waters from every quarter of the Atlantic tend toward the Gulf of Mexico and its stream. Bottles cast into the sea midway between the Old and New Worlds, near the coasts of Europe, Africa, and America, at the extreme north or farthest south, have been found either in the West Indies, or within the well-known range of Gulf Stream waters.

Of two cast out together in south latitude on the coast of Africa one was found on the Island of Trinidad, the other on Guernsey in the English Channel.

In the absence of positive information on the subject, the circumstantial evidence that the latter performed the tour of the Gulf is all but conclusive. Another bottle, thrown over off Cape Horn by an American master, was picked up on the coast of Ireland. An inspection of the chart, and of the drift of the other bottles, seems to *force* the conclusion that this bottle too went even from that remote region to the so-called *higher* level of the Gulf Stream reservoir.

*Maury.*



## CAUSES OF THE GULF STREAM.

WHAT causes the Gulf Stream? That is soon told. Water at the poles is cold enough to ice champagne, and at the equator it is nearly warm enough for shaving. Water expands when warmed; our pots boil over; and although the ocean certainly is nowhere hot enough to boil a leg of mutton, the great mass of water rises under the influence of tropic heat above the common level, and runs over the poles, leaving its place empty for cold water to rush in and occupy. Precisely in the same way, air, which is another ocean, swells at the equator, and pours out it deluge north and south over the colder current, which runs in to take advantage of the vacancy, and warms itself. When warm, it also will get up. That is one fact: another modifies it. The earth rolls on its own axis. If you stick a knitting-needle through the centre of an orange, and rotate the orange on the needle, then you see a model of the earth rotating on its axis. The needle comes out of the North Pole above, and out of the South Pole below; and if you scratch a line all round the orange, half-way between pole and pole, that is the imagined line called the equator. Now take two little pins; stick one of them on the equator, and another in the neighbourhood of either pole; set the orange now revolving, like the globe itself, from west to east, and make precisely one revolution. In the same space of time one pin has travelled through a great space, you perceive, all round the orange, as it were; while the pin near the pole has had a very tiny journey to perform, and on the pole itself would absolutely not revolve at all. So, then, upon this world of ours, everything on or near the equator spins round in the twenty-four hours far more rapidly than anything placed near the poles. But everything partakes of the movement of a railway train; let the train stop suddenly, your body travels on and throws you violently for-

ward. So air and water, flowing from the equator in great currents, because they cannot at once accommodate themselves to the slower movements of the earth as they approach the poles, retain their progressive force, and shoot on eastward still, as well as north and south. The slow trains coming up from the poles are outstripped by the rapid movement of the earth below, and being unable to accommodate themselves to it readily, they lag behind and fall into a westward course.

By this movement of the earth, therefore, a transverse direction is communicated to the great equatorial and polar currents, whether of air or water. Furthermore, local peculiarities, arrangements of islands and continents, plain and mountain, land and water, cause local variations of temperature, and every such variation modifies or makes a current. In the air we shall know how many shiftings of the wind will be peculiar to a mountain hamlet, where a lake, a valley, and a mountain cause a constant oscillation, and a sudden burst of sunshine is enough to raise the wind. Mechanical obstructions, such as mountain peaks in the bed of the great ocean of air, modify its streams of course; and the great currents in the world of water are, of course, split, deflected, and directed on their way, by all the continents and islands about and around where they flow.

Great currents pour like mighty rivers through the plain of ocean, and, fixed by the laws of nature, though their banks be banks of water, they are almost as sharply defined as if they were of granite masonry. These are constant; there are others periodical, occasioned by periodical winds, tides, &c.; and there are also variable currents caused by melting ice, and other accidents.

Now let us follow the great stream of cold water flowing from the south pole, called the Antarctic Drift Current.

From the great barrier of ice and the antarctic volcano, Mount Erebus, it pours up the Pacific, first in a north-north-easterly direction, then north-east, then more de-

cidedly towards the east, partly, perhaps deflected in this course by the land of South Victoria; eastward, at any rate, it flows into a salt-water river of enormous breadth, and strikes the Pacific coast of South America, wearing its side into that hollow shape which you may notice on the map.

The obstruction of the South American continent splits this great current into two parts, one of which turns southward, washing round Cape Horn: the Cape Horn current, which escapes into the Atlantic Ocean; the other the Peruvian, or Humboldt's current, is diverted upwards along the shores of Chili and Peru. Between these two parts, a large body of the southern stream which has not reached the continent is turned back in about twenty-six degrees latitude, and ninety degrees longitude, to form the southern part of the great equatorial current into which the mass of water flowing northward up the shores of South America will also be deflected presently.

The current northward, Humboldt's, coasting the continent from Valparaiso to near Guayaquil, has not lost, even under the equator, all its frost. It turns at Punta Pariffa before reaching Guayaquil, surrounds the Galapagos Islands on the equator itself, and pulls their temperature down ten degrees; then it flows on westward with the great equatorial stream, assisted by the winds. In the desert of Lower Peru, at a few feet above the water, the cold occasioned by this polar current is quite unmistakable, and, at one season of the year, it yields up fogs for months, at Lima, called the *Garua*, which makes the morning sun look like a moon, vanish soon after mid-day, and leave heavy dews at night.

Ships on the coast, especially between Piso and Lima, can take no observation of the shore, and the current, hurried on by the impediment it meets, frequently carries them beyond their destination.

*Sixteen hundred miles from Valparaiso to Callao, wind and current favoring, will be an eight or nine days' sail;*

but from Callao back to Valparaiso, it is a voyage frequently of weeks or months.

The great equatorial current, flowing westward, contains the whole of the Antarctic Drift, except so much of it as slipped out of the Pacific round Cape Horn, fed of course by currents from the North Pole also. This mighty mass of water occupying a third part of the distance from pole to pole, runs through the great sieve of islands between Australia and China, part of it being also deflected northward in a warm current along the south-eastern borders of Japan.

Now we will follow it into the Indian Ocean; but before leaving the Pacific we may make note of a fact, that the advantage of steam over sailing vessels is nowhere so enormous as it must be on the coasts of Chili and Peru. A steamer leaving Guayaquil four weeks after a sailing vessel, can reach Lima first.

The currents in the Indian Ocean are inextricably complicated with the winds; and if the winds expect attention just at present, they may whistle for it. It is enough to say that the great equatorial stream, still pouring westward, strikes against the coast of Africa, and finding that it has no thoroughfare, pours southward on each side of Madagascar, and doubles the Cape in the Agulhas or Cape Current, outside which a current flows back out of the Atlantic. The stream of water having passed the Cape, turns northward, is deflected by the shape of the land between Benin and Sierra Leone, not from the land, but from the edge of a returning stream that coasts it.

It is to be remembered, also, that it follows its own bent in this deflection, flowing westward, as the main equatorial current, with a speed of, in some places, thirty, and in some seventy-eight miles a day.

After giving off a north-west branch, and having a temperature now of seventy-nine degrees under the equator, the main current strikes the east prominence of South America, at Cape St. Roque. This causes it to split. A

southerly branch coasts in the direction of Cape Horn, and goes home to the Pacific, tired of travel; but the rest, pouring along northward, flows through the West India Islands into the Gulf of Mexico, a hollow excavated by its stream.

It is of course to be understood that the outline of land is not caused only by the action of a current; it is determined, also, by the geological character of soil; the loose soils wear away, while rocks oppose a barrier. The West India Islands are nothing more than those hard rocky parts of an old coast line, which have withstood the constant action of a current which has been at work for ages, eating through the soft parts; so it has made a great bite in the Gulf of Mexico, and left us the West India Islands sprinkled about, as bones that proved too hard for its digestion.

In the Gulf of Mexico, encompassed by land, the water which has for a long time been acquiring warmth, offers the greatest contrast to the frosty state in which it set out on its journey. Near the mouth of the Mississippi its temperature reaches eighty-nine degrees.

If you have a thermometer which enables you to warm a little water to that point, you have only to put your finger into the warm water, and so accurately feel how far we are now from the gnawing cold of the South Pole.

As the stream flows constantly into the Gulf, it must, of course, also constantly flow out. It flows out between Florida and Cuba, being now called the Gulf Stream. This coasts northward, having a cold counter-current between it and the shore, and crosses the Atlantic south of the great bank of Newfoundland, most of it turning southward, to return by a set of counter-currents home. A branch of it, Rennel's Current, touches the Irish coast, and makes a circuit in the Bay of Biscay, sending a weak offshoot on its passage up the Irish Channel. Thus a drop of water from the South Pole, travelling by the extensive route we have just indicated, may be shaken now from the head of the

stout gentleman, who at last consents to get into his bathing machine.

We fix the water's heart in the great Southern Ocean, and it is there, not only because the intense cold of the south polar continent determines action in that direction; but because there is there also a wide expanse of sea—the widest on the globe susceptible of all impressions. The Pacific is full of natural breakwaters, reefs, shoals, and islands. At the North Pole, though there is indeed no continent, but water at the Pole itself, the lands of Europe, Asia, and America, destroy the general expanse. In the enormous reservoir of water which surrounds the lofty continent of the South Pole we find the heart of the great circulating system; and not only do the grandest ocean currents take their rise in it, but in it also commences the pulsation of the tidal wave. *Household Words.*

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### THE WINDS.

THE winds are currents of the air exactly the same in kind as those of the waters in rivers and in the seas. Every disturbance of the balance between neighbouring masses of air, an increase of density, and consequently of pressure on the one side, or a diminution of density on the other, immediately sets up a movement from the heavier towards the lighter air; just as water is set in motion if it suffers a greater pressure on one side than on the other. The most usual and general cause of such disturbances of the balance of the air is *unequal heating*. The causes upon which the draught of our lamps, the burning of the fuel in our fireplaces, and the airing of our rooms depend, are the same as those which we find at work as the moving power of the slightest breezes and of the mightiest gales which stir the restless air and mingle it in every climate.

The air takes its heat, in the first place, chiefly from the ground; the warmed and so expanded air rises, and it is

only in this way that the heat of the soil is spread over the higher regions of the atmosphere. Now the soil is not everywhere equally heated. The degree in which it is favored in this respect depends, as you know, greatly upon the situation and latitude of the place. Besides this, certain substances have the property of absorbing more of the sun's rays than others can, supposing equal quantities of heat to fall upon both. Again, other substances allow the sun's heat to penetrate deeper; and thus, from the one cause or the other, the soil at different places takes a different temperature. Thus, during the day-time the temperature in the shade of trees, of houses, and of clouds, in moist meadows and forests, and on surfaces of water, is usually lower than on dry soils, on rocks, on roofs, and on level plains.

The air which rises most quickly over the warmest parts of the soil, is replaced by air coming in from cooler places; and thus are set up those movements of the air which we generally find on the borders of forests, in the shade of trees, at the openings of shady mountain glens, and in such valleys themselves, on the banks of rivers and lakes, and on the sea-shore. It is impossible that the air can flow from one place to another, without being replaced by a movement in the opposite direction, for instance, by a return current in the upper regions of the atmosphere. The following experiment will clearly illustrate this. If a door be set ajar between two rooms, one of which is filled with cold air, the other with warm, and if now a lighted candle be held at the crevice, at different heights, one after another, you will remark that at the bottom the flame will be turned from the cold room into the warm, at the top it will be driven from the warm towards the cold room, and at some point near the middle height it will burn steadily upright. From this you will learn that there are two currents, one *above the other*, and in opposite directions.

*Just the same process goes on in the open air wherever neighbouring tracts of land have an unequal temperature.*



which they impart to the air that runs over them. In every hot summer's day there are streams of air mounting up from such spots on the soil as are most strongly heated; these currents carry with them the moisture as well as the warmth of the ground, and they sink again over cooler places, such as surfaces of water and forests.

This is well shown by the periodical *land and sea breezes*, which on many coasts blow from the sea to the land by day, and by night from land to sea. If the land is more heated than the sea during the day, the air that is over the land will mount upwards, and the cool sea air will flow into its place; the air getting cooled in the upper regions falls down again over the sea. During the night the land is more cool than the surface of the water; the latter at last becoming warmer, the air flows from the land to the sea, while the sea air, now becoming lighter, mounts upwards.

Dove\* compares this circulation to the turning of a wheel. If the temperature is equal it stands still; if it become unequal it turns, first towards one side and then towards the other. Twice daily it stands still, when one of these movements is passing into the other.

Land and sea breezes occur in high latitudes only during the summer months; in tropical climates, however, they follow with the greatest regularity, and become of high importance to shipping. The sea breeze springs up in the morning some time after sunrise, increases in strength till about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and then gradually falls off. About the time of sunset a perfect calm prevails. Soon after the land wind gets up, and blows with gradually increasing strength through the greatest part of the night, and begins to lull towards morning. These alternating air-currents appear on all coasts within the tropics, even on those of the smallest islands, and they occur every day with perfect regularity, unless they are

\* Dove (Professor), of the University of Berlin.

masked or turned from their true direction by other more powerful winds. The land and sea breezes are, for the most part, felt only at a small distance from the shore. On some far-stretching coasts, however, such as that of Peru, their influence reaches a great distance out to sea.

In the hottest zone of our earth an uninterrupted current of warm air rises from over land and sea, and must be replaced from below; and thus a movement of colder air sets in from higher latitudes on both sides towards the equator. The air that has mounted up now flows in the higher regions of the atmosphere on both sides towards the poles, and falling, as it is gradually cool in its progress, reaches the earth again in the middle or higher latitudes. This is a circulation of the same kind as that presented on a far smaller scale by the land and sea breezes.

In the torrid zone, then, we find in the lower layers of the atmosphere, on both sides of the equator, polar winds—blowing from the poles to the equator—north winds in the northern hemisphere and south winds in the southern, both of which, however, for a reason which I shall presently explain, take a more and more westward direction as they approach the equator. These are called the *Trade-winds*.

The air is in general moister over the sea than on land; least so, however, in the region of the trade-winds. It there flows from colder to warmer regions, and so, its temperature gradually increasing as it advances, its power of taking up moisture is more and more enhanced. Within the region, therefore, of the trade-winds the atmosphere is clearer and rain scarcer. But between the north-east and south-east trades, in the belt of the calms, where the surface of the sea receives most warmth, and where, therefore, air fully charged with water is ever rising and spreading itself out, and thus is cooled down by degrees below the dew-point, it rains regularly every afternoon. The domain of the calms advances, as you know, and retreats with the sun; the rainy season sets in wherever it comes; and the dry season where the trade-wind prevails. Between the

two periods there is a regular interchange, so that the former always answers to the highest, and the latter to the lowest position of the sun. Thus it rains in the West Indies during the summer months, and is dry during winter. In Brazil, however, the rainy season sets in at the same time as the dry season of the northern hemisphere, and conversely. A great part of this summer rain is driven by the west wind of the upper regions into inland Africa. But since the belt of the calms in the Atlantic always remains on the north side of the equator, it is chiefly in the parts of Africa lying in the north tropic zone that it rains in summer. The south-west of Africa, on the other hand, is remarkable for its extreme dryness. Over the parched soil, too, of Sahara, the atmosphere is seldom cooled down below the dew-point; there, then, it scarcely ever rains.

The lower trade, the dry wind, is met with, as you know, in the summer, even to the north of the tropic. In the region, then, of the tropics, it is dry in summer; but in autumn the upper trade, the rain-wind, comes down gradually lower and lower, and reaches the earth in winter in the latitude of the Canary Isles. On the borders, then, of the torrid zone the rainy season answers to the lowest position of the sun. On the north coast of Africa, too, and in the south of Europe, we find the dry alternating pretty regularly with the wet season; but the latter becomes shorter as the latitude increases, because the south-west wind reaches the ground the earlier the farther it goes north. In mid-Europe, there is no more of this regular setting in of a dry season: there rainy weather may come whenever the north-east or the south-west wind is prevalent.

*Buff.*

THE END.

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